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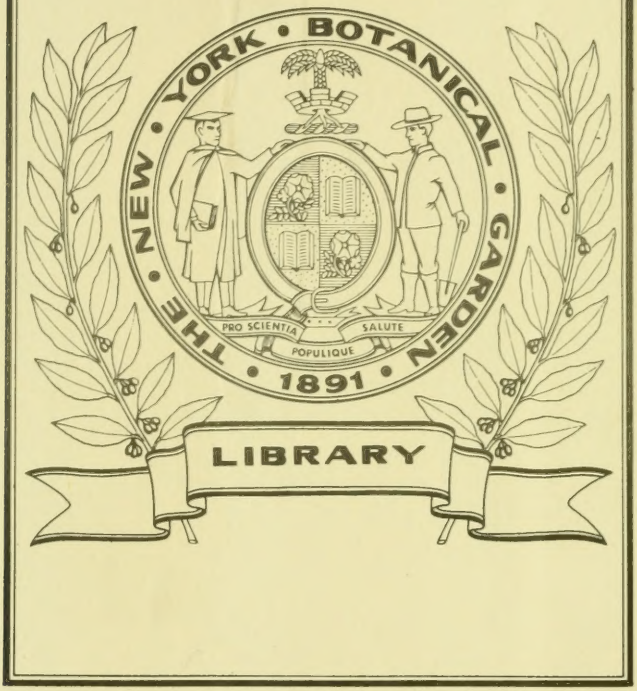
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See Vol 2. page 208.

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Pistyll Rhaiadr.

Published for Longman & Rees, May 14th 1804.

NORTH WALES;

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES, CUSTOMS,

AND SOME SKETCHES OF ITS

NATURAL HISTORY;

DELINEATED FROM

TWO EXCURSIONS THROUGH ALL THE INTERESTING PARTS OF THAT COUNTRY,

During the Summers of 1798 *and* 1801.

By THE REV. W. BINGLEY, A.M.
FELLOW OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,
AND LATE OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

Illuſtrated with a Map, Frontiſpieces, and Muſic.

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NORTH

NORTH WALES:

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES, &c. &c. &c.

CHAP. I.

CAERNARVON, THROUGH BEDDGELERT, TO HARLECH.

Pont Aberglâſſlyn.—Mountain Road, and new Road from Beddgelert to Tanybwlch.—Tanybwlch.—Vale of Ffeſtiniog.—Inn.—Maentwrog.—Twrog.—Waterfall, called Rhaiadr Dû.—Impending Scenery.—Llyntecwyn Ucha.—Llantecwyn.—Beautiful Vale.—Harlech.—Harlech Caſtle.—Extenſive View.—Hiſtory of Harlech Caſtle.—Bronwen.—Valiant Defence in the Reign of Edward IV.—Mephitic Vapour.—Inn and Guide.

HAVING remained at Caernarvon a length of time fully ſufficient to enable me to viſit and examine all the places worth notice within a circle of about thirty miles on every ſide of it, I now proceeded towards Beddgelert and Harlech, in my journey to the other parts of North Wales.—The road to

Beddgelert, together with the ſcenery around that place, have already been deſcribed. I ſhall therefore, in this chapter, ſuppoſe myſelf proceeding ſouthwards, immediately from

Pont Aberglasllyn.

From this celebrated bridge there are two roads to Tanybwlch, the low or *new road*, and the *mountain road*, the former of which occupies about ten, and the latter eight miles. Till within the laſt two years, carriages were uſually taken along the mountain-road, a ſeries of rocky ſteeps, which were conſidered ſo dangerous, that moſt perſons preferred walking for at leaſt five of the eight miles: and ſeveral people, to avoid it, have even gone more than forty miles round. For about two miles, this romantic, though rude way, commands ſeveral beautiful and extended proſpects. From one very elevated ſituation, I had in my former journey a moſt delightful view of all the fine and mountainous country around me: Harlech and Criccieth caſtles were both in ſight, and the long extent of ground forming the promontory of Llŷn, was viſible even to its extremity.

Beyond the bridge, on the *new road*, which is formed through the more flat and level country towards the ſands, the varied ſcene of wood, rock, and mountain, is uncommonly fine. In ſome ſituations the view is confined to the immediately ſurrounding

rounding rocks, whilſt in others the eye wanders over a vaſt expanſe of mountains. On one elevation I obſerved no fewer than ſix ranges of mountain, one above another, the uppermoſt at a great diſtance. I paſſed on the left two conſpicuous and conical ſummits called *Moelwyn*. This road is on the whole ſo exceedingly good, as to render it paſſable in carriages with great pleaſure, for the country nearly all the way is very intereſting.

TANYBWLCH,

Below the Paſs, ſo called from its being ſituated on the brow of the hill overlooking the *Vale of Ffeſtiniog*, or more properly of Maentwrog, conſiſts only of a ſmall but comfortable inn, and an elegant manſion embowered in woods, the property of —— Oakley, eſq.—This vale, watered by the little river Dwyryd, which meanders along its boſom, contraſted with the bleak and dreary mountains on the oppoſite ſide, from hence affords a moſt pleaſing proſpect. A former traveller was ſo highly gratified with the ſcene, as to make the ſingular remark, "That if a perſon could live upon a landſcape, he would ſcarcely deſire a more eligible ſpot than this *."

The *inn* is a ſmall but good houſe, occupied by a very civil, attentive, and obliging man of the name Cartwright. A poſt-chaiſe and four horſes are kept here.

* Wyndham's Tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales in the ſummers of 1774 and 1777.

On the other ſide of the vale ſtands the church of Maentwrog, *The Stone of Twrog*, ſo denominated from a large ſtone in the church-yard, at the north-weſt corner of the church. Twrog was a Britiſh ſaint, who lived about the year 610, and was the writer of Tiboeth, a romantic record belonging to St. Bueno, that was formerly kept in the church of Clynog in Caernarvonſhire.—Dr. Edmund Prys, archdeacon of Merioneth, who attained conſiderable celebrity as a Welſh poet, was rector of this place, and is ſaid to have been buried here. I ſearched both the church and church-yard in vain for ſome memorial of him, and in my hopes of obtaining intelligence reſpecting him from the inhabitants I was alſo diſappointed.

I left Maentwrog, and inquiring the road to Harlech, proceeded on my journey. At the diſtance of about half a mile, I croſſed a ſmall bridge. From hence, leaving the road for a while, I wandered along a foot-path up a wooded valley, for about a mile and a half, in ſearch of a

WATERFALL

That had been deſcribed to me, called Rhaiadr Dû, *The Black Cataract*. It was not without ſome difficulty, and after much trouble in aſcending and deſcending the ſides of the hills, that I found it. In this cataract, which is ſurrounded with dark and impending ſcenery, the water is thrown with vaſt impetuoſity over three black and ſmooth rocks, each

each in a different direction. Of its height I could form no idea, for the top of the upper fall, by the winding of the rocks, was not viſible from below. The rock that hangs immediately over the fall, was, from its great height and rude form, a fine object in the landſcape; and the whole of the hollow, to ſome diſtance below the cataract, was extremely grand. I attempted to climb to the upper part, but the rocks were too perpendicular, and too ſlippery, to ſuffer the attempt without danger. Therefore contenting myſelf with ſeeing as much as I could from below, I croſſed the water, and crept along, but not without difficulty, on the ſhelving rocks, by the ſide of the ſtream, for near half a mile. Here the banks cloſed over my head, leaving but a narrow chaſm, from which the light was altogether excluded by the dark foliage from each ſide, and I found myſelf entering, to appearance, the mouth of a deep and horrid cavern. The ſides were too ſteep for me to entertain any idea of clambering up, and unleſs I choſe to ſcramble back again to the cataract, I had no alternative but to penetrate the place. The darkneſs, fortunately, did not extend far, and I ſoon found myſelf in a place where the bank was ſufficiently ſloping to admit of my aſcending to the meadows above; I was not a little pleaſed in having thus eaſily eſcaped from this abode of horror.

Regaining the road I had left, it led me along the ſide of Llyntecwyn Ucha, *The Upper Pool of*

Tecwyn, where I found the ſcenery pleaſant, though leſs mountainous than what I had paſſed. This pool is larger than many of thoſe in Wales, and its waters are beautifully clear. On one ſide there is a range of low rocks, compoſed of a ſhivery kind of ſlate, which had mouldered in many places to the bottom, in ſmall ſharp pieces, almoſt reſembling needles.

Afterwards paſſing the village of Llantecwyn, and Llyntecwyn Iſa, *The Lower Tecwyn Pool*, I came to a moſt lovely little meadowy vale, about three miles diſtant from Harlech, called (if I underſtood the guide right) *Dol Orcal*. After the late uncouth ſcenery, I here enjoyed in the utmoſt the pleaſing effect of the green woods and meads of the vale, and the purple heath which concealed and ſoftened the harſh colouring of the adjacent rocks.

The whole of the walk from Beddgelert to Harlech I found exceedingly pleaſant. From the continual varying of the ſcenery, the attention was fully occupied during every part of the journey.—The road from Tanybwlch is ſcarcely paſſable for carriages, but there is another from Beddgelert, at the ebb of the tide, over the ſands: a guide, however, muſt be taken who is acquainted with the track, as it is very unſafe for ſtrangers to venture alone.

HARLECH,

HARLECH,

Once the principal town in Merionethſhire, is now dwindled into an inſignificant village, containing not more than four or five hundred inhabitants. It is in the pariſh of Llanfair, and on the ſea-coaſt, near Cardigan Bay: the houſes and caſtle are built on a cliff that immediately overhangs the marſh. Not far from the caſtle, there is an old roofleſs building, once the town-hall; in which, however, the members of parliament for the county continue ſtill to be elected.

HARLECH CASTLE.

This venerable ſtructure is in tolerable preſervation. It is a ſquare building, each ſide meaſuring about ſeventy yards; and has at every corner a round tower. From each of theſe iſſued formerly a circular turret; nearly all now deſtroyed. The entrance is betwixt two great rounders. The principal apartments appear to have been over the gateway, in a building which projected into the court; and at each angle of this building there is yet left a round tower. The caſtle was defended on the eaſt ſide by a deep foſs; and its ſituation, on the verge of an almoſt perpendicular rock, rendered it impregnable in nearly every other part.—From the marſh it is ſaid, except in ſize, to bear a conſiderable reſemblance to the caſtle of Belgrade in Turkey.

On the evening that I arrived at Harlech, the atmoſphere was ſo perfectly clear, that I could very plainly diſtinguiſh the peaked ſummit of Snowdon, elevated high above all the other mountains. The promontory of Llŷn was viſible in almoſt every part; Criccieth caſtle ſeemed ſcarcely a mile diſtant; and the fine, though dangerous bay of Cardigan, lay entirely before me.

History of Harlech Castle.

The ancient name of this fortreſs was Twr Bronwen, *Bronwen's Tower;* ſo called from Bronwen, *the white necked*, ſiſter to Bren ap Llyr, duke of Cornwall, and afterwards king of Britain. She lived in the third century, and was the wife of Matholwch, an Iriſhman. Her huſband one day, *unfortunately*, ſtruck her a violent blow in the face, and ſhe reſented the outrage by inciting an inſurrection among the people, and cauſing a civil war. This blow is called, in the ancient Triads, one of the three evil blows of Britain; two others, of a nature nearly ſimilar, being there ſaid to have produced ſimilar commotions. Bronwen is ſuppoſed by ſome to have reſided here; and the higheſt turret of the preſent caſtle, though for what reaſon I know not, ſince this building was altogether founded many centuries after her time, goes yet by the name of Bronwen's tower.

In the eleventh century this place took the name of Caer Collwyn, *Collwyn's Fort*, from Collwyn ap Tangno,

Tangno, lord of Eivonedd and Ardudwy, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who repaired the ancient caſtle, and took it for his own reſidence*. —The preſent name of Harlech is probably derived from the Britiſh words hardd, *beautiful*, and llech, *a rock*, indicating its ſituation.

According to ſome of the ancient Britiſh hiſtorians, Harlech caſtle was originally built, about the year 350, by Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales; and it is generally believed that Edward I. founded the preſent fortreſs on the ruins of the old caſtle; ſome parts of which are yet diſtinguiſhable from the more modern work of that monarch.

The firſt conſtable, appointed in 1283 by Edward, was allowed a ſalary of a hundred pounds *per annum*. This ſalary appears to have been afterwards reduced, for even when the ſame perſon held the double office of conſtable of the caſtle and captain of the town, he uſually received only fifty pounds *per annum*; and when he had not the captainſhip of the town, he was paid but twenty-ſix pounds, thirteen ſhillings, and four-pence. Even ſo lately as in the forty-fourth year of Elizabeth, the conſtable received but fifty pounds *per annum*. The garriſon conſiſted of twenty-four ſoldiers†.

* It is ſometimes, though improperly, called, Caer Colun. See Camb. Reg. i. 148.

† Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

In

In the year 1404, this caſtle, along with that of Aberyſtwyth in Cardiganſhire, was ſeized by the great, but ambitious Owen Glyndwr, during his rebellion againſt Henry IV. They were both retaken about four years afterwards, by an army which the king had diſpatched into Wales againſt that turbulent chieftain *.

Margaret of Anjou, the ſpirited queen of Henry VI., after the king's defeat at Northampton in 1456, fled from Coventry, and, narrowly eſcaping the hands of lord Stanley, who diſcovered and ſeized her jewels and baggage, found in this fortreſs an aſylum from her enemies. She reſided here but a little while, when ſhe proceeded into Scotland, where collecting her friends, ſhe marched towards Wakefield. At the latter place ſhe made an attack on the army of her enemy, the duke of York, which ſhe routed; and ſhe further ſucceeded in deſtroying the leader.

Soon after Edward IV. attained the Engliſh throne, he found means to make himſelf maſter of every part of the kingdom, except this caſtle and two or three others in Northumberland. Theſe he did not think it neceſſary immediately to attack, in the expectation, probably, that when their governors ſaw the whole country continue in quiet poſſeſſion, they would of their own accord ſubmit. The idea, however, proved groundleſs, for David ap Ivan ap

* Carte, ii. 661. and 669.

Einion,

Einion, a ſtaunch friend to the houſe of Lancaſter, held out in this caſtle nine years after the coronation of Edward, till 1468. The king finding him ſtill determined to reſiſt, was at length compelled to ſend an army againſt him under the command of William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. The men with incredible difficulty marched over the heart of the Britiſh Alps to the attack. On being ſummoned to ſurrender, David returned for anſwer: "Some years ago I held out a caſtle in France againſt its beſiegers ſo long, that all the old women in Wales talked of me: inform your commander that I will defend this Welſh caſtle till all the old women of France ſhall hear of it." The beſieging army found the place altogether impregnable, except by famine, and ſir Richard Herbert (brother to the earl), who had commanded during the ſiege, was at laſt obliged to compound for the ſurrender, by promiſing the heroic Welſhman that he would intercede with the king for his life. It was therefore given up, and with it upwards of fifty gentlemen of rank, who had adhered to the Lancaſtrian cauſe. Theſe were all committed cloſe priſoners to the tower; and when David was brought to the king, ſir Richard intreated that he might receive an unconditioned pardon, on the ground that it had been in his power, if he had choſen it, to retain the caſtle conſiderably longer, even in ſpite of all the efforts of the Engliſh army. The king refuſed. "Then, Sire (ſaid ſir Richard), you may, if you pleaſe, take

take my life inſtead of that of the Welſh captain: if you do not, I will moſt aſſuredly replace David in his caſtle, and your highneſs may ſend whom you pleaſe to take him out again." The king knew too well the value of a hero like ſir Richard, to carry his denial any farther *. David ap Ivan was pardoned, but his friend received no other reward for this perilous ſervice †.

In the civil wars at the concluſion of the reign of Charles I., Harlech caſtle was the laſt in North Wales that held out for the king, being ſurrendered in March 1647, to general Mytton, on honourable terms. At this time Mr. William Owen was the governor, and the garriſon conſiſted but of twenty-eight men ‡.

The *town* of Harlech was made a free borough by Edward I., who confirmed to it ſeveral grants of lands and other emoluments.

Mephitic Vapour.

In the winter of 1694, this neighbourhood was much alarmed by a kind of fiery exhalation, which came from a ſandy and marſhy tract of land, called

* Among other acts of heroiſm in ſir Richard Herbert, it is well known that he twice cleared his way in ſafety, through a great Norman army, with only a battle-ax in his hand.

† Wynne, 398. Stowe, 421. Carte, ii. 775. Life of lord Herbert, 8.

‡ Whitelock, 243.

Morſa

Morfa Bychan, *The Little Marſh*, acroſs the channel eight miles towards Harlech. This injured much of the graſs in ſuch a manner as to kill the cattle; and it ſet hay and corn-ricks on fire for near a mile from the coaſt. It is repreſented to have had the appearance of a blue lambent flame, which by any great noiſe, ſuch as the firing of guns, or the founding of horns, was eaſily extinguiſhed. All the damage was invariably done in the night; and, in the courſe of the winter, no fewer than ſixteen hay-ricks, and two barns, one filled with hay, and the other with corn, were entirely deſtroyed by it. It did not ſeem to affect any thing elſe, and men could go into it without receiving the leaſt injury. It was obſerved much more frequently during the firſt three weeks than afterwards, yet it was ſeen, at different intervals, for at leaſt eight months. The occaſion of this ſingular phenomenon is not exactly known. It appears moſt probably to have ariſen from ſome collections of putrid ſubſtances, the vapour coming from which might have been directed towards this place by the wind; and yet it is ſingular that, although the prevailing winds here are from the ſouth-weſt, which ought to have blown it in a very different direction, it ſhould not have been obſerved in other parts north of Harlech. Biſhop Gibſon conjectured that it might have proceeded from the corrupted bodies of a great quantity of locuſts which viſited this kingdom about that time, and were deſtroyed by the coldneſs of the climate.

He

He ſays that a conſiderable number of them had been ſeen lying about the ſhores of Aberdaron, in Caernarvonſhire *.

The *public houſe* at Harlech, for ſuch it can only be denominated, is kept by a very civil man of the name of Anwyl. The proviſions, at the time I was here, were homely, but the beds (only two, and thoſe in the ſame room) were clean and comfortable.—The touriſt, in inquiring for a *guide*, will find it worth his while to aſk particularly for John Richards, a man who ſpeaks Engliſh fluently, is well acquainted with the neighbourhood, and, for his ſituation, has a very ſuperior underſtanding.

* Lowthorp's Abridgement of the Philoſophical Tranſactions, ii. 183. Gibſon's Camden, 659.

CHAP. II.

Excursion from Harlech to Cwm Bychan.

Cylch Cyngrair, or Druidical Circles.—Cwm Bychan,—Bwlch Tyddiad.—Draws Arddudwy.—Cwm Nancoll.—Cataract.—Sarn Badrwyg.—Cantref Gwaelod, or overflowed Hundred.—Cardigan Bay.

Conducted by Richards as my guide, I went from Harlech to explore an obſcure vale, about four miles diſtant, called Cwm Bychan, *The Little Hollow.*

About a mile from the town, on a large elevated moor, he pointed out to me a circle of ſmall ſtones near thirty yards in diameter, with another at ſome diſtance, ſurrounding it. From its form and appearance, I am inclined to ſuppoſe that this was one of thoſe

Druidical Circles

In which were formerly holden the *Gorſeddau*, or bardic meetings. Theſe meetings were always in ſome place ſet apart in the open air, in a conſpicuous ſituation, and ſurrounded by a circle of ſtones, having in the centre a larger one, by which the preſiding bard or druid ſtood. There was here no relic of

the middle ſtone. This kind of circle was called *Cylch Cyngrair*, or the circle of congreſs. At theſe meetings, candidates were admitted to the different degrees of bardiſm, and on theſe occaſions it was that all the oral bardic poems and traditions were recited, and their laws ſettled. During theſe ceremonies all the bards ſtood within the circle, with their heads and feet bare, and clad in their unicoloured robes.

Cwm Bychan

Is a graſſy dell, about half a mile in length, ſurrounded by ſcenery as black and dreary as imagination can draw. On the right of its entrance there is a ſmall pool called *Llyn y Cwm Bychan*, from whoſe edge, Carreg y Saeth, *The Rock of the Arrow*, (from its being the ſtation where the ancient Britiſh ſportſmen watched and killed the paſſing deer,) towers the blackeſt of all the vale.—I reſted myſelf for a while on a rock above the pool, in a ſituation whence I could at eaſe obſerve the rugged beauties of this romantic hollow. From hence the landſcape extended in all its magnificence: the vale was ſeen emboſomed in ſtupendous rocks, black and barren, and enlivened only by the patches of meagre vegetation lodged on their ſhelving precipices.

We deſcended into the hollow, and paſſing there an ancient manſion, aſcended on the other ſide till we came to a deep mountain hollow called

Bwlch

Bwlch Tyddiad.

Here the rocks close, and oppose a series of shattered precipices, forming a scene of desolation and barrenness throughout. A few grasses, liverwort, and heath, constitute all the vegetation of this place. We wandered on this rocky cleft, for such it only seemed, till we got beyond the higher mountains, when, on a sudden, a fine open prospect of all the country eastward was extended before us. Here we were treated with a pastoral landscape, bounded by high distant mountains, which formed a majestic barrier around: amongst these, Cader Idris, and the two Arrennigs, were particularly conspicuous.

Drws Ardudwy.

From hence we made a turn to the right, still continuing our journey over a wretched horse-path, and soon afterwards turning again to the right, we entered another deep glen called Drws Ardudwy, *The Pass of the Maritime Land*, a place well calculated to inspire a timid mind with terror. The sides and bottom were almost covered over with loose fragments of stone, once detached by the force of frost, or the irresistible rushing of torrents, after storms and heavy rain, from the heights above. The fear for personal safety must sometimes, in places similar to this, be accompanied with a tremor; for the mind is not always able to divest itself of

prejudices, and diſagreeable aſſociations of ideas, and, in ſpite of every effort of reaſon and judgment, the unpleaſing ſenſations of terror will ſometimes affect us.

After this dreary ſcene, we entered a more wide and fertile valley, called Cwm Nancoll, *The Hollow of the ſunken Brook*. From hence the guide took me, out of the uſual track, to ſee a *cromlech*, in a farm called Gwern Einion. This cromlech is about two miles ſouth of Harlech. It is at preſent made to form the corner of a wall, and is, on two ſides, built up with ſtones, to prevent the ſheep from getting through. There are ſix ſupporters, three about ſix feet, and the other three about four feet in height. The ſtone that reſts upon theſe is large, flat, and ſlanting.

Cataract.

A little-while before we came to this cromlech, I heard, from the ſide of the hill on which we were walking, the falling of water in a wood on the oppoſite mountains, and apparently about half a mile from us. I could alſo, notwithſtanding the diſtance, plainly perceive a ſilver line among the trees, formed by the ruſhing of water down a precipice. The guide, in anſwer to my queſtions reſpecting it, ſaid that it was a cataract of no great height or beauty, and if it had a name he was not acquainted with it. My walk of this day had been very long and laborious, near twenty miles, over

over the moſt ſtony paths that I had yet ſeen in the country, and I was almoſt fainting from want of refreſhment: I was therefore under the neceſſity of being ſatisfied with his account. In almoſt any other caſe I ſhould have croſſed the vale to examine it, for I am convinced, from its appearance at ſo great a diſtance, that it muſt have been a cataract of very conſiderable height and beauty.

Betwixt the cromlech and the town of Harlech, I paſſed another druidical circle, ſomewhat ſmaller than the one I have before mentioned, but ſurrounded with a ſimilar diſtant circle.

As it happened to be about the ebb of the tide when we returned, the guide pointed out to me part of a long ſtone-wall, which runs out into the ſea from Mochras, a point of land a few miles ſouth of Harlech, in a weſt-ſouth-weſt direction for near twenty miles. This is called

SARN BADRWYG,

The Shipwrecking Cauſeway. It is a very wonderful work, being throughout about twenty-four feet thick. *Sarn y Bwch* runs from a point north-weſt of Harlech, and is ſuppoſed to meet the end of this. The ſpace betwixt theſe formed, ſome centuries ago, a habitable hundred belonging to Merionethſhire, called

Cantref Gwaelod,

The Lowland Hundred. The Welſh have yet traditions reſpecting ſeveral of the towns, as Caer Gwyddno, Caer Ceneder, &c. Theſe walls were built to keep out the ſea. About the year 500, when Gwyddno Garan Hîr, *Gwyddno with the high Crown*, was lord of this hundred, one of the men who had the care of the dams, got drunk and left open a flood-gate. The ſea broke through with ſuch force, as alſo to tear down part of the wall, and overflow the whole hundred, which, ſince that time, has been always completely flooded.—Thus is *Cardigan Bay*, (a principal part of which Cantref Gwaelod formerly occupied,) for many miles ſo full of ſhoals, as to render it extremely dangerous for a veſſel of any burthen to venture at all near the Merionethſhire coaſt.

CHAP. III.

HARLECH TO BARMOUTH.

Upright Stones.—Cromlechs.—Ancient Barrows, the Mode of forming, and the Utility of them.—Barmouth.—Houſes ſingularly ſituated.—Inn.—Beach, and River.—Uncommonly beautiful Scene.—Trade of Barmouth.

THE road from Harlech to Barmouth (ten miles) is even and good; but lying over a flat and diſagreeable country, it is beyond meaſure dull and unintereſting. At a diſtance towards the ſea there are nothing but turfy bogs and ſalt marſhes; and, on the other ſide, the mountains are low and ſtony, and in every reſpect devoid of pictureſque beauty.

In a field by the road-ſide, near Llanbedir, I obſerved two upright ſtones ſtanding near each other, the one ten, and the other about ſix feet in height. Theſe were without inſcriptions, and are what the Welſh call *Meini Gwyr*, "the ſtones of the heroes;" or the funeral monuments of celebrated warriors ſlain in battle.

A few hundred yards beyond the fifth mile ſtone, and at a little diſtance on the left of the road, two *cromlechs* were pointed out to me. Theſe were very near each other, and placed on barrows, or

heaps of loofe ſtones, which are ſuppoſed to indicate that ſome men of ancient note were interred beneath them. Theſe barrows, from the circumſtance of the cromlechs being erected on them, are evidently of high antiquity; but I am inclined to ſuppoſe, (with a very judicious traveller through this country in the year 1774,) that many of the heaps of ſtones with which this country abounds, and which are uſually taken for barrows, or *carnedds*, as they are here called, "were originally piled together for no other reaſon than that the reſt of the field might afford the clearer paſture. In the melancholy waſte between Pont Aberglaslly̑n and Llyn y Wenwn, I obſerved many modern carnedds, which had been thrown up in large piles by the induſtrious inhabitants for that profitable purpoſe *."—The mode of forming the ancient carnedds in this country was ſomewhat ſingular. When the carnedd was conſidered as the honourable tomb of a warrior, every one that paſſed by threw on it an additional ſtone as a mark of reſpect; but when this heap became diſgraced by ſhielding the body of the guilty, it was ſtill the cuſtom of every one that paſſed to fling his ſtone, but, in this caſe, it was done in token of deteſtation.—The original intention of heaping ſtones over the dead, was doubtleſs to defend the bodies from being dug up, and devoured by the wolves, with which the wild and mountainous parts of Britain

* Wyndham's Tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales.

formerly

formerly abounded. It was a neceſſary precaution, to prevent the friends of the deceaſed from being ſhocked by the horrid ſight of their carcaſes mangled by theſe rapacious animals.

I paſſed *Cors y Gedol*, the ancient family ſeat of the Vaughans, but now the property of ſir Thomas Moſtyn, bart., and continuing my journey by Llanaber, ſoon afterwards arrived at

BARMOUTH.

This town is ſituated in one of the moſt unpleaſant places that could have been choſen for it, near the conflux of the river Maw, or Mawddach *.—Some of the houſes are built among the ſand at the bottom, and others, at different heights, up the ſide of a huge rock, which entirely ſhelters the place on the eaſt. The ſituations of the latter are ſo ſingular, that it is really curious for a ſtranger to wind up along the narrow paths among the houſes, where, on one ſide, he may, if he pleaſe, enter the door of a dwelling, or, on the other, look down the chimney of the neighbour in front. The inhabitants might almoſt cure their bacon in ſome parts of this town, by the ſimple proceſs of hanging it out of their windows. The houſes at the foot of the rock are nearly choaked up with ſand, which fills every

* From this river the town is ſometimes called Aber Maw, *The Conflux of the Maw*. This was ſhortened into 'Bermaw, and corrupted to Barmouth.

paſſage, and is blown into every window that is for a moment left open. In rainy weather this ſand, on the contrary, renders the place very dirty and unpleaſant. The buildings are exceedingly irregular, and in moſt inſtances very bad. Notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages, Barmouth is frequented during the ſummer ſeaſon by many genteel families from Wales, and the weſt of England, as a ſea-bathing place. Its origin, as the reſort of invalids, has been attributed to perſons frequenting the banks of this part of the river for the ſake of the ſcurvy-graſs, which grows there in abundance *.

The company muſt neceſſarily find it a moſt uncomfortable place, for the inn (the Corſygedol arms) is at times almoſt buried in ſand, and no perſon can poſſibly walk many yards without having it over his ſhoes. Were it not for the civility and friendly attention of Mrs. Lewis, Barmouth would fail in its principal attraction.—I was beyond meaſure ſurprized, on being introduced into the dining-room, to find, in this ſecluded corner of the kingdom, upwards of thirty perſons, moſt of them of fortune and faſhion. I found alſo, on inquiry, that this was by no means all the company at that time in the town; another large and good building, which Mrs. Lewis had in her own hands as a lodging-houſe, being alſo quite full. To be thus ſuddenly introduced, as it were, into the world, after my

* Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merionethſhire, by Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt. Camb. Reg. i. 190.

ſolitary

ſolitary rambles among the wilds of the country, was a very grateful incident; and I enjoyed the general cheerfulneſs and affability that prevailed, perhaps the more from its being entirely unexpected.

The lodging-houſes in the town, are many of them dirty and miſerable places.—There are on the ſands three bathing machines, but theſe are altogether appropriated to the uſe of the ladies, the gentlemen bathing on the open coaſt.—The amuſements ſeem to conſiſt principally in going out in parties on the water, and in lounging on the beach or the ſands.—The beach is one of the moſt delightful walks I ever beheld. The wide river Mawddach winds amongſt the mountains, forming many, and elegant promontories. Theſe riſe to great heights on each ſide, ſome clad with wood, and others exhibiting their naked rocks, ſcantily covered with the purple heath. The ſummit of the lofty Cader Idris is ſeen to riſe high above the other mountains, in the back ground. Had the town been built here, ſcarcely half a mile from its preſent ſituation, inſtead of one of the moſt unpleaſant, it might have been rendered one of the moſt agreeable retirements in the kingdom.

Barmouth is the port of Merionethſhire; but it is not ſo much frequented as it ought to be, on account of the inhabitants (who do not attempt commerce on a large ſcale), vending their manufactures through the means of factors, who thus ſeize many of the advantages which the natives

might enjoy. Mr. Pennant, however, informs us, that prior to the year 1781, flannels to the value of 40,000*l.*, and ſtockings to the value of 10,000*l.*, had been exported from hence in the courſe of a year.—The number of ſhips at preſent belonging to the port is about a hundred: and the population of the place is eſtimated at fifteen hundred.

CHAP. IV.

Barmouth to Dolgelle.

The River Mawddach.—Beautiful Scenery.—Dolgelle.—Whimsical Description of Dolgelle.—Fuller's Enigmatical Description.—Trade.—Inn.—Fortified in the Reign of Charles I.—Account of Places worth visiting in the Neighbourhood of Dolgelle.

I had already been highly gratified in my ramble along the beach for about a mile and a half from Barmouth; and, in my walk to Dolgelle, I retraced my steps with additional pleasure. The Mawddach, usually called Avon Vawr, *The Great River*, forms in this place a wide arm of the sea. It was now high water, and from the whole bed of the river being filled, the various scenes that presented themselves for some miles were truly picturesque. The two first miles, at the end of which I was compelled to leave the bank of the river, and proceed along the road, were, however, more interesting than any other part of the journey. In the composition of the views, scarcely any thing appeared wanting: there was every requisite of a fine landscape, mountain and vale, wood, water, meadows, and rocks, arranged in beautiful order. The numerous heaps of peat spread along the green bottom, were the only

only unpleaſing objects in the ſcene, and theſe were eaſily overlooked where every other object was ſo beautiful.—Beyond the beach the road winds among the low mountains, at a little diſtance from the river. From the openings or eminences I frequently ſaw the water, partly hidden by the intervening mountains, in which ſituations it ſeveral times aſſumed the appearance of a beautiful lake.

From the village of Llanelltyd, about two miles from Dolgelle, there is a road which winds along a dark and gloomy vale towards Tanybwlch; and at a little diſtance a ſtile is ſeen, from whence a foot-path will lead the inquiring touriſt, over the meadows, to the ancient monaſtic ruin called by the Welſh Y Vanner, and by Tanner *Kemmer Abbey*. This will be deſcribed in the enſuing chapter.

Many perſons prefer making the excurſion from Barmouth to Dolgelle by water. To ſit at eaſe, and enjoy without interruption the pleaſures afforded by the picturesque ſcenes along the Mawddach, muſt doubtleſs be highly gratifying to an admirer of nature. The voyage, however, muſt end at the diſtance of about a mile from Dolgelle, for here the river becomes ſo greatly diminiſhed, as not even to admit a ſmall pleaſure boat any farther. The company muſt therefore be contented to walk from thence to the town.

DOLGELLE,

The Holme of the Groves, is a market town, in a commercial view, of ſome importance, ſeated in a wide and fertile vale, between the rivers Arran and Wnion, and ſurrounded on all ſides by high, and in many parts wooded, mountains.

A ſtudent of Jeſus College Oxford, who was a native of Dolgelle, was one afternoon drinking wine with ſome of his college friends, when, in a bantering ſtile, they aſked what kind of a place it was that had been honoured in giving him birth: —"There," ſays he, flinging on the table a handful of nuts, and ſetting up a cork in the middle, "ſuppoſe each of theſe nuts a houſe, and that cork the church,—you will have ſome tolerable idea of Dolgelle."

The analogy holds good, for the ſtreets are as irregular as it is poſſible to imagine them. The houſes in general are low, and ill built. The *church*, which is by much the neateſt ſtructure in or about the place, has in itſelf nothing that can attract particular attention. From various points of view on the outſide of the town, the painter will, however, acknowledge, that it is not without its beauty.

We have a ſingular enigmatical account of Dolgelle, written by Fuller ſomewhat more than a century ago.

"1. The

" 1. The walls thereof are three miles high.
2. Men go into it over the water; but
3. Go out of it under the water.
4. The ſteeple thereof doth grow therein.
5. There are more ale-houſes than houſes *."

Theſe five enigmas he ſolves in this manner: the *firſt*, he ſays, is explained by the mountains that ſurround the place. The *ſecond* implies, that on one ſide of the town there was a bridge over which all travellers muſt paſs; and the *third*, that on the other ſide, they had to go under a wooden trough, which conveyed water from a rock, at a little diſtance, to an overſhot mill. For the *fourth*, he ſays, the bells (if plural) hung in a yew tree; and the *laſt*, that " tenements were divided into two or more tipling-houſes, and that even chimney-leſs barns were often uſed for that purpoſe."—I preſume in this he alludes to the time in which ſome fair was held, for the ſale and exchange of the manufactures of the place. None of theſe remarks will apply at preſent, except the two firſt.

There are at Dolgelle very conſiderable manufactories of flannel, which, from the number of hands neceſſarily employed, have rendered the place very populous, comparatively with other Welſh towns. The principal market for the goods is Shrewſbury, but ſo great a portion has of late been bought upon the ſpot, that the inhabitants have had little occaſion to ſend to a market at ſuch a diſtance.

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, p. 43.

The

The beſt *inn* is the Golden Lion, called likewiſe Plas Iſa, *The Lower Houſe*. The proviſions, except the wine, I found good; but the bed into which I was put was intolerable.

During the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., about a hundred of the king's troops attempted to raiſe a fortification about this town. Mr. Edward Vaughan, however, at the head of a ſmall party of the parliament's forces, attacked and routed them, taking priſoners the captain and ſeveral of the men *.

The neighbourhood of Dolgelle affords many intereſting objects to the touriſt. The ſummit of *Cader Idris*, the celebrated Merionethſhire mountain, is not much more than ſix miles diſtant †. A few miles towards the north, and at a little diſtance from each other, are the three cataracts *Rhaiadr Dû*, *The Fall of the Cain*, and *The Fall of the Mawddach*. Theſe will be deſcribed in the next chapter. To all theſe places guides may eaſily be obtained at Dolgelle.—The whole of the vale in which the town is ſituated is remarkable for its picturesque ſcenery, and beautiful views.

* Whitelock, p. 190.

† An account of Cader Idris will be found in chap. vi.

CHAP. V.

Excursion from Dolgelle to Kemmer Abbey and the Waterfalls.

Y Vanner, or Kemmer Abbey.—Suffers from a Deception of one of the Monks.—The Cataract at Dolmelynllyn.—Diſtant Waterfall.—The Cataract of the Mawddach.—The Cataract of the Cain.—Guide.

The three cataracts mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter, *Rhaiadr Dú*, in the grounds of W. A. Madocks, eſq. of Dolmelynllyn, the *Fall of the Cain*, and the *Fall of the Mawddach*, are all near the road leading from Dolgelle to Tanybwlch. The former is about ſix, and the other two are about nine miles diſtant from Dolgelle.

Y Vanner, or Kemmer Abbey.

In my expedition to theſe waterfalls, I proceeded near a mile and a half along the road, when, (a few hundred yards before I reached the bridge at Llanelltid,) I left it, and went on a foot-path to the right. This led me over ſome meadows, for about a quarter of a mile, to an avenue of ſycamores, and thence to the remains of an abbey, not viſible from the

the road, called by the Welſh, Y Vanner, and by the old writers, Kemmer abbey *.

Where pious beadſmen, from the world retir'd,
In bliſsful viſions wing'd their ſouls to heav'n,
While future joys their noble tranſports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

The preſent remains of this monaſtery have little intereſt for any but the antiquarian: they are altogether devoid of ornament or elegance, and from no point of view are in any degree pictureſque. Part of the church only is left, and the ſpace of ground it occupies is very inconſiderable. The ruins of the refectory and the abbot's dwelling, form part of the walls of an adjoining farm-houſe. The other parts are much ſhattered, and the farmer, in whoſe ground the building ſtands, has patched them in many places with modern maſonry, to render them of uſe in his buſineſs. The length of the church is betwixt thirty and forty yards, and the width not more than eight or nine. The eaſt end is more perfect than any other part, and, through its thick covering of ivy, I could diſcern three ſmall lancet-ſhaped windows. Againſt the ſouth-wall there are a few ſmall gothic pillars and arches; and in the wall an aperture where probably the holy water was kept. In this part of the building, oppoſite to two ſmall arches, there has alſo

* Or, variouſly, Cymmer, Cymner, Cwmner, Kinner, Kinmer, and Kymmer Abbey. *Kymer*, in the ancient Britiſh language, ſignified the meeting of two or more rivers.

been a ſemi-circular door; and, near this, there is the mutilated head of a human figure. A large plane-tree is now growing from among the ruins of the weſt-end of the building, whence it ſhould ſeem to have long been in a ruined ſtate. From the obſcurity of its ſituation, and the want of that kind of elegance uſual in monaſtic ruins, this abbey is ſcarcely known even at Dolgelle. The touriſt will inquire for it in vain as Kemmer abbey, for the Welſh people in general know it by no other name than that of Y Vanner.

It was founded about the year 1200 for ſome monks of the Ciſtercian order, from Cwm Hir abbey in Radnorſhire, by Meredith and Griffith, the ſons of Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales *. "This ſeems (ſays a Welſh writer) to have been a colony of monks, ſent off by that monaſtery, as bees do when the hive is too full †."

About thirty years after the ſuppoſed period of its foundation, Kemmer abbey appears to have been in a flouriſhing ſtate. At this time, when Henry III. was marching againſt the Welſh, who had riſen, under their prince, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and

* Vaughan's Sketch of Merionethſhire. Cam. Reg. i. 190. Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.

† Letter of Lewis Morris. Cam. Reg. ii. 493. This ſeems to account for Dugdale's miſtake in confounding this abbey with that of Combehire, or Cwm Hir, in Radnorſhire. In the Parcolude Annals, Combehire is conſidered the mother abbey to Kemmer.

attacked

attacked the caſtle of Montgomery, one of the monks of Kemmer happened to be near, and was queſtioned as to the ſituation and ſtrength of the Welſh army. He conſidered it a duty to befriend his country, rather than aſſiſt an enemy, and therefore deceived them ſo much by his report of the ſtate of the oppoſing forces, that Henry determined on an immediate attack. The Welſh, at the firſt onſet, feigned a retreat to a neighbouring marſh. The Engliſh ſoldiers, incumbered as they were with their armour, without heſitation, plunged after them, and, as ſoon as the enemy ſaw that the greater part were in the marſh, and unable either to act offenſively or to retreat, they returned upon them with ſo much fury, as, after a ſhort conflict, to come off victorious.—This deception naturally enraged the king, and, not long afterwards, as he paſſed the abbey with his army, he ordered the monaſtery to be ſet on fire and deſtroyed. All the out-offices were conſumed, but the abbot ſaved the reſt of the building by his entreaties to the king, and paying down a fine of three hundred marks *.

At the diſſolution of abbies, the revenues of Kemmer were eſtimated at betwixt fifty and ſixty pounds a year†. The ſite remained in the crown till the reign of queen Elizabeth, who, about the year 1578, granted it to Robert, earl of Leiceſter. In

* Powel, 287. Matt. Paris, 311.

† Tanner's Notitia; and Dugdale's Monaſticon.

what manner it has ſince deſcended, we have no information.

On a bank not far diſtant, there was formerly a Britiſh fortreſs called Caſtéll Cymmer, *The Caſtle of the Conflux*. This was demoliſhed about the year 1113, not long after its erection, by the ſons of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, on ſome diſagreement with the founder; and it is ſuppoſed to have never been rebuilt *.

Returning from the abbey to the road, I croſſed the bridge at Llanelltid, and proceeded along the vale leading towards Tanybwlch. The firſt waterfall the guide brought me to was

Rhaiadr Du,

The Black Cataract. This, as I have before ſaid, is in the grounds of W. A. Madocks, eſq. at Dolmelynllyn, whence it is often called the *Dolmelynllyn Fall*.—The water foams, with a thundering noiſe, down two rocks about ſixty feet high. The ſcene has a ſingular appearance from the black adjacent and uncouth rocks being in many places covered with a pure white lichen. The trees on one ſide of the ſtream had been lately cut down, but the lively and varied green and brown tints of the other were beautifully contraſted with the almoſt jet black rocks

* Powel, 185.

with

with which they were intermixed. The torrent rolls into a ſmall deep baſon, from whence it daſhes itſelf along the rugged channel to the river Mawddach, which flows at no great diſtance.—Mr. Madocks has been at the expence of making a good foot-path, both to the bottom, and to the upper part of this cataract, by which the traveller is enabled with comfort to ſee it to the greateſt advantage.

I went about a mile farther on the road, from whence I had a walk, of near two miles, along a foot-path to the right, to the remaining waterfalls, which are within a few hundred yards of each other. From the ſide of an eminence about half a mile from theſe, I could obſerve the river Mawddach rolling down a ſteep, in a woody vale above, and its hoarſe murmuring juſt reached my ear. Beyond it, at ſome diſtance, there was a rude arch, which croſſed the glen, and from my ſtation gave a pleaſing and romantic caſt to the ſcene.

> Deſcending now (but cautious leſt too faſt,)
> A ſudden ſteep upon a ruſtic bridge,
> We paſs a gulph in which the hazels dip
> Their pendant boughs.——

This was a perfectly alpine bridge over the river Cain, formed by the rude trunk of an oak which hung frightfully over the black torrent, that roared amongſt the rocks many feet beneath. I had not paſſed this bridge far, before I found myſelf at the foot of Rhaiadr y Mawddach.

The Cataract of the Mawddach.

The river here forces itſelf down a rock betwixt fifty and ſixty feet in height, whoſe ſtrata lying in parallel lines ſeveral degrees inclined from the horizon, give the ſcene a ſingularly crooked appearance. The ſtream is thrice broken in its deſcent, and the baſon into which it is precipitated is very large. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around, and the foreground was finely broken by the large pieces of rock that had been once looſened from above. I had to croſs the ſtream before I could ſee the upper part of the fall, which was hidden by intervening rocks. In this ſtation the ſcene appeared complete, and it was certainly picturesque.

Pistyll y Cain *,

The Spout of the Cain, is by far the higheſt and moſt magnificent cataract of the three. A narrow ſtream ruſhes down a vaſt rock, at leaſt a hundred and fifty feet high, whoſe horizontal ſtrata run in irregular ſteps through its whole breadth, and form a mural front. Theſe, indeed, are ſo regular, as in a great meaſure to deſtroy the picturesque effect of the ſcene, unleſs they are nearly hidden by a much greater volume of water than uſual. Immenſe frag-

* The word *Piſtyll*, in the Welſh language, ſignifies a narrow ſtream of water, ſomewhat reſembling that which iſſues through a ſpout.

ments

ments of broken rock at the foot of the fall, ſcattered in every different direction, communicate a pleaſing effect; and the agreeable mixture of tints of the dark oak and birch, with the yellower and fading elm, formed altogether a highly pleaſing ſcene.

My guide to the waterfalls was an Engliſhman, who keeps a ſmall public houſe near Dolmelynllyn. His name is Bartlet. He has reſided in Wales only a few years, and is yet ſcarcely able to ſpeak the language of the country.

CHAP. VI.

DOLGELLE TO MACHYNLLETH.

View of the Country around Dolgelle.—The Pool of the three Pebbles; and Tradition reſpecting the enormous Giant Idris.—The Blue Lion, and Edward Jones.—Aſcent to the Summit of Cader Idris. Account of Idris.—Caſcades.—Llyn y Cae.—Proſpect from the Summit of Cader Idris.—Cataract near the Blue Lion,—Machynlleth.—Mr. Aikin's Deſcription of the Devil's Bridge, near Hawod in Cardiganſhire.

FROM the road leading to Machynlleth, and at the diſtance of about two miles, the town of Dolgelle is ſeen to greater advantage than from moſt other points of view. It appears in the midſt of a vale replete with paſtoral beauty. The wide river Mawddach in the diſtance, reflects its ſilvery whiteneſs in the boſom of high and dreary mountains. The intervening ſpace exhibits luxuriant woods, meadows, and corn-fields, interſected by the river Wnion, which ſerpentizes along the vale.

The road now paſſes over high and ſwampy moors, and for ſome miles the ſcenery is wild, dreary, and comfortleſs. The lofty Cader Idris, its ſummit obſcured in clouds, formed the entire boundary of theſe wilds towards the ſouth-weſt.

THE

The Pool of the Three Pebbles.

This is a ſmall pool on the left of the road about five miles from Dolgelle. The Welſh call it *Llyn Trigrainwyn*. It has its name from the three huge fragments of rock that are ſeen by its ſide, which the traditions of the peaſantry aſſert to have been what the giant Idris called three pebbles. This huge man, from whom the adjacent mountain had its name, was one day walking round his poſſeſſions in theſe mountains, when, ſays tradition, he found ſomething had fallen into his ſhoe that began to hurt his foot. He pulled it off, and threw out theſe three pebbles, after which he experienced no further inconvenience! One of theſe *pebbles* is about four and twenty feet long, eighteen broad, and twelve high.—So much for tradition!

The pool is believed to be bottomleſs; but, though this is not the caſe, its depth for ſo ſmall a ſurface of water is uncommonly great, being, as I was told, upwards of fifty fathoms.

I had not got far beyond this pool, when I found the proſpect become ſomewhat intereſting. A pleaſing vale now preſented itſelf, which incloſes a pool about a mile in length, called Llyn Mwyngil, *The Lake of the Pleaſant Retreat*. This is bounded by hills.

The Blue Lion.

As I was anxious to aſcend Cader Idris, and, although the weather had become very unfavourable, as I ſhould loſe all opportunity of doing it if I proceeded any farther at preſent, I ſtopped at the Blue Lion, a ſmall public houſe, a little beyond the pool of the Three Pebbles. It had begun to rain very hard a little before my arrival, and, as it was then late in the day, I determined to remain here all night, in the hope that before morning the weather might clear up. Not having yet dined, I inquired what I could have to eat, but found, as Dr. Johnſon did at Glenelg, in the Highlands of Scotland, that, "of the proviſions, the negative catalogue was very copious." I could have no meat (except bad bacon), no eggs, no wine, no ſpirits. It was needleſs to inquire further into what I could *not* have, I therefore directed the good woman of the houſe to bring me any thing that was eatable. Bread and butter, and new ale, taken evidently from the tub in which it was fermenting, conſtituted therefore my principal fare at this cottage for two days. I have had occaſion to remark, through both my journies, that the ale is generally drank within a few days of its being brewed, at moſt of the ſmall inns in Wales. The labouring people ſee it taken from the tub with unconcern, and ſeem to reliſh it as much, while fermenting, as they would if it was drawn from the caſk. If it has but the name of

Cwrw,

Cwrw, they conſider its quality a very ſecondary object. How far this may be injurious to their health, I am not able to ſay, but the general poverty of the loweſt claſs of the people here is ſo great, that it is not probable they will ever have their ale of much better quality.

The landlord of the Blue Lion, if I may dignify him with that appellation, is a ſchoolmaſter, a guide, and a cutter of grave-ſtones, and to his various other qualifications, he adds a very conſiderable taſte for—ale, as the following memoranda of my cheap living at this houſe will ſhew:

	s.	*d.*
Two dinners (N.B. bread and butter),	1	6
Tea, ſupper, and breakfaſt, -	1	0
Ale, - - - -	2	6
	5	0

This man, whoſe name is Edward Jones, I found ſomewhat too talkative, particularly on the ſubject of his own qualifications. I obtained from him much of the news of the neigbourhood, but little information on which I could rely reſpecting the country. I ſmiled ſeveral times at his efforts to ſhew off his learning and talents, theſe, however, in ſo obſcure a ſituation, were perhaps excuſable.

This houſe is ſituated by the road ſide, immediately under Cader Idris, and is a very convenient place from whence travellers, coming from Machynlleth,

ynlleth, may aſcend that mountain. If it is not found inconvenient, on account of carriages or horſes, they may go over the ſummit, and down the other way to Dolgelle: this they would do in nearly as ſhort a ſpace of time as it would require to deſcend again to the Blue Lion.—The bed I ſlept in was not a very bad one, nor was I here, though in a ſmaller houſe, ſo peſtered with fleas, as I had before been at Beddgelert.

Ascent to the Summit of Cader Idris.

The morning proved more favourable than I expected; and although it was ſtill cloudy, I was determined to venture on an excurſion to the ſummit of the mountain, under the hopes that the weather might entirely clear up before I arrived at the top. About nine o'clock, therefore, in company with my loquacious hoſt, I commenced my expedition.

I have ſaid that this mountain had its name from a perſon called Idris, ſuppoſed by tradition to have been an enormous giant. The old bardic writings, however, rather repreſent him great in mind than ſtature: in theſe he is ſaid to have been a poet, an aſtronomer, and philoſopher. He is ſuppoſed alſo to have been a prince of theſe parts; but the period is ſo remote, that little more than his name and talents are now to be aſcertained *. *Cadair Idris*,

* He is ſometimes called *Cawr Idris*, or king Idris, *Cawr* being an old Welſh word for king.

or

or the ſeat of Idris, is thought to imply that he had an obſervatory, or ſtudy, on the ſummit of the mountain. Theſe ſuppoſitions, however, ſeem founded on a very uncertain baſis.

There had been much rain during the night, in conſequence of which the guide took me along the ſide of a rivulet, which flows from one of the hollows above, to ſee a ſmall cataract. The torrent was thrown down the face of a ſteep rock in a white ſheet of foam, thrice broken in its deſcent. It might perhaps be more properly denominated a caſcade, for, although it was extremely pretty, it was on ſo ſmall a ſcale, as to be devoid of much of the grandeur that is uſual in waterfalls that boaſt any degree of pictureſque beauty.—Above this, on the ſame ſtream, another ſtill more ſmall and contracted was pointed out to me. The height of the latter rock was not more than ſeven or eight yards, and the whole ſcene would have appeared very trifling, had it not been ornamented by three majeſtic oaks, whoſe branches, whilſt they almoſt concealed the ſtream, added greatly to its beauty.

Croſſing the rivulet, I went for a little way along its bank, and was much pleaſed with ſeveral other caſcades that were formed in its deſcent. After a while I arrived in the mountain hollow, that contains the waters of

LLYN Y CAE *,

The incloſed Pool, from the weſt ſide of which riſes a ſtupendous, black, and precipitous rock, called *Craig y Cae*, that caſts a gloomy ſhade on every thing below it, and throws upon the water its own diſmal hue. Its ſullen and majeſtic front was enlivened only with patches of the moſs ſaxifrage, and a few goats, that were ſeen ſkipping careleſsly among its dangerous ſteeps. From its ſpiry points and deep precipices, it has aſſumed an appearance that ſomewhat reſembles the age-worn front of a maſſy ancient cathedral. The whole of the ſcene, from near the edge of the pool, was truly pictureſque and grand.

Whilſt I was gazing at the rock, a ſhower of rain ſo ſmart came on, that in a ſhort time my clothes were wet through. Soon after this the clouds roſe above the lower parts of the mountain, and the higheſt peak alone was clouded.—The ſummit is called Pen y Cader, *The Head of the Seat.* This, like that of Snowdon, is conical, and covered with looſe ſtones. With the utmoſt patience and compoſure, I waited on this point, enveloped in miſt,

* "Some travellers have mentioned the finding of lava, and other volcanic productions here: upon ſtrict examination, however, we were unable to diſcover any thing of the kind; nor did the water of the lake appear to differ in any reſpect from the pureſt rock water, though it was tried repeatedly with the moſt delicate teſts." *Aikin's Tour through North Wales*, p. 62.

for

for more than half an hour, when, for about ten minutes, the mountain became perfectly cleared. I had from hence a view, if not more extenſive, I think more varied, than that from Snowdon. On one ſide the mountain formed an abrupt and deep precipice, at the bottom of which a ſmall lake or two were lodged. The diſtant views were of Bala pool, and its adjacent mountains, and beyond theſe of the long range of Ferwyn mountains, headed by Cader Ferwyn. Towards the ſouth lay the county of Montgomery, which, with its celebrated mountain Plinlimmon, ſeemed almoſt immediately under the eye. On the weſt ſide I had the whole curve of Cardigan Bay, from St. David's entirely round to Caernarvonſhire. I had ſcarcely looked round, when the gathering clouds ſwept over me in deeper folds, and all was again hidden from my ſight.

The aſcent to the ſummit of Cader Idris is much more eaſy than that of Snowdon; and I am confident that from Jones's houſe I could attain the higheſt point in about two hours.—The perpendicular height of this mountain, meaſured from the green near Dolgelle, is but 950 yards*.—Cader Idris has three high points, the moſt lofty is called *Pen y Cader;* the next in height *Mynydd Moel;* and the other *Craig y Cae.*

In deſcending I took a direction eaſtward of that in which I had gone up, and proceeded along that

* Pennant, ii. 99.

part of the mountain called *Mynydd Mael.* The path in this direction is ſufficiently ſloping to allow a perſon to ride even to the ſummit. A gentleman, mounted on a little Welſh poney, had done this a few days before I was here.

At the bottom of a hill on the right of the road leading to Machynlleth, and about half a mile from the Blue Lion, I ſaw another ſmall cataract, which, although ſcarcely more than ſeven or eight yards high, was by no means deſtitute of beauty. The rock is five or ſix times as wide at the top as it is below, which gives to the ſcene a very ſingular effect. In dry weather I ſhould think this would be in want of water: after a heavy ſhower of rain it may, however, be always ſeen in perfection.

The road from Jones's cottage to Machynlleth is very level and good; but as I had rain nearly the whole way, and as it lies along a narrow hollow, between a ſeries of wooded mountains, without much variety of character, even this ſhort journey was rendered very unpleaſant. The murmuring of the rivulet, which accompanied me for ſome miles, and here and there a pictureſque cottage, ſeated in the woods, chiefly occupied my attention, till I had arrived within two miles of Machynlleth. Towards evening the rain ceaſed, the clouds diſperſed, and the fine vale in which the town ſtands appeared exceedingly beautiful. Machynlleth is hidden from the

the obſerver in this direction, by intervening mountains, till he is arrived within about a mile of it; and it is firſt ſeen on a ſudden turn of the road at a little diſtance from the river.

MACHYNLLETH *.

I croſſed the Dovey, and ſhortly afterwards arrived at Machynlleth, a neat, and a much more regularly built town than moſt in Wales. The town-hall is a plain unadorned ſtructure; and the church (a common fault in this country) is white-waſhed. From the church-yard there is a pretty view along a green and meadowy vale.—Machynlleth is a place of ſome trade, and it has an air of greater opulence than moſt of the Welſh towns.

An ancient building, conſtructed of the thin ſhaly ſtone of this country, and now converted into ſtables, was pointed out to me as that in which Owen Glyndwr ſummoned the chieftains of Wales in the year 1402. He was here acknowledged their prince, and as ſuch proclaimed and crowned †.

It is highly probable that this town was the ſite of *Maglona*, the principal Roman ſtation in Montgomeryſhire. Near Penallt, about two miles diſtant, there is a place called Cefyn Caer, *The Ridge of the City*, where Roman coins have frequently been

* This word implies *the place near the river Cynllaeth*, which was the ancient name for the Dovey.

† Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales, 321. Carte, ii. 655.

found, and where there has once been a ſmall circular fort *.

When on the point of ſetting out from Machynlleth to Llanydloes, I was informed of a lofty cataract, near a pool called Llyn Pen Rhaiadr, *The Pool at the Head of the Cataract*, about ſix miles diſtant; but, as the road lay entirely over the mountains, and I was deſirous to reach Llanydloes as ſoon as poſſible, I did not take the trouble of viſiting it.

If I had not (that I might confine my attention altogether to North Wales, and give to it all the time I had to ſpare) entered into a reſolution not even to ſet my foot in the ſouthern diviſion of the principality, I ſhould have gone from Machynlleth to

ABERYSTWYTH,

The Conflux of the Iſtwyth, diſtant about nineteen miles. This is now a celebrated ſea-bathing place, frequented by much company.—It has the remains of a caſtle, founded at the commencement of the twelfth century by Gilbert Strongbow, but about two centuries afterwards rebuilt by king Edward I.

From hence I ſhould have proceeded to an inn, about twelve miles off, called the Havod Arms, not

* Camden. Vaughan's Merionethſhire, in Cam. Reg. i. 189.

far

far from which is the celebrated bridge called Pont ar Monach, *The Bridge over the Monach*, and by the Engliſh, *The Devil's Bridge;* and from this place I ſhould have returned into North Wales near Llanydloes.—The excurſion altogether would not have been more than fifty miles, and the twenty miles of unpleaſant road betwixt Machynlleth and Llanydloes I ſhould by this means have avoided.

The Devil's Bridge.

As, however, it may be uſeful to ſome future traveller in this country, I ſhall tranſcribe the ſhort deſcription of the Devil's Bridge, and the deep glen over which it is built, from an intereſting journey through North Wales by Mr. Aikin. It is the only account on whoſe accuracy I could rely *.

" After a long, and rather tedious walk (from Aberyſtwyth), we came ſuddenly to a moſt ſingularly ſtriking ſpot. The valley of the Rhydol contracts into a deep glen, the rocky banks of which are clothed with plantations, and at the bottom runs a rapid torrent. This leads ſoon to the ſpot that we were in ſearch of, which is full of horrid ſublimity. It is formed by a deep chaſm, or cleft, between two rocks, which juſt receives light enough to diſcover at the bottom, through the tangled thickets, an impetuous torrent, which is ſoon loſt

* Journal of a Tour through North Wales, and part of Shropſhire. Crown 8vo. Lond. 1797.

under a lofty bridge. By defcending an hundred feet, we had a clearer view of this romantic fcene. Juft above our heads was a double bridge, which has been thrown over the gulph; the inferior bridge was built by a monaftery, and hence called Pont ar Monach; this growing to decay, and being thought infecure, another arch was thrown directly above, and refting on the ancient one, and which now fupports a good road acrofs the precipice. The water below has fcooped out feveral deep chafms in the rock, through which it flows before it dives under the bridge. A large beech has flung its boughs horizontally over the torrent, as if to hide it from the fpectator; and the whole banks of this wild fpot are rough with fern, mofs, and native thickets, except on one fide, where a perpendicular naked flate-rock lets in the light to the inmoft receffes. Having fufficiently admired this tremendous fcene, we walked along the cliffs overhanging the deep glen, which receives the mingled waters of the Rhydol and Monach, whofe luxuriant woods almoft concealed the numerous rapids and falls occafioned by the ruggednefs of its rocky bottom. After a troublefome, and rather a hazardous defcent, forcing our way through the trees, and acrofs two or three headlong little ftreams, we arrived at a rocky bank, a few feet above the river, commanding a fine view of the junction of the Rhydol and Monach, which feem to vie with each other in the turbulence of their waters, and the frequency of their

their cafcades. Immediately above the union of the two torrents, rifes a perpendicular rock, on the crags of which we faw feveral kites perched; the fummit of the rock is crowned with wood, equal in luxuriance to that which clothes the lofty fides of the glen."

CHAP. VII.

MACHYNLLETH TO LLANYDLOES.

Account of the Mountain Plynlimmon.—The Source of the Severn.—Cataract.—Llanydloes.

THE diſtance from Machynlleth to Llanydloes is about twenty miles, and the road lies over a ſeries of dreary and barren moors. The mountains here have no one character of beauty, and during my whole walk I ſcarcely ſaw a ſingle tree. The only pleaſing objects were a few patches of corn, ſparingly ſcattered in different parts of the adjacent bottoms.—I had proceeded about five miles, when I arrived at the foot of a lofty hill, along which the road continues on an aſcent for near three miles. From the top I had an ample view of all the country around me; but its beauties were very few, it ſeemed little more than one diſmal waſte of hill and vale.

Proceeding on my journey, the Montgomeryſhire mountain

PLYNLIMMON

Became viſible at the diſtance of four or five miles on the right. Its name appears to have been derived from

from Pen Lummon, *The Summit of the Beacon*, from its being ſo much higher than all the ſurrounding hills. This ſuppoſition is aided by the circumſtance of its being of the utmoſt uſe to the peaſantry of the adjacent country, even when the ground is covered with ſnow, as a known mark by which they are enabled to ſteer their courſe *.—From the various accounts that had reached me reſpecting this mountain, there did not appear any probable compenſation for my trouble in going ſo far out of my road to aſcend its ſummit, I therefore continued my route, and only paſſed it at a diſtance.—The adjacent mountains being all low, render Plynlimmon much higher in appearance than it really is: from this, and its giving birth to three noted rivers, the Severn, the Wye, and the Rhydol, it ſeems not improbable that it originally obtained its celebrity. In perpendicular height it is far exceeded by Snowdon, Cader Idris, and many other mountains of the principality.

The Head of the Severn.

The manuſcript journal of a very intelligent friend has furniſhed me with the following ſhort account of

* The following are conjectures by Mr. Lewis Morris reſpecting the derivation of Plynlimmon.—From *Plymnwydd* a battle, and *Lluman* a ſtandard or banner: thus making Plymnlluman. Or elſe from *Blaen* a corner, or the convexity of a hill, and *Llymyſten*, or *Llumanes*, a kind of hawk: *Blaen Llumanes*, the point where theſe hawks reſted. Letter of Lewis Morris to Dr. Phillips, depoſited among the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

the ſource of this celebrated river. The Severn riſes from a ſmall ſpring on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of Plynlimmon, and nearly at its ſummit. The water iſſues from a rock at the bottom of a kind of large hole, whoſe ſides are formed of peat. The ground around the edges is ſomewhat elevated. A ſtream ſo ſmall iſſues from this place, that a child four years of age might ſtride acroſs it. The water, which is of a red colour, is very unpleaſant to the taſte.—Thoſe perſons who wiſh to trace the Severn to its ſource, are directed to keep the right-hand ſtream all the way up the mountain.

In the flat country, betwixt Plynlimmon and the road, I obſerved a ſmall unadorned pool called Glàs Llyn, *The Blue Pool.*

Cataract.

Having proceeded about half-way to Llanydloes, I was directed to leave the road, and go a mile and a half ſouth, to ſee a cataract called Frwd y Pennant, *The Torrent at the Head of the Vale.* The rock was nearly perpendicular, and the water, then in plenty, from the late rains, roared down its lofty front with a deafening noiſe. The ſhrubs hanging from the adjacent rocks added to its beauty. This waterfall is exceeded in height by few in North Wales.

About four miles from Llanydloes, the appearance of the country began to change, and the woody vales

vales in front, with the little Llyn yr Avange, *Beaver's Pool*, at a diſtance among them, formed on the whole a pleaſing ſcene.

LLANYDLOES.

The entrance into Llanydloes, *The Church of St. Idlos*, is over a long wooden bridge acroſs the Severn. This was ſuch as not to prepoſſeſs me in favour of the town. The ſtreets are wide, but the houſes are principally formed by means of timber frames, with their intermediate ſpaces cloſed with laths and mud. Theſe in general are very irregular, and I found a greater ſcarcity of good houſes in this place than in any of its ſize and conſequence that I had yet viſited. —The town-houſe is a wretched building, conſtructed much in the manner of the dwelling-houſes.

The width of the ſtreets of Llanydloes is (very ſingularly) a great inconvenience, for the inhabitants throughout the town, taking advantage of it, accumulate all their aſhes and filth in great heaps before their doors. Theſe heaps are, indeed, ſo large, that in a hot day the exhalation of noxious vapours from them, as I have experienced, muſt be an abominable nuiſance to every perſon accuſtomed to cleanlineſs.

The town is built in the form of a croſs, having the market-houſe nearly in the centre.—The *church* is remarkable only for having ſix arches, with columns ſurrounded by round pillars, ending in capi-

tals of palm-leaves. The inhabitants aſſert that theſe were brought, ſome time after the diſſolution, from Cwm Hir abbey in Radnorſhire.

In Llanydloes there is carried on a very conſiderable trade for yarn. This is manufactured into flannels, and ſent to Welſh Pool for ſale.

CHAP. VIII.

Llanydloes to Newtown.

View of the Country.—Anecdote of Edward Herbert, Esq —Newtown.—Cataract.—Caſtell Dolforwyn.—Hiſtory of this Fortreſs.—The Story of Sabrina, and the Origin of the Severn.

On my leaving Llanydloes, I ſoon began to find myſelf in a kind of country that plainly indicated an approach towards England. The road winds along a vale much flatter, and more highly cultivated, than any in the interior of Wales. I ſaw here ſeveral fields both of rye and wheat, two ſpecies of corn ſeldom grown in mountainous countries: the winds and ſtorms are there ſo violent, that they would ſhake out the grain from the ears before it could ripen.—I now wandered

On the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank.

The river was here but a few yards acroſs, and it glided ſilently and ſmoothly along, reflecting brightly the green impending foliage of its banks.

Fields, lawns, hills, vallies, paſtures, all appear
Clad in the varied beauties of the year.
Meand'ring waters, waving woods are ſeen
And cattle ſcatter'd in each diſtant green.
The curling ſmoke, from cottages aſcends,
There towers the hill, and there the valley bends.

I paſſed

I paſſed *Llandinam*, a ſmall village, about ſeven miles from Llanydloes, which I mention only for the purpoſe of relating an anecdote of the valour of Edward Herbert, eſq., the grandfather of the celebrated lord Herbert of Chirbury. This gentleman was a ſtrenuous oppoſer of the outlaws and thieves of his time, who were in great numbers among the mountains of Montgomeryſhire. In order to ſuppreſs them, he often went with his adherents to the places which they frequented. Some of them having been ſeen in a public houſe at Llandinam, Mr. Herbert, and a few of his ſervants, proceeded thither to apprehend them. The principal outlaw aimed an arrow at him, which ſtruck his ſaddle, and ſtuck there. Herbert, with his ſword in his hand, and with undaunted courage, galloped up to him, and took him priſoner. He pointed to the arrow, requeſting the fellow to obſerve what he had done. "Ah! (replied the man,) had not my beſt bow been left behind, I ſhould have done a greater deed than ſhoot your ſaddle." He was tried for the crime, found guilty, and hanged *."

Newtown.

In Newtown, or, as it is called by the Welſh, *Tre-Newydd*, I found nothing remarkable. It is a clean, and rather neat place, and the ſurrounding country is fertile and pleaſant.—The manuſcript

* Life of lord Herbert, 5.

journal

journal of my friend, quoted in the laſt chapter, contains the following memorandum reſpecting the church. "This building has a ſcreen, ſaid to have been brought from ſome neighbouring abbey. It may be antique, but its gilded ornaments rendered it very unſightly. There is alſo here a ſmall altar piece, ſaid to have been painted by Dyer the poet. The ſubject is the laſt ſupper, but it is in part a copy from Pouſſin, and is bad."

A glen about a mile from the town, on the right of the road leading to Builth, was pointed out to me as containing a *cataract*, and ſome beautiful ſcenery. I was, however, greatly diſappointed in finding theſe ſcarcely worth notice. The face of the rock had much the appearance of a ſhattered wall, thrown aſlaunt by one end ſinking into the ground. The water ſcarcely trickled down it, and if I might judge from the muddy pool at the foot, it very ſeldom deſcended in quantity ſufficient to entitle the ſcene to the appellation of a cataract.

Returning to Newtown, I croſſed the river, and walked along its banks about three miles and a half to

Castell Dolforwyn,

The Caſtle of the Virgin's Meadow. The remains of this fortreſs are to be found on a lofty hill, on the north-weſt bank of the Severn, a ſituation that commands the whole of the adjacent country. From hence I had a lovely and extenſive proſpect of the vale

vale of Severn, through which the river was ſeen to glide in elegant curves, blackened by its high and ſhady banks. The landſcape was enlivened by the luxuriance of woods and meadows; and the towns and villages around lent their aid to decorate the ſcene.

The caſtle has been a four-ſided building, of no great ſtrength, about fifty yards long, and twenty-five wide; and the exterior walls appear to have been about four feet in thickneſs. A ſmall part of the north wall, with ſome trifling remains of the interior of the building, are yet left. The ſouth and the eaſt walls are entirely demoliſhed, and the other parts that are yet ſtanding are greatly ſhattered.

There have been various conjectures reſpecting the founder of this caſtle. Dugdale attributes it to David ap Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, about the middle of the thirteenth century *. Stowe ſays it was the work of Llewelyn †; and Mr. Evans, who is now generally thought to be right, that it was indebted for its origin to Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, ſome time betwixt the years 1066 and 1073 ‡.

In the ſixth year of the reign of Edward I., Bogo de Knovill was made governor; and, in the following year, the caſtle was granted to Roger Mortimer,

* Dugdale's Monaſticon, ii. 223.

† Annals, 200.

‡ Evans's Diſſertatio de Bardis, 92. from the Inſtitutiones Linguæ Cymraccæ, of John David Rhys.

earl

earl of March, to hold to himself and his heirs on the service of a knight's fee *. His son was attainted of high treason, but afterwards, on the reversal of the attainder, it was restored to the family in the person of his grandson. By the marriage of Anne, the sister to the last earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, earl of Cambridge, this, and some other Welsh castles, became the property of the house of York, and thence descended to the crown †.

These are all the memoranda of any importance that I have been able to collect respecting this fortress.

How it first took the name of Dolforwyn, or *The Meadow of the Virgin*, cannot now be ascertained. Circumstances would, however, induce one to suspect, that it had some allusion to the story of Habren, or Abren, the daughter of Locrine, son of Brutus, the first king of Britain, by Essyllt, a daughter of the king of Germany, whom he had taken captive in his wars against the Huns. Previously to the taking of this female he had espoused Gwendolen, a daughter of Corineus, one of the heroes who had

* Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 5. and i. 142. Stowe's Annals, 200. A *knight's fee* was defined to be such an inheritance, as would maintain a knight with convenient retinue for a year: in the time of Henry III., this was estimated at the trifling sum of fifteen pounds. By a statute passed in the reign of Edward II., it was raised to twenty, and afterwards to forty pounds. Sir Edward Coke says, that a knight's fee contained *twelve plowlands*, or six hundred and eighty acres.

† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 148.

entered

entered the iſland along with Brutus from Troy. The chieftain fearing that Locrine's reported attachment to Eſſyllt might break off the intended marriage with his daughter, threatened with his army to compel the fulfilment of his promiſe. Locrine, thus circumſtanced, was under the neceſſity of concealing Eſſyllt in a cavern, declaring that ſhe had left the kingdom, and, greatly againſt his inclination, was married to Gwendolen. On the death of Corineus, which appears to have taken place but a ſhort time after the nuptials, he immediately divorced Gwendolen, and acknowledged Eſſyllt to be his queen. When he died, Gwendolen aſſumed the government, and ſhe revenged herſelf for the injuries ſhe had ſuſtained, by cauſing Eſſyllt and her daughter Abren to be caſt into the river. From this circumſtance, the old writers ſay, the ſtream aſſumed the name of Abren; which afterwards, by a ſlight alteration, became Sabrina, and then Severn *.

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,

* This event is ſaid to have taken place above 1000 years before the birth of Chriſt. The moſt ancient account of it extant is found in Tyſilio's Hiſtory of Britain from the ſettlement of the Trojan colony to the reign of Cadwaladr, the laſt king of the Britons. This work is intitled *Brut y Brenhinoedd;* it was written about the year 670, and is the ſame that Geoffry of Monmouth afterwards publiſhed, but with innumerable alterations, in Latin. See alſo Matt. Weſtm. p. 20. Speed's Maps, ch. x. fol. 115., and Whitelock's Memorials from Brutus, p. 2.

That

That had the ſceptre from his father Brute.
The guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame, Gwendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtayed her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe,
The water nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts, and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to embathe
In nectar'd leaves, ſtrow'd with aſphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe,
Dropt in ambroſial oils, till ſhe reviv'd
And underwent a quick immortal change—
Made goddeſs of the river: ſhe ſtill retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals;
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lay,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream,
Of panſies, pinks, and gaudy dafodils.
And as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numbing ſpell,
If ſhe be right invoked in warbled ſong;
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard beſetting need.

CHAP. IX.

NEWTOWN TO MONTGOMERY.

View near Abermule. — Montgomery. — Church. — Hiſtory of the Town. — Montgomery Caſtle. — Sketch of its Hiſtory. — Rural Scene. — Leland's Deſcription of the Town. — The Cucking Stool, formerly in uſe here. — Memoranda of Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

FROM Newtown I had a fine cultivated country all the way to Montgomery. The infant Severn accompanies the road nearly half the way, in ſome places approaching, and in others bending from it, and hidden by intervening trees and hedges.

The few houſes at Abermule, *The Conflux of the River Mule*, about five miles from Newtown, were delightfully ſituated on the bank of the Severn, ſurrounded by hills, and decorated by woods, in all the luxuriance of foliage. From hence the road gently aſcends, and from the eminence a view ſo extenſive and beautiful burſts on the ſight, as to defy the utmoſt expreſſion of the pencil to repreſent it. A vale in high cultivation is ſeen to extend for ſeveral miles, the Severn appearing in different parts from among the trees and meadows: The whole ſcene was bounded by diſtant hills. The deſcent continues ſtill beautiful; and, near the town of Montgomery, the

the fine ruins of its caſtle formed a very intereſting addition to the proſpect.—The road is ſo much elevated immediately above the town, as to afford the traveller a bird's eye view into almoſt every ſtreet.

MONTGOMERY,

From the neatneſs of its houſes, ſeemed to me to be inhabited principally by perſons of ſmall fortune, who had ſettled here to lead a life of retirement. It is clean, and well built; and ſeems capable of affording the comforts and conveniences, without any of the buſtle and noiſe of a large town. All the adjacent country is decorated with the moſt lively and luxuriant ſcenery.

The *church* is an elegant cruciform ſtructure, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and contains an ancient monument, to the memory of Richard Herbert, eſq. the father of the very celebrated lord Herbert of Chirbury, and his lady. The two figures are recumbent, under what has once been a magnificent and much ornamented canopy. In an adjacent corner of the church, I obſerved a large collection of legs, arms, heads, and trunks of other monumental figures, but all of them ſo much ſhattered, that I could make nothing out of them. On the graveſtones in the church-yard I remarked more epitaphs than I had uſually ſeen together before. Among ſuch a number, many were of courſe ridiculous.

In the year 1092, a few of the Norman barons that were ſettled in the Marches, were allowed to wreſt all the territory they were able from the Welſh, on condition that they ſhould hold it as tenants, *in capite*, under the crown. Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewſbury, entered Powiſland, and took poſſeſſion of this place, then called Tre-faldwyn, or *Baldwyn's Town*, from its having been built, and fortified with a caſtle by Baldwyn, lieutenant of the Marches to William the Conqueror. The earl did homage to the king for theſe poſſeſſions, fortified the place afreſh, and called it, after himſelf, Montgomery *.

Montgomery Castle.

The caſtle is ſituated on an eminence on the north ſide of the town, and appears to have once been a grand and majeſtic building. It is, however, at preſent ſo much demoliſhed, that it is impoſſible to trace its extent with any degree of accuracy. It ſtood on a rock precipitous on one ſide, and ſo elevated as to overlook all the immediately adjacent country. The preſent remains conſiſt of a ſmall part of a tower at the ſouth-weſt angle, and a few low and ſhattered walls. In this tower I obſerved ſeveral ſmall holes, ſimilar to thoſe I have mentioned as found in the walls of the Roman fort at Segontium near Caernarvon; and theſe ſerved more clearly

* Powell, 152. Matt. Weſtm. 111. Camden, iii. 531.

to

to convince me that they were all originally formed for no other purpoſe than to reſt in them horizontal poles, for the ſupport of the ſcaffolding uſed in the erection. Some of theſe are near ſix feet deep. This fortreſs ſeems to have been defended by four foſſes, cut in the rock, each of which had formerly its drawbridge.

History of Montgomery Castle.

I have already remarked that Tre-faldwyn, or, as it was afterwards called, Montgomery, was built and fortified with a caſtle during the reign of William the Conqueror, by Baldwyn, lieutenant of the Marches; and that in 1092, the place was fortified afreſh as the property of Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewſbury. In the following year, the Welſh muſtering all their force, roſe in arms, ſeized and ranſacked the caſtle *. William Rufus marched with an army to the relief of the Engliſh, retook and repaired the caſtle; but, in his encounter with the Welſh, having loſt a great number both of men and horſes, he was compelled to return into England to recruit his forces †. Montgomery caſtle was at this time believed to be the ſtrongeſt fortreſs in Wales, and the Welſh, after William's retreat, again commenced an attack upon it. The Norman ſol-

* Leland's Collectanea, ii. 314.

† Powel, 153. Matt. Paris, p. 15. Matt. Weſtm. 17. Holinſhed, ii. 20. 23.

diers gallantly defended it for many days, but the Welſh, having found means to undermine the walls, took it by ſtorm, and after putting the whole garriſon to the ſword, levelled the fortreſs to the ground. The Engliſh ſtruggled ineffectually againſt this hardy people for near four years. At length they obtained a deciſive victory. The caſtle was immediately rebuilt by the earl of Shrewſbury; but in little more than a century afterwards was again deſtroyed.

It appears that in 1221, Henry III., in order to reſtrain the predatory excurſions of the Welſh, erected a caſtle at Montgomery, which he granted to his juſticiary, Hubert de Burgh*.—About ſeven years ſubſequent to this period, as ſome of the garriſon's ſoldiers were attempting, with the aſſiſtance of the country people, to open a road through an adjoining foreſt, which had long afforded to the Welſh a ſecure aſylum; from whence iſſuing, they frequently murdered and plundered travellers through the country; they were on a ſudden attacked by a body of the natives, who with great ſlaughter compelled them to ſeek refuge in the caſtle. The party then inveſted, and laid regular ſiege to it, on which Hubert de Burgh, alarmed at his ſituation, ſent to Henry for ſuccour, who brought an army to his aid, on the arrival of which the Welſh immediately fled†.

* Matt. Paris, 263. Matt. Weſtm, p. 111. Holinſhed, ii. 203. Carte, i. 466.

† Powel, 284, 285. Matt. Paris, 295. Carte, ii. 357.

In

In the year 1231, a party of Welſhmen having made an excurſion into the lands adjoining the caſtle, they were intercepted by the Engliſh, and many were taken priſoners, and beheaded. Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, in retaliation for this injury, aſſembling an enormous force, laid waſte all the Engliſh borders. During the general conſternation, Hubert de Burgh evacuated the caſtle; it was immediately ſeized by the Welſh, who ſet fire to and deſtroyed it, and ſhortly afterwards attacked and demoliſhed ſome of the caſtles in South Wales *.

In a conference held at Montgomery, in the year 1268, a peace was eſtabliſhed betwixt Llewelyn ap Griffith, then prince of North Wales, and king Henry III. That prince paid down a fine of 32,000 marks, and in return received four cantreds, or hundreds, in Wales, which during the wars he had loſt †.

From an inquiſition taken on the reverſal of the attainder of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, in the year 1345, it appears that he had been poſſeſſed of Montgomery caſtle at the time of his death. It was in conſequence reſtored to the family, and paſſed, with his other caſtles and property, by the marriage of Anne, the ſiſter of the laſt earl, into the houſe of York, and thence to the crown ‡.

* Powel, 287. Matt. Paris, 311.

† Matthew Paris ſays, "Triginta duo millia *librarum* ſterlingorum regi conceſſit." p. 857. Matt. Weſt. 347.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, i. 147.—150.

This fortreſs was held by the immediate anceſtors of lord Herbert of Chirbury, as ſtewards for the crown, and it was their principal place of reſidence*.

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., lord Herbert was made governor. On the arrival of the army of the parliament in 1644, under the command of ſir Thomas Middleton, he declared himſelf of that party, and on treaty permitted the men to enter the caſtle. Not long after this tranſaction, lord Byron advanced with the king's forces, conſiſting of about four thouſand men, on which Middleton was compelled to flee to Oſweſtry, leaving his foot-ſoldiers with lord Herbert to defend the caſtle. The royaliſts commenced their attack; but ſir Thomas having been joined by ſir John Meldrum, ſir William Brereton, and ſir William Fairfax, returned with about three thouſand men to the relief of the place. Lord Byron brought forward his men to engage them, but, after a dreadful conflict, which laſted more than eight hours, the parliament's army obtained a complete victory. The routed troops fled towards Shrewſbury, and the purſuit was continued near twenty miles. In this battle betwixt three or four hundred of the king's party were ſlain, and above a thouſand taken priſoners. Sir William Fairfax, major Fitzſimons, and about ſixty men belonging to the parliament, were killed, and about a hundred

* Life of lord Herbert, 5.

others

others dreadfully wounded *.—The caſtle met the fate of all others, in being diſmantled by order of the Commons. Lord Herbert, however, received from the parliament a ſatisfaction for the loſs of his property †.

Rural Scene.

It was on a fine, ſerene morning in the beginning of September, that I happened to be at Montgomery; and I was ſo much delighted with the extenſive and varied proſpect from the caſtle, that I reſted under the cool ſhade of one of its walls for near an hour, feaſting my eyes with the lovely picture before me. The ſcene, which was calculated for almoſt Arcadian felicity, was enlivened by the buſy work of harveſt, and the merry carol of the reapers floated cheeringly through the air. The ruſtic ſwains and damſels were all aſſiduouſly employed in gathering the yellow riches of the ſummer. Some were cutting, others binding; and the gleaner,

> With bended ſhoulders traverſing the field,

Followed the loaded waggons, ſtoring up with care every ear that fell.—I love to contemplate theſe ruſtic ſights.

> Hail, therefore, patroneſs of health and eaſe,
> And contemplation, heart-conſoling joys,

* Ruſhworth, ii. part 3. p. 746, 747. Whitelock, 104.
† Life of lord Herbert.

And

And harmleſs pleaſures in the throng'd
Abode of multitudes unknown! Hail, rural life!
Addreſs himſelf who will to the purſuit
Of honours, or emoluments, or fame;
I ſhall not add myſelf to ſuch a ſhare,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his ſucceſs.

The Town of Montgomery

Was formerly defended by a circumambient wall, ſtrenghtened with towers. Leland, in the ſixteenth century, thus deſcribes it: "The ſoyle of the ground of the towne is on mayne ſlaty rocke, and eſpecially the parte of the towne hillinge toward the caſtell, now a late re-edified, whereby hathe been a parke. Great ruines of the waulle yet apere, and the remains of foure gates, thus called, Kedewen Gate, Chirbury Gate, Arthur's Gate, and Kerry Gate. In the waulle yet remayne broken tourets, of the which the white tower is the moſt notable *."

King Henry III. granted to Montgomery the privileges of a free borough.—The town is now governed by two bailiffs, and twelve burgeſſes, or common-council men; and it ſends one member to parliament, who is elected by the burgeſſes, and returned by the bailiffs †.

Cucking-Stool.

In Blount's Ancient Tenures and Jocular Cuſtoms, I find that this ſingular inſtrument of juſtice

* Leland's Itin. vii. 16. † Camden, ii. 780.

was

was once in uſe at Montgomery. Whenever any woman was found guilty, in the judgment of the free burgeſſes of the town, of cauſing ſtrifes, fightings, defamations, or other diſturbances of the public peace, ſhe was adjudged to the goging-ſtool, or cucking-ſtool, there to ſtand, with her feet naked, and her hair diſhevelled, for ſuch a length of time as the burgeſſes ſhould think proper, as a public warning to all who beheld her. This is the ſame kind of inſtrument which was uſed among the Saxons. It was called by them ſcealfing, or ſcolding ſtool, that is, a chair in which they placed ſcolding women as public examples; but, in addition to this, if the enormity of the caſe required it, this people alſo plunged them over the head in water. The engine in general conſiſted of a long beam, or rafter, that moved on a fulcrum, and extended towards the centre of a pond: at its end was fixed the ſtool, or chair, on which the offender was made to ſit. It was called by the Welſh Y Gadair Goch, *The Red Chair**.

* Jacob ſays of the cucking-ſtool, (tumbrellum,) that it was "an engine invented for the puniſhment of ſcolds and unquiet women, by ducking them in water, called in ancient time a Tumbrel, and ſometimes a Trebucket. In Domeſday it is called *Cathedra Stercoris*; and the Saxons deſcribed it to be *Cathedra in qua rixoſæ mulieres ſedentes, aquis demergebantur.* It was anciently a puniſhment inflicted upon brewers and bakers tranſgreſſing the laws, who were thereupon in ſuch a ſtool immerged over head and ears in (*ſtercore*) ſtinking water. Some think it a corruption from ducking-ſtool, and others from choaking-ſtool, *quia hoc modo demerſæ aquis ferè ſuffocantur.*" See Jacob's Law Dictionary.

Ye

Ye vixen dames, your neighbour's peſt,
Unleſs your tongues in future reſt,
Know that with all your faults, your fate
Is the *red-chair's* degrading ſeat *.

Memoranda of Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

This very ſingular and celebrated character, whoſe property and reſidence in Montgomery caſtle call for a mention of him in this place, was born in 1583.—During ſeveral of the firſt years of his life he was very puny and ſickly; and he did not acquire the uſe of ſpeech for ſo long a time, that moſt people ſuppoſed, if he did ſurvive, that he would be entirely dumb. In his life, written by himſelf, he ſays he could remember that he underſtood what was ſaid by others, but that he forbore to ſpeak, *leſt he ſhould utter ſomething improper!* One of his firſt queſtions was, he ſays, *how he came into the world?*

At ſeven years old it was thought proper that he ſhould be taught to read, and he made ſo great a proficiency, that in the courſe of five years he had attained a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and of logic. He was, at this early age, admitted a ſtudent in Univerſity College, Oxford. Here he obtained uncommon applauſe by his logical diſputations, and from compoſing his exerciſes more frequently in Greek than in Latin.

* Welſh epigram of William Phylip, tranſlated by Mr. Lloyd, the author of Beaumaris Bay.

Sir

Sir William Herbert of St. Julian's had an only daughter, to whom, on his death, he bequeathed all his poſſeſſions, on condition only, that ſhe ſhould marry ſome perſon of the name of Herbert. She continued unmarried till ſhe was of age, when young Herbert, then only fifteen years old, was propoſed to her. She accepted the youth for her huſband, and they were united in February 1598.

He returned to Oxford with his wife and mother, took a houſe there, and continued his ſtudies with aſſiduity. Beſides claſſical literature, he attained a knowledge of the French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages, and this without any aſſiſtance. He alſo acquired ſome knowledge of muſic and medicine; and in the latter he pretended to cure many diſorders that baffled the ſkill of the moſt able phyſicians: in the account of his life he enumerates ſeveral caſes.

Three years after his marriage he quitted Oxford, and reſided in London till he was twenty-one.—Soon after the acceſſion of James I. he was created a knight of the bath; and he declares that he adhered ſtrictly to the tenor of his oath of knighthood, which required him never to ſit in the place where injuſtice ſhould be done, but to right it to the utmoſt of his power; and in caſe of ladies or gentlemen being wronged in their honour, if they demanded his aſſiſtance, that he ſhould give it without reſerve, &c.—In this character it is that, "in one point of view we obſerve him, like the knight of

La Mancha, fighting with windmills, redreſſing the wrongs of diſtreſſed damſels, and riſking his life, to wreſt the top-knot of a girl but ten years of age, from the hands of a rude deſpoiler; whilſt at other times we diſcern the ſame man devoted to a life of retirement, and with equal ſpirit cultivating philoſophy, hiſtory, and poetry *."—In the true ſpirit of knight errantry, he once perſonally challenged a celebrated French cavalier, in the following form: "I hear that you have a fair miſtreſs; I will maintain that I have one more worthy, and will do as much for her ſake as you will dare for yours." The challenge was, however, too ridiculous to be accepted.

In the year 1608 he viſited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and performed in theſe countries many acts of extraordinary heroiſm. Soon after his return he was appointed ambaſſador to France; and, in 1621, James I. advanced him to the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Ireland. Ten years ſubſequent to this he was created an Engliſh peer, by the title of lord Herbert of Chirbury in Shropſhire.

In the rebellious troubles of the reign of Charles I. he for ſome time eſpouſed the royal cauſe, and defended his prince on every occaſion with a manly ſpirit, but afterwards, from the weakneſs and diviſion of the king's councils, he went over to the popular ſide, and took part with the parliament.

* Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire, 109.

He

He died in 1648, at the age of ſixty-ſeven, and was interred in the chancel of the church of St. Giles in the Fields *.

In conſidering the character of lord Herbert, it is evident that vanity was his prevailing foible. Hence he repreſents himſelf, from his infancy, as the moſt extraordinary of all human beings. Common incidents he exaggerates into unprecedented events. Hence he informs us, as miraculous circumſtances, that he grew the breadth of two little fingers after he was thirty years old; that he weighed lighter than other men who were both lower in ſtature, and more ſlender than himſelf; that he had a conſtant pulſe in the crown of his head; and that his ſhirt and under garments always ſmelt uncommonly ſweet.—As a ſoldier he won the eſteem of the brave: as a knight his chivalry was drawn from the fairy queen. Had he been ambitious, the elegance of his figure and perſon would have carried him to the higheſt pitch of honour. He obtained particular notice from queen Elizabeth and Anne of Auſtria; and he received ſuch marked attentions from Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., as to attract public notice, and excite the jealouſy of his ſovereign.

* The following inſcription, his own compoſition, is to be ſeen on a flat marble ſlab over his grave. "Hic inhumatur corpus Edvardi Herbert, equitis balnei, baronis de Chirbury et Caſtle iſland, auctoris libri, cui titulus eſt, *De Veritate*. Reddor ut herbæ, viceſimo die Auguſti, anno Domini, 1648."

Lord

Lord Herbert was alſo remarkable for agility in all bodily exerciſes; in running, leaping, wreſtling, and fencing, he had few equals; and he was uncommonly expert in the management of his horſe, and in fighting duels on horſeback. He records the following inſtance of having ſaved his life when the advantage was greatly againſt him.—Sir John Ayres, imagining that lord Herbert had improper connexions with his wife, made ſeveral attempts to aſſaſſinate him. He was paſſing Whitehall on horſeback, with only two ſervants, when ſir John, and four men, ſet upon him at once. In an early part of the encounter his ſword was broken within a foot of the hilt, and his horſe was ſo much wounded, that he attempted to alight. At that moment ſir John ruſhed up, and from the horſe ſtarting againſt him, lord Herbert was thrown off: one of his feet hung in the ſtirrup, and in this ſituation, with only a broken ſword in his hand, he had to defend himſelf. Sir John Ayres made ſeveral attempts to ſtab him, all of which he parried with the utmoſt dexterity, and, ſeizing a favourable moment, caught the knight by the legs, and brought him to the ground. One of his ſervants now freed his foot from the ſtirrup, he got up, and with the poor remains of his weapon, put himſelf into a poſture of defence. He allowed ſir John to riſe, and two friends taking part with his two ſervants againſt his adverſary's four adherents, he at length with his broken ſword completely diſarmed the knight, and beat off the other aſſailants.

In

In his own age lord Herbert was alſo juſtly eſteemed a prodigy of learning, but in his literary purſuits we obſerve the ſame enthuſiaſm, affectation, and eccentricity, as were apparent in all his other actions. He was the author of ſeveral works: A life of Henry VIII.; Memoirs of his own Life; a treatiſe "De Religione Gentilium, Errorumque apud eos Cauſis;" and a work which he eſteemed ſo excellent, as even to inſert its title in his epitaph, "De Veritate."

This nobleman is ſaid to have been the firſt author who formed Deiſm into a ſyſtem, and endeavoured to aſſert the ſufficiency, univerſality, and abſolute perfection of natural religion, without the neceſſity of any extraordinary revelation. He attempted to prove that the light of reaſon, and the innate principles implanted in the human mind, were ſufficient to diſcover the great doctrines of morality, to regulate our actions, and conduct us to happineſs in a future ſtate. But at one moment he enforces the belief of a Deity in terms of the higheſt veneration, and inculcates the neceſſity of a future ſtate, and the doctrine of rewards and puniſhments, and at another labours to undermine the truth of the only religion which aſcertains the exiſtence and attributes of a ſuperintending Deity, and ſubſtantiates by moral and hiſtorical proof the certainty of future retribution.—All his poſitions have been ably refuted by Locke, Leland, and others.

But at the same time that he combated enthusiasm in his writings, his actions proved that he was himself an enthusiast.—When his treatise "De Veritate" was finished, he long doubted whether it ought to be given to the world, as, though he still considers revelation of no utility, yet this differed from all his other writings concerning the discovery of truth.

"Being (says he) thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my books *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly, said these words; 'O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all *inward illuminations*, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate:* if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from Heaven, if not, I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoken these words, than a loud, yet gentle noise, came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded. Whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, (how strange soever it may seem,) I protest, before the eternal God, is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but, in the

6 serenest

ſereneſt day I ever ſaw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking ſee the place from whence it came. And now I ſent my book to be printed at Paris at my own coſt and charges *."

This blind and fooliſh conduct is warmly reproved by the late earl of Orford in his Royal and Noble Authors. "There is no ſtronger characteriſtic of human nature, than its being open to the groſſeſt contradictions: one of lord Herbert's chief arguments againſt revealed religion is the improbability that Heaven ſhould reveal its will to only a portion of the earth, which he terms particular religion. How could a man who doubted of partial, believe individual revelation? What vanity, to think his book of ſuch importance to the cauſe of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the divine will, which the intereſts of half mankind could not!"

The ſum of the character of lord Herbert has been thus drawn in few words. "He ſtands in the firſt rank of the public miniſters, hiſtorians, and philoſophers of his age. It is hard to ſay whether his perſon, his underſtanding, or his courage, was the moſt extraordinary, as the fair, the learned, and the brave, held him in equal admiration. But the ſame man was wiſe and capricious; redreſſed wrongs, and quarrelled for punctilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himſelf a bigot in philoſophy. He expoſed himſelf to ſuch dangers as other men of

* Life of lord Herbert, p. 172.

courage would have carefully declined; and called in queſtion the fundamentals of a religion which none had the hardineſs to diſpute but himſelf *."

* This account of the life and character of lord Herbert is compiled principally from his Life publiſhed by himſelf; Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire; Pennant's Tour in Wales; Walpole's Royal and Noble Author's; and Granger's Biographical Dictionary.

CHAP. X.

Montgomery to Welsh Pool.

Welſh Pool.—Church.—Powis Caſtle.—Hiſtory of Powis Caſtle, and Account of Powiſland.

Leaving Montgomery, I went over a rich champaign country, about ten miles, to Welſh Pool. I paſſed on the left Powis caſtle, ſituated on the narrow ridge of a rock, about a mile from Pool. For three or four miles of the road this building is a ſtriking object in the ſcene.

Welsh Pool

Is a large and populous place, and from its vicinity to England, it has aſſumed much the appearance of an Engliſh town. The houſes are in general well built, and principally of brick. There is one long and handſome ſtreet, in which ſtands the county hall, an elegant ſtructure, erected by ſubſcription a few years ago. The manners of the inhabitants of this town are ſo completely Engliſh, that even the language of the country ſeems ſcarcely known here. An air of opulence unuſual in Wales may be obſerved throughout the place, owing to the trade

in Welſh manufactures, which is carried on to a great extent. It is principally reſorted to as a market for Welſh flannels, which are manufactured here, and in various adjacent parts of the country: from hence theſe are ſent into England, and principally to Shrewſbury and Liverpool.—The Severn is navigable to a place called Pool Stake, within a mile of Welſh Pool, although upwards of two hundred miles from its mouth in the Briſtol channel.

The *church*, apparently a modern ſtructure, is ſingularly ſituated at the bottom of a hill, and ſo low, that the upper part of the church-yard is nearly on a level with its roof. This church has a chalice which was preſented to it by Thomas Davies, ſome time governor-general of the Engliſh colonies on the weſtern coaſt of Africa. It is formed of pure gold brought from Guinea, and is valued at about a hundred and ſeventy pounds. Notwithſtanding the evidence of its inſcription to the contrary, the ſexton informed me, with much aſſurance, that this chalice had been given to the church by a tranſported felon, who, from induſtry and application during his baniſhment, had returned to his country the poſſeſſor of conſiderable wealth.—I was ſomewhat ſurprized in obſerving in the choir a few branches of ivy that had penetrated the roof, and were permitted to hang entwined round each other in a cylindrical form, to a length of more than eighteen feet. The neatneſs of the place was not in the leaſt injured by them,

them, and I preſume their ſingularity was the cauſe of their preſervation.

Powis Castle

Has been originally built of a reddiſh ſtone, but in order to keep the ſtructure in repair, this has of late years been ſo plaiſtered over with a coat of red lime, that at preſent very little of the ſtone is viſible. This red coating gives to the building ſo much the appearance of brick, that it was not till I almoſt touched it, that I was undeceived in ſuppoſing it ſuch. The antique grandeur of this caſtle is much injured by the great number of chimnies, and by the ſtriking and harſh contraſt betwixt the walls and the modern ſaſh windows.

The aſcent to the caſtle is up a long and laborious flight of ſteps, much out of repair when I was there; and the principal entrance is a gateway betwixt two large round towers. The edifice is kept in repair as an habitable manſion, but its owner very rarely viſits it. The apartments have a heavy and unpleaſant appearance, from the great thickneſs of the walls; and the furniture is chiefly in the ancient ſtile of elegance. In ſome of the chambers the old and faded tapeſtry is yet left. The ceiling, in different rooms, ſeveral portraits, chiefly of the family, the beſt of which are the work of Cornelius Janſon. Among them there is one of king Charles II. painted by ſir Peter Lely, two of the earl of Strafford, one

of lord Herbert of Chirbury, and others of various other celebrated characters. In the gallery, which is near a hundred and twenty feet in length, there is a ſmall collection of antiques, ſome of which are ſuppoſed to be valuable.

The gardens were laid out in the wretched French taſte, but in 1798, when I ſaw them, they were greatly out of repair.

The proſpects from the terrace are very extenſive, this ſituation commanding all the beautiful and ſpacious country eaſtward, interſected by the Severn, and the Breiddin hills; with much of the cultivated and well wooded county of Salop.

History of Powis Castle.

Leland informs us that there were formerly at this place two caſtles included in the ſame walls. "Welſch Pole had (he ſays) two lord's marcher's caſtles within one waulle, the lord Powys, named Greye, and the lord Dudley, caullid Sutton; but now the lord Powys hath bothe in his hand. The Welſch Pole caſtle is in compas almoſt as much as a little towne. The lord Dudley's part is almoſt fallen downe: the lord Powys part is meatly good*."

Whether theſe caſtles were erected at the ſame, or at different times, I have not been able to learn, nor what were their diſtinct names. None of the writers, except Leland and Camden, mention more

* Leland's Itinerary.

than

than one caſtle. This was anciently called *Pool Caſtle*, from its vicinity to Pool; and *Caſtell Coch*, the Red Caſtle, from the hue of its ſtone. Its name of Powis Caſtle, which is more modern, it ſeems to have obtained from its having been the principal place in that diviſion of Wales called Powiſland.

The principality of Wales was anciently divided into North Wales, South Wales, and *Powiſland*. This was a tract of land which once extended, in a ſtraight line, from the Broxton hills in Cheſhire, ſouthwards to Shrewſbury; from thence through the eaſtern limits of Montgomeryſhire, including all that county, part of Radnorſhire, and Brecknockſhire; then turning northward, it comprehended part of Merionethſhire, the whole of Denbighſhire, except the lordſhips of Denbigh and Ruthin; and from thence it went towards the ſouth-eaſt, and included Moleſdale, Hopedale, and Maelor, in Flintſhire *.

This particular part of Powiſland was obtained from the Welſh by Henry I., who, about the year 1110, gave it to Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, a Welſhman, who had rendered himſelf eminent by his ſervices and bravery. He began to erect a caſtle here with an intention of making this the place of his reſidence, but before the work was finiſhed, he was murdered by one of his relations †. The caſtle

* Pennant, i. 212. † Powel, 170.

appears

appears to have been completed before the end of the ſame century; for in 1191, on various depredations having been committed by the Welſh in the marches, Hubert, archbiſhop of Canterbury, in the abſence of Richard I., on the cruſades, haſtened here, and with a powerful army beſieged the caſtle, at that time in the hands of the Welſh. The garriſon did not, however, ſurrender till they perceived that the beſiegers had undermined their walls; and they did this at laſt on honourable terms, notwithſtanding the Engliſh forces being at leaſt thrice their own number. As ſoon as the archbiſhop had obtained poſſeſſion he fortified it afreſh, and he left it with a very ſtrong garriſon. The Welſh, however, ſoon again attacked and retook it *.

It changed owners again not long afterwards, for in 1233 it was attacked and ſeized by prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth †.

It deſcended to Llewelyn's grandſon, Owen ap Griffith, and on his death to his daughter Hawys Gadarn. Four of her uncles diſputed her title to the property, under the allegation that a female was incapable of inheriting. King Edward II., however, took her part; ſhe was married to John de Charlton, and the eſtates continued in their poſterity for ſeveral generations.—The barony and title went afterwards to ſir John Grey of Heton in Northumber-

* Powel, 248. Hoveden, 775. Stowe, 163. The two latter writers ſay that this event took place in 1197.

† Powel, 288.

land,

land, by marriage with Joan the daughter of Edward lord Powys: theſe remained in their deſcendants till the reign of Henry VIII., when the title became extinct.—The eſtate went, by purchaſe, to ſir Edward Herbert, the ſecond ſon of William earl of Pembroke, who died in the year 1594*.

In October 1644, Powis caſtle was attacked and taken for the parliament by ſir Thomas Middleton. Its owner, Percy lord Powys, was taken priſoner, all his eſtates were ſequeſtered, and he was obliged to compound for them. During the ſiege the caſtle is ſaid to have received much damage in its outer walls from the enemy's cannon†.

* Pennant, ii. 378. Yorke, 88. † Whitelock, 106.

CHAP. XI.

Welsh Pool to Oswestry.

The Breiddin Hills.—Llanymynech.—Llanymynech Hill, and Cavern called Ogo.—Lime Quarries.—Prospect from the Hill.—Account of Offa's Dyke.—Oswestry.—House of Industry.—Account of the Death of Oswald.—Monastery.—Churchyard's Encomium on Oswestry, and the Welsh People.—Oswestry Castle.—Account of various Disturbances in the Marches of Wales.—Siege of Oswestry Castle, and daring Attempt of a Youth, which succeeded in forcing open the Gates.—Charters and Trade.—Sketch of the History of the Welsh Marches.

About six miles from Welsh Pool I passed a groupe of three lofty mountains called the

Breiddin Hills.

The highest and most conical of these has the name of *Moel y Golfa;* the second *Craig Breiddin;* and the third *Cefyn y Castell.* On one of them an obelisk was erected a few years ago, from a subscription of several of the neighbouring families, in commemoration of lord Rodney's defeat of the French fleet, under the command of the Count de Grasse.

Just

Juſt before I arrived at Llanymynech, I had to croſs the furious little river *Virnwy* by a ferry.

LLANYMYNECH,

The Village of the Miners, is a ſmall white-waſhed village, ſtanding on the northern bank of the Virnwy. Its name was evidently derived from the mines in which the neighbourhood formerly abounded, and which were worked in the adjoining hill, called *Llanymynech Hill*, even ſo early as the time of the Romans. Of this there are undeniable proofs. One veſtige of their work is a large artificial cave, of immenſe length, called Ogo, from whence they obtained conſiderable quantities of copper.—The windings of this cavern are very numerous and intricate. Some years ago, two men of the pariſh, endeavouring to explore it, were ſo bewildered in its mazes, that, when they were diſcovered by ſome miners who were ſent in ſearch of them, they had thrown themſelves on the ground, in deſpair of ever again ſeeing the light.—Previouſly to this period, ſome miners who were ſearching for copper, found in the receſſes of the cavern ſeveral ſkeletons; and near them ſome culinary utenſils, a fire-place, and a ſmall hatchet. Theſe too plainly indicated that the unfortunate wretches had for ſome time dragged on a life of miſery in this gloomy manſion. One of the ſkeletons had a battle-axe by his ſide, and round his left wriſt there was a bracelet of glaſs beads, like thoſe

thoſe druidical rings called Gleiniau Nadroedd, *Snake's Beads* *. About fifteen years after this firſt diſcovery, other miners found human bones, and in one inſtance a bone of the arm claſped by a golden bracelet. Several Roman coins of Antoninus, Fauſtina, and others, have alſo been diſcovered in this cavern.

The hill, beſides copper, affords zinc, lead, calamine, and ſo much lime, as to ſupply the whole county of Montgomery, and great part of Shropſhire. In the ſummer of 1795, upwards of eight

* Theſe were glaſs rings, uſually about half as wide as our finger rings, and generally of a greeniſh colour. They were invented and uſed by the druids as amulets, or charms. The popular opinion reſpecting them in Cornwall and ſome parts of Wales is, that they are not glaſs. They are believed to be produced at a certain time of the year by a number of ſnakes joining their heads together and hiſſing: the people ſay that a kind of bubble of a ſlimy ſubſtance is formed upon the head of one of them, which the reſt, by continued hiſſing, blow on till it paſſes quite over the body and off at the tail, when it immediately hardens. —Another opinion prevalent in Wales is, that at that time of the year when the ſnakes uſually caſt their ſkins, a number of them collect together, and ſo entwine themſelves round one, that from the rapidity of their motions, they heat and ſoften its ſcales and ſkin, which being thruſt from its head off at the tail, ſoon after hardens into a ſolid ring. When this office has been performed to one, another undergoes the ſame, till they have all gone through the operation. Some of the inhabitants aſſert that they have ſeen them at work: they ſay that at thoſe times their eyes appear fiery, and gliſten in an extraordinary manner; and that they are ſo fierce as immediately to ſpring at any one who is unlucky enough to diſturb them.

thouſand

thouſand tons were exported from hence to different parts of the adjacent country. About a hundred and fifty men are uſually employed here during the ſummer in burning the lime, and about fifty in winter in breaking and raiſing the ſtone.—The lead and zinc obtained here, have of late years been conveyed by the Stourport canal to Birmingham, Macclesfield, and other places *.

From the ſummit of Llanymynech hill I had an extenſive view over the plains towards Shrewſbury on the eaſt; and, on the other ſide, of the rough and uncultivated parts of Montgomeryſhire, in which I either could, or fancied I could, diſcern the lofty cataract called Piſtyll Rhaiadr, lighted by the beams of the morning ſun, and glittering like a ſtream of light down the black front of its rock. Below me was the Virnwy, ſweeping in elegant curves along the meadows; and towards the ſouth of the Breiddin hills, I had a view in Montgomeryſhire of a ſeries of wooded and pleaſant vales.

Offa's Dyke.

Under the weſt ſide of this hill runs the rampart conſtructed by Offa, king of Mercia, for the purpoſe of dividing his country from Wales, called Clawdd Offa, *Offa's Dyke*. This commences from the river Wye, near Briſtol, and extends along Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, part of Shropſhire and Denbighſhire,

* Cam. Reg. i. 271, 272.

and

and ends near Treyddin chapel in Flintſhire. From the time of its formation, till nearly the conqueſt, Offa's dyke was conſidered as the dividing line betwixt England and Wales: in 1064 a law was made by Harold, directing that if any Welſhman, coming into England without licence, was taken on the Engliſh ſide of Offa's dyke, he ſhould be puniſhed with the loſs of his right hand *. It has been conjectured by ſome of our hiſtorians that this rampart was intended to protect the kingdom of Mercia from the inroads of the Welſh. "But," ſays Mr. Lewis Morris, "how came the king of Mercia to build this wall acroſs the iſland? There muſt have been other kings to join him; and it ſeems the Welſh were *plaguy* troubleſome when there muſt have been a wall to ſeparate them. But I cannot be of the common opinion, that this was a defence againſt the Welſh, for how ſoon would they have demoliſhed a mud wall if they were ſuch terrible creatures? If they were a parcel of poltroons, as ſome modern wits will infer from this ſilly fortification, what occaſion was there for any wall againſt ſuch worthleſs animals? Doth it not ſeem more likely, that upon a peace betwixt the Engliſh and Britiſh princes, this was an everlaſting boundary line between the two nations, and that they all concurred in forming it †?"

* Speed's Chronicle. Gibſon's Camden, 585.

† Letter of Mr. Lewis Morris to Dr. Robert Vaughan of Nannau, near Dolgelle. Cam. Reg. ii. 498.

OSWESTRY

Is a conſiderable market town in Shropſhire, and a place that during the Saxon times was much celebrated.—A little diſtance from the town I paſſed a large and elegant brick building, a *houſe of induſtry*, erected a few years ago by the joint ſubſcription of ſeveral of the adjacent pariſhes, for the uſe of their poor. From every preſent proſpect, this place promiſes to afford greater comforts to the poor, and in time to be much leſs expenſive to their maintainers, than if they were ſupported in their reſpective pariſhes.

This town was anciently called *Oſwaldſtre*, a name that it is ſaid to have obtained from the following event: In the year 642, the contending armies of Oſwald king of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious king of Mercia, met here: the former was routed, and Oſwald fell on the field of battle. Penda, with unexampled barbarity, cauſed the breathleſs body of Oſwald to be cut in pieces, and ſtuck on poles, as ſo many trophies of his victory. Thus the place was called *Oſwald's Tree*, and ſome time afterwards Oſweſtry *.—In a manuſcript account of the town written in 1635, I find the following note: "There was an old oake lately ſtanding in Meſburie, within

* *Oſwaldſtre*, as a Welſh word, ſignifies only *Oſwald's town*. Previous to the death of Oſwald, this place was called Maeſerfelth, or Maeſerfield, in the kingdom of Mercia.

the parish of Oswestry, whereon one of king Oswald's armes hung, say the neighbours by tradition *."

Oswald had been a great benefactor to various monasteries, and his character was so much revered by the monks, that a short time after his death he was canonized; and the field in which he was slain became celebrated for the numerous miracles that were believed to have been wrought in it.

On the place of martyrdom, as the monks have termed it, a *monastery* was founded, dedicated to St. Oswald; but there are no evidences at present extant of the time either of its foundation or dissolution. In the reign of Henry VIII. no part of the building was left, for Leland, who then visited this place, says that the cloister only was standing within the memory of persons then living †.

This accurate writer likewise informs us, that when he was here, the houses of the town were principally formed of timber, and slated.—On the south-west side of the church there was, he says, a

* Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 1981.

† His words are, "The chirch was sometime a monasterie called the White Minster. After turnid to a paroche chirch, and the parsonage impropriate to the abbey of Shrewsbury. The cloister stood *in hominum memoria ubi monumenta monachorum.*" Itin. v. 39.—This church had also the names of Blanc Minster, Candida Ecclesia, and Album Monasterium, from which circumstance many writers have supposed it to have been situated at Whitchurch. This, however, cannot have been the case, for Leland made his inquiries on the spot, and it seems not many years after some parts of it were standing.

free

free ſchool founded by a lawyer of the name of Holbech, ſteward of the town and lordſhip.—Not far from the church there was a fine ſpring of water, ſurrounded by a ſtone wall, (having a chapel over it,) called *Oſwald's Well.* Of the origin of this well, the inhabitants had a tradition, that when Oſwald was ſlain, an eagle tore one of the arms from the body, and making off with it, fell and periſhed on this ſpot, whence a ſpring of water immediately guſhed up, which has remained ever ſince a memorial of the event.—The town was defended by walls, and was moated round, but in the walls there were no towers except thoſe of the four gates.—This place, he ſays, was alſo principally ſupported by its trade in woollen cloth *.

Of the town of Oſweſtry, and of the Welſh people, we have a curious encomium by Churchyard:

—" Oſweſtry's a pretie towne full fine,
Which may be lov'd, be likte, and prayſed both.
It ſtands ſo trim, and is maintaynd ſo cleane,
And peopled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deſerves to be enrould and ſhrynd
In each good breaſt, and every manly mynd.

" The market there, ſo farre exceedes withall,
As no one towne comes neare it in ſome ſort:
For looke what may be wiſht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For poultrie, fowle, of every kind ſomewhat,
No place can ſhew ſo much more cheape than that:
All kind of cates that countrie can afford,
For money there is bought with one bare word.

* Leland's Itin. v. 37. 38.

"They hacke not long about the thing they ſell,
For price is knowne of each thing that is bought:
Poor folke, God wot, in towne no longer dwell,
Than money had, perhaps a thing of nought.
So trudge they home, both barelegge and unſhod,
With ſong in Welſh, or els in prayſing God.
O ſweete content, O merrie mind and mood,
With ſweate of brows, thou lov'ſt to get thy food.

"O plaine good folke, that have no craftie braines,
O conſcience cleere, thou knowſt no cunning knacks:
O harmleſs hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O ſimple ſoules, as ſweete as virgin waxe.
O happie heads, and labouring bodies bleſt,
O ſillie doves of holy Abraham's breſt:
You ſleepe in peace, and riſe in joye and bliſſe,
For heaven hence, for you prepared is."

Oswestry Castle.

On an artificial mount, at the outſide of the town, are the remains of this fortreſs; but they are at preſent little more than a confuſed heap of ſhattered walls and rubbiſh.

According to the Welſh hiſtorians, it was founded in 1148 by Madoc ap Meredith ap Bleddyn, prince of Powis, an ally of Henry II.* The Engliſh records, however, aſſign to it a more ancient date. They inform us that it was in being before the Norman conqueſt, and that William the Conqueror, ſhortly after that event, beſtowed it on Alan, one of his Norman friends. The artificial mount on which it was placed, indicates it to have been earlier than

* Powel, 201.

the

the Norman æra. The Britons and Saxons gave their fortreſſes this ſpecies of elevation. The Normans built on the firm and natural ſoil, or rock; but often made uſe of theſe mounts, which they found to have been the ſite of a Saxon caſtle. This appears to have been the caſe with that in queſtion *.

In the year 1214, a complaint was laid to the archbiſhop of Canterbury by Llewelyn ap Griffith ap Madoc, againſt the conſtable of Oſweſtry caſtle, for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen, in derogation of their birth and extraction; "which diſgrace (he ſtates) their parents would not have undergone *for three hundred pounds ſterling*†!" He alleges alſo, that the conſtable had twice impriſoned ſixty of his men, when each man was compelled to pay ten ſhillings for his liberty; and that when the Welſh people came to Oſweſtry fair, the conſtable would ſeize their cattle, by driving them into the caſtle, and refuſe to make any ſatisfaction ‡.

Two years after this the town was deſtroyed by order of king John, on account of Llewelyn, prince of Wales, having refuſed to aid him in the contentions with his barons. It experienced a ſimilar diſ-

* Pennant, i. 264.

† This is a ſingular valuation of parents of the lives of two children.

‡ Phillips's Hiſtory of Shrewſbury, Appendix, 236.

after in the reign of Henry III., in being burned during an infurrection of the Welſh*.

In the ſubſequent reign, that of Edward I., Oſweſtry was ſurrounded with walls, that it might be leſs liable to ſuffer from the plundering excurſions of this people.

Theſe, however, do not appear to have altogether reſtrained them, for during the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was again plundered and burnt.—Oſweſtry has likewiſe thrice ſuffered dreadfully by accidental fires in the ſpace of thirty years. In 1542, two long ſtreets were thus conſumed; two years afterwards there was a fire more deſtructive than this; and in 1567 two hundred houſes were burnt to the ground, namely, a hundred and forty within the walls, and ſixty in the ſuburbs, in only two hours, betwixt two and four o'clock in the morning †.

The conteſts, robberies, and diſturbances in the *marches* of Wales, appear to have been continued with little interruption till a very late period. Both Welſh and Engliſh ſeem to have conſidered every thing as lawful plunder which they could ſeize in each others territory. In conſequence of this, the ſtewards, the conſtable, and the lieutenant of Oſweſtry, and Powys, entered into covenants in the year 1534, to reſtrain theſe plundering excur-

* Powel, 287, 288.

† Harleian MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 1981.

ſions.

ſions. It was agreed that if, after a certain day then fixed, any perſon of one lordſhip committed a felony in the other, he ſhould be taken, and ſent into the lordſhip where the offence was committed, to receive his puniſhment; and that if any goods or cattle were ſtolen from one lordſhip and conveyed into the other, the tenants, or inhabitants of that lordſhip, ſhould either pay for the ſame within fifteen days, or otherwiſe four principal men ſhould remain in bail or mainpriſe till they were either paid for or recovered.—Among the records of the draper's company at Shrewſbury, there is the following order: "25 Elizabeth, 1583. Ordered that no draper ſet out for Oſweſtry on Mondays before 6 o'clock, on forfeiture of 6*s*. 8*d*.; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welſh bridge before the bell toll ſix." William Jones, eſquire, left to the company one pound ſix ſhillings and eight-pence, to be paid annually to the vicar of St. Alkmunds's church for reading prayers on Monday mornings before the drapers ſet out for Oſweſtry market.

The town of Oſweſtry was rendered by its walls a place of conſiderable ſtrength; and during the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., it was in poſſeſſion of the royaliſts till June 1644. It was then beſieged by general Mytton and the earl of Denbigh with a force conſiſting of two troops of horſe, and two hundred foot ſoldiers. Theſe were ſo furious in their attack, that in the ſhort ſpace of an hour, and

with the loſs of only one or two men, a breach in the wall was effected, by which they entered the town. The inhabitants, in conſternation, fled for ſhelter to the caſtle; but an attack was immediately commenced on it by cannon. A daring youth, of the name of Cranage, was perſuaded by ſome of the parliament's officers to faſten a *petard* * to the caſtle gate. Being well animated with ſack, he undertook the deſperate enterprize. With the engine hidden, he crept unperceived from one houſe to another, till he got to that next the caſtle, whence he ſprang to the gate; he fixed his engine, ſet fire to it, and eſcaped unhurt. This, by the force of its exploſion, burſt open the caſtle gate, and the place was immediately taken. The deputy governor, four captains, and about three hundred ſoldiers, were made priſoners. From hence the parliament's ſoldiers haſtened into Lancaſhire to other ſervice there.

Previouſly to the attack, the governor pulled down the tower and part of the body of the church, which ſtood without the walls, leſt the enemy ſhould uſe them to the annoyance of the garriſon †.

* A petard is an engine made of copper and braſs, ſomewhat in the ſhape of a high crowned hat, about ten inches high, ſeven in diameter at the top, and ten at the bottom. Its uſe was to break down gates, barricades, drawbridges, &c. which were intended to be ſurprized. After being loaded with gunpowder, it was faſtened to the place to be forced, and then lighted by a match, which burnt ſufficiently long, before the exploſion, to allow the ſoldier to eſcape.

† Whitelock, 92.

About

About a fortnight after its ſurrender, the king's forces, conſiſting of about three thouſand foot, and fifteen hundred horſe, under the command of colonel Marrow, attempted to retake this place. Intimation of their approach was immediately ſent to ſir Thomas Middleton, who haſtening to the aſſiſtance of the garriſon, attacked the king's troops, and completely routed them. After the death of the king the caſtle was demoliſhed *.

Oſweſtry has at different times been favoured with many privileges from its lords. Its moſt extenſive charter was however granted in the year 1406, by Thomas, earl of Arundel, at that time owner of the place. From this the inhabitants derived ſeveral advantages which they had not before enjoyed. The chief of theſe were, that neither the lord nor his heirs ſhould ſeize on or confiſcate the effects of any perſon in the corporation that died without making a will; and that none of the inhabitants of the lordſhips of Oſweſtry, Melverley, Kinardſley, Egerley, Ruyton, and eleven adjacent villages, at that time called the *eleven towns*, ſhould convey cattle or goods to any other fair or market without having previouſly expoſed them for ſale in the town of Oſweſtry, under the penalty of ſix ſhillings and eight-pence for each offence †.

* Ruſhworth, part iii. vol. 2. p. 744, 745. Whitelock, 94.

† Pennant, i. 268, 269.

Till

Till about the end of the ſixteenth century there was a very conſiderable market at Oſweſtry for Welſh flannels: Shrewſbury, however, ſoon after this period, deprived it of the principal part of this trade.

Oſweſtry and its hundred, at the making of Domeſday, formed a part of Wales. They were taken thence, and annexed to England in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I.

The Welsh Marches.

As the place I am mentioning was one of the principal towns of the marches, and at different times ſuffered very greatly from that circumſtance, it is proper that I ſhould here ſay ſomething of their nature and government.

It appears from various ancient documents, that after the conqueſt of England by the Normans, king William placed ſeveral of his Norman nobility on the confines of Wales, and gave them power to make ſuch conqueſts in that country as they were able. By this piece of policy a double end was anſwered: thoſe whom he had brought over into England were thus left to provide territory for themſelves; and their power tended in ſome degree to reduce the Welſh people into ſubjection. The lands thus ſeized were holden, *in capite*, of the crown of England: ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, who poſſeſſed property on the borders of Wales, found

found it worth their while to aid theſe incurſions. Such of the Welſh as had ſeignories or lordſhips here, were invited by the king to acknowledge a dependance on the crown under ample promiſes, and full reſervation of all their rights and privileges.

All the lands rendered thus dependant on the Engliſh crown were denominated *Baronies Marchers;* and a kind of palatine juriſdiction was erected in them, with power to adminiſter juſtice in the reſpective territories, and the king being ſupreme lord, wherever their own juriſdiction failed, redreſs was ſought in the Engliſh courts of law.

This ſcheme was continued with conſiderable ſucceſs for ſeveral reigns, till at length a wide ſtrip of frontier country, extending all the way from Briſtol to Cheſter, which formerly belonged to the Welſh, became ſubject, under a certain tenure, to the Engliſh crown. This tenure was, that in caſe of war, the lords ſhould ſend to the army a certain number of their vaſſals; that they ſhould garriſon their reſpective caſtles, and keep the Welſh people in ſubjection. In return for theſe ſervices, the lords ſeem to have had an arbitrary and moſt deſpotic power in their own domains. They had the power of life and death in their reſpective courts, in all caſes except thoſe of high treaſon.

In every frontier manor a gallows was erected, and if any Welſhman paſſed the boundary line that was fixed between the two countries, he was immediately ſeized and hanged: every town within the marches had a horſeman armed with a ſword and ſpear,

ſpear, who was maintained for the expreſs purpoſe of taking theſe offenders. If any Engliſhman was caught on the Welſh ſide of this line, he ſuffered a ſimilar fate from them.

The Welſh people eſteemed every thing that they could ſteal from their Engliſh neighbours as lawful prize. On this account many of the latter were compelled to have their dwellings moated round, and to have paliſadoes, or ſtakes, on the edge of the moat; and theſe inhabitants every night, for better ſecurity, drove their cattle within the fence. If a Welſhman could but get a horſe or cow over the boundary line, he had only to cry out "my own," to prevent the claims of his countrymen, for the horſeman could not dare to follow, leſt he ſhould be hanged.

After the conqueſt of Wales by Edward I., the baronies marchers were continued, but under regulations ſomewhat different from the former. In the reign of Edward IV. they were governed by a lord preſident, and a council, conſiſting of the chief juſtice of Cheſter, and three juſtices of the peace of Wales. In caſes of emergency, other perſons were allowed to be called in.

By a ſtatute paſſed in the reign of Henry VIII., the principality and dominion of Wales became formally annexed to the realm of England; and the ſame juriſdiction and government, and a ſimilar adminiſtration of juſtice, was adopted. All the Welſh laws, and moſt of their peculiar cuſtoms and tenures,

were

were by this ſtatute entirely aboliſhed. By this ſtatute alſo four new counties were made, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Montgomeryſhire, and Denbighſhire. The marches became annexed partly to England, and partly to theſe new counties of Wales. The preſident and council of the marches were, however, allowed to continue as before, and their general court was holden at Ludlow.

A ſtatute, however, was paſſed in the year 1689, the ſecond of William III., after the death of the earl of Macclesfield, the laſt lord preſident, by which the government of the entire principality was divided between two peers of the realm, who had the titles of lords lieutenant of North and South Wales. From this period the marches were entirely aboliſhed*.

* Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vitellius*, C. i. Phillips's Shrewſbury, note, p. 27.

CHAP. XII.

Oswestry to Ruabon.

Chirk.—Aqueduct.—Church.—Memoranda of Dr. Sacheverell.—Chirk Castle, and extensive View.—Anecdote respecting a whimsical Painting of Pistyll Rhaiadr.—History of Chirk Castle.—Memoranda of Sir John Trevor, formerly Master of the Rolls.—Beautiful Scene at New Bridge.—Ruabon.—Church and Monuments.—Dr. David Powel.

The village of *Chirk* is situated on the brow of a hill; and from the numerous coal-works and other undertakings in the neighbourhood, it appears to be a place of some business.

The Ellesmere canal passes within half a mile of the village, and is carried over the river and vale of Ceiriog by a long aqueduct.

In the *church* at Chirk there are several marble monuments in memory of the Middletons of Chirk castle: the best of these was erected for sir Thomas Middleton, one of the commanders in the army of the parliament during the civil wars.

Memoranda of Dr. Sacheverell.

This well known character, whose history affords a striking instance of the folly and madness of party,

exalting an obſcure individual, poſſeſſed but of moderate talents, to the greateſt height of popularity, was inducted to the living of Chirk in 1709.

Sacheverell ſeems to have little talent, learning, virtue, or religion. Furious in high church principles, he courted the popular favour by impetuouſly, and without intermiſſion, exerting himſelf in the moſt outrageous and inflammatory diſcourſes againſt the perſons then in power, and againſt the diſſenters, in defence of the doctrines of non-reſiſtance and paſſive obedience.—A ſermon that he preached at St. Paul's was of ſuch a nature as immediately to attract the attention of the public; and a ſhort time after it was printed, upwards of 40,000 copies were circulated over the kingdom.

The clergy in general were ſtaunch in his defence, and, to ſilence the riſing diſcontent, it was thought neceſſary for the Houſe of Commons to impeach the author of high crimes and miſdemeanors. His trial was heard in Weſtminſter hall, and laſted three weeks. During this time Sacheverel was every day conveyed thither in a coach, attended by the moſt tumultuous crowds, who all expreſſed the greateſt concern for his cauſe. He was found guilty, but ſuch was the popular fury againſt his enemies, that the Houſe thought it expedient to proceed no further than merely to ſuſpend him from preaching for three years, ordering his ſermon to be publicly burnt.

It was before the expiration of this period that he was preſented with the living of Chirk, for his ſentence had not precluded him from taking preferment. In his journey hither he was eſcorted through the different towns and villages on the road by ſuch multitudes of people, and treated all the way with ſuch magnificence, that during the progreſs even of our princes ſcarcely greater attentions have been ſhewn.—At Wrexham above two thouſand perſons, many of them of family and fortune, met and conducted him; and in his return to Oxford he was brought into Shrewſbury by nearly five thouſand horſemen, beſides an immenſe concourſe of people on foot. Near Bridgenorth he was met by four thouſand perſons on horſeback and three thouſand footmen, moſt of them wearing in their hats white knots edged with gold, and three gilded leaves of laurel: the hedges for two miles from the town were dreſſed with flowers; and each of the churches was adorned with flags and colours that coſt a conſiderable ſum of money.

Theſe attentions were highly flattering to Sacheverel; but the favour he had thus obtained at length ſubſided, except at thoſe times when the populace was momentarily roufed, by his inflammatory diſcourſes, to acts of violence againſt the principles of juſtice and good government.—He died on the 25th of June 1724, perſevering in the ſame ſentiments to the laſt.

CHIRK

CHIRK CASTLE

Is about a mile and a half from the village. This building, like that of Powys, ſtill retains a mixture of the caſtle and manſion. It ſtands in an open ſituation, on the ſummit of a conſiderable eminence, which commands an extenſive view, into *ſeventeen* different counties. On the exterior it retains much of its primitive aſpect. It is a quadrangular ſtructure, having five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth for the gateway, in front. The entrance is into a ſpacious court yard, a hundred and ſixty feet long, and a hundred broad; and on the eaſt ſide of this there is a handſome colonade. The principal apartments are a ſaloon, a drawing-room, and gallery; in the latter of which there is a large collection of paintings, conſiſting, however, almoſt entirely of family portraits.

In a room adjoining to the gallery I obſerved a ſingular landſcape, in which *Piſtyll Rhaiadr*, the waterfall in Montgomeryſhire, is repreſented as falling into the ſea. I aſked the cauſe of this ſtrange impropriety, and was informed that the painter was a foreign artiſt; he had been employed by one of the Middletons to take a view of that cataract, and when the piece was nearly finiſhed, it was hinted that a few *ſheep*, ſcattered in different parts, would probably add to its beauty. The painter miſtook the ſuggeſtion, and nettled that a perſon whom he judged ignorant of the art ſhould preſume to inſtruct

him, replied with conſiderable tartneſs, "You want ſome *ſheeps* in it? Well, well, I will put you ſome *ſheeps* in it!" He ſoon daſhed out the bottom of the picture, and introduced the ſea, and ſeveral *ſheeps*, (ſhips) ſome of which are repreſented as lying at anchor cloſe to the rocks.

There is a dungeon to this caſtle, as deep as the walls are high: it is deſcended by a flight of forty-two ſteps.—The building is on the whole low and heavy, and wants magnitude to give conſequence to its appearance.

History of Chirk Castle.

The preſent ſtructure was the work of Roger Mortimer, the ſon of Roger, baron of Wigmore, founded on the ſite of a very ancient fortreſs called *Caſtell Crogen*.

John, earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer, were appointed guardians to the two ſons of Madoc ap Griffith, a ſtrenuous partiſan of Henry III. and Edward I. Theſe villains murdered their wards, and appropriated the eſtates to their own uſe. Mortimer's ſhare in the robbery conſiſted of the lands at Nan-heudwy and Chirk, which belonged to the youngeſt boy. At the latter of theſe places he found it politic to erect a place of defence. This he was ſuffered to enjoy with impunity till his death, which took place in the tower, after an impriſonment of four years and a half, for the commiſſion of ſome other crime. The property was even ſuffered to con-

continue in the family, and his grandſon ſold the caſtle to Richard Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel, whoſe ſon, in the ſeventh year of Edward III., was made governor, with a confirmation of his father's grant. The Fitz Alans poſſeſſed it for three generations, after which it paſſed to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in right of his wife, the eldeſt ſiſter of Thomas, earl of Arundel. On the duke's diſgrace and exile in 1397, it was probably reſumed by the crown; for it was afterwards granted to William Beauchamp, earl of Abergavenny, who had married the other ſiſter of the earl of Arundel. On the marriage of the grand-daughter of this nobleman with Edward Nevil (afterwards lord Abergavenny), it was, in the reign of Henry VI., conveyed into that family. After this it became the property of ſir William Stanley, and on his execution it eſcheated again to the crown. It was beſtowed by queen Elizabeth on her favourite, Dudley, earl of Leiceſter, on whoſe death it became the property of lord St. John of Bletſo, whoſe ſon ſold it in 1595 to ſir Thomas Middleton, knight *, in whoſe family it yet continues.

In the civil wars ſir Thomas Middleton revolted from the parliament, and defended his caſtle, till one ſide, and three of the towers, were thrown down by the enemy's cannon. Theſe he, however, rebuilt within twelve months, but at an expence of not leſs than eighty thouſand pounds.

* Camden. Pennant, i. 285, 286.

Memoranda of Sir John Trevor.

About a mile from the village of Chirk is Brynkinallt, the family ſeat of the Trevors, deſcendants of Tudor Trevor. This was the dwelling of ſir John Trevor, maſter of the rolls, and ſpeaker of the houſe of commons, in the reigns of James II. and William. Being a man of conſiderable talents, he found means to ingratiate himſelf with king James, and during his reign obtained ſome popularity.—He was, however, too fond of money, and this was the cauſe of his expulſion from the houſe in 1695. An act was paſſed for creating a fund towards repayment of the debt due to the orphan charity from the city of London, and Trevor received from the city a purſe of a thouſand guineas, for his ſervices in influencing the houſe in their favour; and it was believed that he had received from the ſame quarter other ſums to a much greater amount, of which, however, no proof could be obtained. He would have been impeached by the Houſe of Commons for this offence, had the parliament not been unexpectedly prorogued. He therefore eſcaped with no further puniſhment than his diſmiſſal and diſgrace.

Trevor is ſaid, among his other qualifications, to have been an economiſt. Of this we have a whimſical anecdote: he one day dined by himſelf at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine quietly, when his couſin, Roderic Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him by the ſide door. "You raſcal, (ſaid Trevor

to

to his ſervant), and you have brought my couſin Roderic Lloyd, eſquire, prothonotary of North Wales, marſhal to baron Price, and ſo forth, and ſo forth, up my *back ſtairs*. Take my couſin Roderic Lloyd, eſquire, prothonotary of North Wales, marſhal to baron Price, and ſo forth, and ſo forth; you raſcal, take him inſtantly back, down my *back ſtairs*, and bring him up my *front ſtairs*." Roderic in vain remonſtrated; and whilſt he was conveying down one, and up the other ſtairs, his honour had removed the bottle and glaſſes *.

Sir John Trevor died in 1696.

About two miles from Chirk, in the road to Ruabon, I was much pleaſed with a view down a woody dell, in the bottom of which ran the river Dee. It was the firſt time that I had ſeen this ſtream ſurrounded by thoſe romantic features for which it is ſo juſtly celebrated.

This ſcene was intereſting, but at

NEW BRIDGE.

About half a mile farther on, it was greatly exceeded. Out of the road, about a hundred yards above the bridge, ſuch a ſcene preſented itſelf, that with the pencil of a Claude, I could have ſketched one of the moſt exquiſite landſcapes the eye ever beheld. The river here daſhed along its rugged bed, and its rocky

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 109.

banks clad with wood, where every varied tint that autumn could afford added to their effect, caſt a darkening ſhade upon the ſtream. With the green oak, all the different hues of the aſh, the elm, and the hazel, were intermingled. Above the bridge aroſe a few cottages ſurrounded with foliage. The evening was calm, and the ſmoke, tinged by the ſetting ſun, deſcended upon the vale, whilſt the diſtant mountains were brightened by his beams into a fine purple. I ſat down on the bank of the river, and contemplated theſe beauties till the declining ſun had ſunk beneath the horizon, and twilight had begun to ſteal over the landſcape, and blend into one every different ſhade of reflection, and to cover the whole face of nature with its ſober grey.—I forced myſelf away, and purſued my journey to Ruabon, my intended reſidence for the night.

RUABON

Is a village pleaſingly ſituated on a riſing ground, and has around it the reſidences of ſeveral perſons of fortune. I ſpent two or three days very agreeably in this place, and in little excurſions around the neighbourhood.

The *church* is a good building: it contains an organ, an inſtrument very unuſual in Welſh churches, which was given by the late ſir Watkin Williams Wynne.—At its eaſt end I obſerved a table monument of marble, with the date of 1526, in memory of

of John ap Elis Euton, and Elizabeth Clefeley, his wife:

A tombe, it is right rich and ſtately made,
Where two do lye, in ſtone and auncient trade.
The man and wife with ſumptuous ſolemne guiſe,
In this rich ſort, before the aulter lies *.

His head on creſt, and warlike helmet ſtayes,
A lion blue, on top thereof comes out:
On lion's necke along his legges he layes,
Two gauntlets white are lying there about.
An auncient ſquire he was, and of good race,
As by his armes appeeres in many a place:
His houſe and lands, not farre from thence, do ſhow
His birth and blood were great, right long ago †.

Beſides this, there are four other marble monuments, two of which deſerve particular attention. One of theſe is in memory of the late ſir Watkin Williams Wynne, and the other of his wife, lady Henrietta Williams Wynne. The latter is repreſented by a beautiful figure of Hope, reclining on an urn: the inſcription is on a pedeſtal, within a ſerpent with its head and tail united, expreſſive of eternity. If I am not deceived in the recollection, they are both the workmanſhip of Roubiliac.

Dr. David Powel,

The Welſh hiſtorian, was inſtituted to this vicarage in the year 1571, and lies buried here.—He was born about the beginning of the reign of queen

* Not at preſent. † Churchyard.

Elizabeth; and after he left Oxford, obtained the living of Ruabon, and was made a prebendary of St. Aſaph. Thus rendered eaſy and independant in his circumſtances, he ſtudied with great aſſiduity the ancient hiſtory of Britain. For this he was well qualified by his extenſive acquaintance with the Welſh and other languages.—He tranſlated into Engliſh the Hiſtory of Wales written in Welſh of Caradoc of Llancarvan; and edited the writings of Giraldus Cambrenſis, which he illuſtrated, and corrected by many learned and valuable notes. He died in 1590, leaving behind him a large collection of ancient manuſcripts.

CHAP. XIII.

Excursion from Ruabon to Bangor Iscoed,

Wynnstay.—Beautiful Scene at Nant y Bele.—Overton.—Conjectures on the original Planting of Yew Trees in Church Yards.—Bangor Iscoed, the oldest Monastery in Britain.—Account of Gildas Nennius, and of Tysilio, the Authors of two very ancient Histories of Britain.

From Ruabon, I wandered into the grounds of sir Watkin Williams Wynne, baronet, at

Wynnstay.

These grounds are brought close up to the village; they are well wooded, and about eight miles in circumference. I observed here some immensely large oak, ash, and birch trees: the trunk of one of the oaks was near fifty feet in girth in the smallest part.

I ascended, by its well-staircase, to the top of a handsome, lately erected stone column, of very considerable height. I had entertained hopes that from thence I should have had a fine view of the surrounding country, but was disappointed: the prospect was sufficiently extensive, but in no degree interesting.

At

At a little diſtance from the column there is a tolerably large pool. The rivulet that ſupplies it is thrown over ſome artificial rock-work, and forms not an inelegant caſcade.

The houſe is deficient both in elegance and uniformity, having been erected at different periods, and in different ſtiles of architecture.—From the ancient rampart called Watt's Dyke, which paſſes through the grounds, this place was formerly called Wattſtay: but, on the marriage of ſir John Wynne with Jane, the daughter of Eyton Evans, and heireſs of this property, he changed its name to Wynnſtay. He incloſed the park, in the year 1678, with a ſtone wall for deer, and planted the avenues. Sir John died about forty years afterwards, and was buried at Ruabon. He bequeathed all his eſtates to his relative Watkin Williams, afterwards ſir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart., the grandfather of the preſent owner.

This place was anciently the property and reſidence of Madoc ap Griffith Maelor, the potent lord of Bromfield, and founder of Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen.

Nant y Bele,

The Dingle of the Martin, within the grounds of Wynnſtay, is a deep and wooded hollow. The ſides are precipitous and rocky; and the waters of the Dee, which roll along the bottom, are blackened by the ſhady banks, and for the moſt part concealed from

from the eye of the obſerver, by the thickneſs of the foliage. In the diſtant background, I obſerved Chirk caſtle, and the country around it, clad in lively colours; whilſt, to the weſtward, I had a view of Caſtell Dinas Brân, crowning the ſummit of its ſteep. The whole vale of Llangollen, as far as the town, lay nearly in a ſtraight line, and was richly varied with wood, rock, and paſture. The ſcene was cloſed in the horizon by the far diſtant Britiſh Alps, which bounded the ſight.—From this ſtation I proceeded along the bank of the Dee, clambering over hedges and ditches, till I found myſelf at Pen y Llan, the ſeat of Mr. Lloyd, whence I had another charming view of the country.

I returned to Ruabon, and rambled from thence to Bangor Iſcoed, *Bangor under the Wood*, a village about ten miles diſtant. In this excurſion I paſſed through

OVERTON,

A picturesque little village, ſeated on an eminence at a ſmall diſtance from the Dee. Near the bridge I had another fine proſpect along this romantic ſtream.

In the churchyard I ſaw ſeveral fine old *yew trees*. Theſe, from their ſize and beauty, have been accounted among the wonders of Wales.—If the poems of Oſſian can be conſidered as authority, the cuſtom of planting yews in burying-places was adopted in a very remote period. He thus ſpeaks of

of two lovers:—"Here reſts their duſt, Cuthullin; theſe lonely yews ſprang from their tomb, and ſhade them from the ſtorm."—A ſhort inquiry into the origin of this cuſtom may deſerve attention.

Were they planted to protect the churches from ſtorms?

By a ſtatute paſſed in the thirteenth year of Edward I., which ſettles the property of trees in churchyards, it is ſtated that trees were often planted "to defend the force of the wind from hurting the church." This remark, however, ſeems, by the context, only to apply to ſuch trees as were adapted to the repairs of the church and chancel; which were therefore ordered to be cut down for no other purpoſe. The growth of yews is much too ſlow to allow us to ſuppoſe that they could be intended as any protection to the buildings; and if we could overcome this objection, we ought to find them more generally adopted, and in great numbers in each churchyard, to be rendered of extenſive uſe.

Were they planted to furniſh bow-ſtaves?

Our ancient legiſlators do not appear to have ordered any plantations of yews for this purpoſe; although there are various laws which encourage archery, and even enter into minute particulars relative to bows and arrows. On the contrary, our old laws, although full of complaints of the ſcarcity and dearneſs of bow-ſtaves, inſtead of directing the cultivation of the yew at home, oblige merchants to import materials for bows from abroad.—A ſtatute

of

of the twelfth of Edward IV., recites that the king had perceived, by a petition from the Commons, the great ſcarcity and exceſſive price of bow-ſtaves, whereby the practice of archery was greatly diſcontinued and almoſt loſt: it is therefore ordained that "every merchant ſtranger, that ſhall convey into this land any merchandize of the city or country of Venice, or of any other city, town, or country, from whence any ſuch bow-ſtaves have been before this time brought, ſhall bring at the ſame time four bow-ſtaves for every ton of ſuch merchandize, on pain of forfeiture to the king of ſix ſhillings and eight-pence for every bow-ſtaff ſhort."—Another ſtatute, of the firſt of Richard III., informs us, that upon the bowyers repreſenting, that "in times paſt good and able ſtuff of bow-ſtaves had been brought into this realm as well by Engliſh merchants as ſtrangers, whereby the inhabitants, bowyers, might competently live upon ſuch ſtuff, which they bought at 40*s.* the hundred, or 46*s.* 8*d.* at the moſt;" but which then, by the ſeditious confederacy of the Lombards, who frequented the ports of this realm, were at the outrageous price of eight pounds a hundred; ſo that in ſhort time this realm was like to fail, as well of ſtuff of artillery, as of workmen thereof;—it was ordered, that no merchant of Venice, nor other which uſed to repair unto this realm with merchandizes of thoſe parts, ſhould bring into this realm any ſuch merchandizes, unleſs he bring at the ſame time ten bow-ſtaves, good and able

ſtuff,

ſtuff, with every butt of malmſey, and with every butt of tire, on forfeiture of thirteen ſhillings and eight-pence for every butt of ſuch wines, and for each bow-ſtaff ſhort.—Even ſo lately as the thirteenth year of Elizabeth, the ſtatute of the twelfth of Edward IV. was ordered to be duly put into execution; and that all merchants ſtrangers, uſing to bring wares into this realm from the eaſtern countries, as well as from the ſeventy-two Hanſe towns, ſhould thenceforth be comprized and meant under the name of ſuch merchants as were bound by the ſaid ſtatutes. This act recites that archery was a ſingular defence of the realm, and an occaſion not only of many noble victories, but a very wholeſome exerciſe.—Thus it appears that this country ever depended on the imported bow-ſtaves for their beſt and moſt valuable bows, which would not have been the caſe if our church-yards had been planted, and well ſtocked with yew-trees, for this purpoſe. On further inquiry, it appears that the Engliſh yew was of very *inferior goodneſs*; and our brave archers, who were the glory of the nation, and the terror of its enemies, were compelled to have recourſe to foreign materials.—In the "Act for Bowyers," of the eighth of Elizabeth, the prices of bows are thus ſettled:

Bows meet for men's ſhooting, being *outlandiſh* yew, of beſt ſort, were to bear no greater price than 6*s*. 8*d*. each.

Bows meet for men's ſhooting of ſecond ſort, 3*s*. 4*d*.

Bows of a coarſer ſort, called livery bows, 2*s*.

Bows of *Engliſh yew*, 2*s*.

Thus

Thus we ſee that bows of Engliſh yew were only equal in value to the moſt inferior of the foreign ones; and they ſeem rather to have been uſed for domeſtic exerciſe and practice, than to be relied on for deeds of valour in the field of battle. But ſuppoſe the trees planted even for this purpoſe, we cannot conceive it poſſible that all our ſtatutes would have been ſilent on the ſubject; and we ſhould undoubtedly have had much more conſiderable remains of them than now occur.

Sir Thomas Brown, in his Urn Burial, ſays, "it may admit conjecture, whether the planting of yew trees in church-yards, had not its original from ancient *funeral rites*, or as an emblem of reſurrection, from its perpetual verdure."

An intelligent writer has remarked, that in this country there was formerly a proceſſion (as in Catholic countries there ſtill is) on Palm Sunday, in memory of the entrance of Chriſt into Jeruſalem, where branches of palm-trees were ſtrewed in his way. We have authority that *palms* were borne in the proceſſion with us till the reign of Edward VI. An old manuſcript ſtates, that in this country, from want of olive, that "berith greene leves," *palm* was uſed to be carried in its ſtead. From theſe intimations it is evident that ſomething green, called *palm*, was carried in proceſſion on Palm Sunday, which is ſometimes ſo early in the year as the 15th of March, and never later than the 18th of April, when very few plants are in leaf: and in ſome church-yards in

eaſt

eaſt Kent the yew-trees are to this day called *palms*. It is therefore more than probable that the palms were no other than the branches of yew-trees, which are not only always green, but uſually in bloom about this time; and one or two trees, the number uſually found in each church-yard, would be amply ſufficient for the purpoſe *.

Yew-trees may alſo have been conſidered emblematical of the ſtate of mankind. The leaves having a moſt poiſonous quality, may have been thought repreſentative of mortality; whilſt the durable foliage, and the long period through which they flouriſh, of two or three centuries, are not unaptly ſignificant of immortality and eternity.

Bangor Iscoed

Is ſomewhat more than two miles beyond Overton. It is ſituated on the banks of the Dee, which here flows under an elegant ſtone bridge of five arches.

This place has its chief celebrity from having been the ſite of the moſt ancient monaſtery in Britain, founded, as the old writers aſſert, by Lucius, the ſon of Coel, and firſt Chriſtian king of Britain, ſomewhat prior to the year 180 †. Lucius formed

* Gent. Mag. vol. 49.

† Speed's Chronicle, i. 207. According to the account left us by Rowlands, Lucius was converted to the Chriſtian faith from the preaching of Timothy, the ſon of Claudia Ruffina, a Britiſh female of diſtinction, who had been a diſciple of St. Paul. Mona Antiqua, 178.

it an univerſity, for the increaſe of learning, and the preſervation of the Chriſtian faith in this realm; and it produced for an age ſo unenlightened many learned men. It is ſaid by ſome writers to have been converted into a monaſtery about the year 530 by Cynwyl or Congelus, who was created the firſt abbot *. Others ſay that Pelagius the monk, a native of Wales, who had ſtudied here in his youth, after having travelled through France, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and various other countries, was made a biſhop, and on his return to England converted this houſe †.

The monaſtery of Bangor was rich in manuſcripts, and univerſally celebrated for its valuable library: and Speed ſtates, that from its great age, and the number of its learned men, it was acknowledged to be the parent of all the other monaſteries in the world.

At the arrival of Auguſtine, who was miſſioned about 596, from pope Gregory I., to convert the Engliſh Saxons to Chriſtianity, this monaſtery appears to have been in a very flouriſhing ſtate. There were at this time as many as 2400 monks: a hundred of theſe, in turns, paſſed one hour in devotion, ſo that the whole twenty-four hours of every day were employed in ſacred duties ‡. Bede ſays there

* Jones's Welſh Bards, p. 11.

† Holinſhed, i. 26. 148. Rowlands, 179. Some writers have aſſerted that Pelagius was never in this kingdom.

‡ Speed, i. 206.

were juſt ſo many, that being divided into ſeven parts, each of theſe contained three hundred men, which, with their proper rulers, paſſed their time alternately in prayer and labour *.

The monks of Bangor were diſſenters from the Romiſh church; and, on a conference betwixt Auguſtine and its governors, the imperious monk demanded of them that they ſhould keep the feaſt of Eaſter at the ſame time the papiſts did; that they ſhould adminiſter baptiſm according to the ceremonies of the church of Rome; and "preach the word of life with him and his fellows." In other things, he ſaid, they would be allowed to retain their ancient cuſtoms, inſolently concluding, that "if they would not accept of peace with their brethren, they ſhould receive war from their enemies, and by them, without reſerve, ſhould ſuffer death †." They refuſed obedience to his injunctions, and reſolutely maintained the original rites of their church. Shortly after this period followed the dreadful maſſacre of above twelve hundred of the monks by Ethelfrid, king of Northumbria, at the memorable battle of Cheſter. This unmanly ſlaughter the Britiſh annals and ſongs aſcribe to the inſtigations of Auguſtine.

Not long after this event the monaſtery became neglected, and went entirely to decay. William of Malmſbury, who lived ſhortly after the Norman con-

* Bede, lib. ii. c. 2. p. 111—113. Holinſhed, i. 15.

† Holinſhed, i. 103.

queſt,

queſt, aſſerts, that even in his time, there remained only ſome relics of its ancient magnificence: there were, he ſays, ſo many ruined churches, and ſuch immenſe heaps of rubbiſh, as were not elſewhere to be found *.—Leland ſays of it, in the reign of Henry VIII., that its ſite was in a fertile valley on the ſouth ſide of the Dee; but that the river having ſince changed its courſe, then ran nearly through the middle of the ground on which it ſtood. The extent of its walls, he ſays, was equal to that of the walls round a town; and the two gates, the names of which had been handed down by tradition, had been half a mile aſunder. Within the memory of perſons then living, the bones of the monks, and pieces of their clothes, had been ploughed up, in the cultivation of the ground, as well as pieces of ſquared ſtones, and ſome Roman money †.

Gildas Nennius,

A diſciple of Elbod, biſhop of North Wales, was abbot of Bangor in the ſeventh century. This early writer was the author of a hiſtory of the Britons in Latin, copies of which are yet extant. All the copies in the public libraries under the name of Nennius, Gildas Minor, Gildas Nennius, &c. owing to the ignorance of tranſcribers, are, however, ſaid to be extremely inaccurate.—This hiſtory, with ſeveral others, was publiſhed by Dr. Gale in 1691; but his

* Scriptores poſt Bedam, 294. † Leland's Itin. v. 30.

copy was very incorrect, and the notes and various readings, it is said, tend more to confound than instruct. The editor left also several parts of the work unpublished, on account of the facts there related being found in the history written by Ranulph Higden, an author five hundred years subsequent to Nennius. This was improper, and, to the character of Nennius, unjust.—Some historians have supposed that the work was commenced by Gildas, the author of the epistle "De Excidio Britanniæ," and that it was only continued by Nennius; for it is quoted under the name of Gildas by Tysilio, and many of the English historians. In the preface Nennius declares it to be his own entire composition, from traditions, writings, and ancient British monuments, as well as from the works of foreign authors.—It appears that the name of this writer, before he became abbot, was Gildas, but on his preferment he took that of Nennius. The latter, therefore, was probably only his ecclesiastical name; and the various titles of Gildas Nennius, Gildas Minor, Gildas Sapiens, &c. appear to have been intended, by the transcribers, to distinguish his work from the works of Gildas ap Law, the North Briton. This circumstance obtained for him by Polydore Virgil, and others, the appellation of Pseudo Gildas, or *The False Gildas*, without the least apparent consideration that there might have been two ancient writers of the same name.

Tysi-

Tysilio.

While I am ſpeaking of the monaſtery of Bangor, and its eminent men, I ought by no means to leave this writer unnoticed. Tyſilio was a Britiſh biſhop, the ſon of Brochwel Yſythroc, prince of Powis, and was nearly contemporary with Nennius. He was the author of a Britiſh hiſtory intitled *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, or the traditions of the Britiſh bards. It commences with the deſcent of the Trojan colony, and ends with the reign of Cadwaladr, the laſt king of the Britons. This hiſtory, about the year 1150, fell into the hands of Galfrid Arthur, or Geoffry, archdeacon of Monmouth, and afterwards biſhop of St. Aſaph, who tranſlated it into Latin, inſerting in his tranſlation all the monkiſh fables that he could collect. In this ſtate the work took the name of the tranſlator, and has ſuffered the moſt violent abuſe by all the Engliſh, ſince the time of Camden, that have written on the Britiſh hiſtory, and by various French and Dutch writers. This, however, has been done without any acquaintance with the original work in the Britiſh language, which is eſſentially different from the tranſlation both in general matter, and in the ſtatement of facts.

CHAP. XIV.

RUABON TO WREXHAM.

Erddig.—Wrexham.—Church and Monuments.—Anecdote of Elihu Yale.—Wrexham Fair.—Trade and Manufactories.

I LEFT Ruabon, and proceeded on my journey towards Wrexham. In order to paſs through the grounds of *Erddig*, belonging to Philip Yorke, eſq.* I left the carriage-road, and went along a foot-path, over the meadows on the right. I obſerved conſiderable taſte diſplayed at Erddig, but all the efforts of art are ſo infinitely inferior to the majeſtic operations of nature, which I had lately ſeen in ſo much variety, that I cannot ſay I derived much pleaſure from theſe grounds.—Watt's Dyke runs through them; and not far diſtant is the fragment of a wall, conjectured to have been part of a Roman fort.

WREXHAM

Is a populous market town, and of ſuch ſize and conſequence as to have obtained the appellation of the metropolis of North Wales. The ſtreets and

* The author of a valuable hiſtory of the Five Royal Tribes of North Wales.

buildings

buildings are in general good; and the adjacent country is ſo beautiful, as to have induced many families to fix their reſidence in its vicinity. The centre ſtreet, in which the market is held, is of conſiderable length, and of unuſual width for an ancient town. The common hall is a large and convenient building. This place was known to our Saxon anceſtors by the name of Wrighteſham, or Wrightleſham. A few centuries ago it was noted as the reſort of buckler, or ſhield makers *.

The *church* was formerly collegiate, and is yet a moſt elegant ſtructure. On the exterior it is richly ornamented with gothic ſculpture. The tower, which is about a hundred and forty feet in height, is particularly beautiful. On three of its ſides there have been ſtatues as large as life, of no fewer than thirty ſaints: two have been deſtroyed by falling from their niches. Miſs Seward, in her verſes on Wrexham, has finely expreſſed the elegance of this building:

> Her hallow'd temple there religion ſhews,
> That erſt with beauteous majeſty aroſe,
> In ancient days, when gothic art diſplay'd
> Her fanes in airy elegance array'd,
> Whoſe nameleſs charms the Dorian claims efface,
> Corinthian ſplendor and Ionic grace.

* "Wrexham, truly called Wrightleſham, is the only market town of Welſh Maelor, having a goodly church collegiate: there longith no prebendes to it, though it be collegiated. There be ſum merchauntes and good bokeler makers." Leland's Itin. v. 32.

The interior of the church is plain, but exceedingly neat, being devoid of the load of ornaments common in gothic churches. It contains, among other monuments, two of the elegant workmanſhip of Roubiliac. One of theſe, having the date of 1747, was erected to the memory of Mary, the daughter of ſir Richard Middleton. A female figure is repreſented in the act of burſting from the tomb: the countenance is truly angelic, and the mixture of ſurprize and admiration is ſo delicately, and at the ſame time ſo firmly expreſſed, that after gazing for ſome moments ſtedfaſtly on the face, I could almoſt have fancied it more than ſtone. The fainted maid,

———Amid the burſting tomb
Hears the laſt trumpet ſhrill its murky gloom,
With ſmile triumphant over death and time,
Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form ſublime.

Againſt the wall, an ancient pyramid, a building, from its ſolidity, calculated to reſiſt the efforts of time, is repreſented as falling into ruin. The ridiculous little figure blowing the trumpet might have been omitted without any derogation from the merit of the ſculpture. On the whole, however, it is ſo uncommonly beautiful, as to demand the admiration of every lover of the art.—The other piece of Roubiliac's performance, is a medallion containing two profile faces of the reverend Thomas Middleton, and Arabella his wife.—Nearly oppoſite to the former of theſe monuments there is a recumbent figure

of *Hugh Bellot*, of the ancient family of Morton in Cheſhire. He was biſhop of Bangor, was afterwards tranſlated to the ſee of Cheſter, and died in the year 1596. Bellot was one of thoſe divines who adhered to the monaſtic auſterities long after both law and cuſtom had rendered them unneceſſary: during the whole of his life he would never admit a female into his family *.—There is under the belfry an antique monument, which was ſome years ago diſcovered in the ground by the workmen who dug for a foundation for the iron gates of the church-yard. The figure is of a knight in complete armour; his feet reſt on ſome kind of animal, and round his ſhield there is an inſcription, but this is at preſent illegible.

The altar-piece is a fine painting of the inſtitution of the ſacrament. It was brought from Rome, and given to the church by Elihu Yale, eſq. a native of America, who went on ſpeculation to the Eaſt Indies. Of this perſon, it is recorded by one of the travellers in India, that he ordered his groom to be hanged for having ridden his horſe on a journey of two or three days for the ſake of his health: he was tried for this crime in the Engliſh courts, and eſcaped with a high pecuniary puniſhment †. He died in London in the year 1721, but was interred in this church-yard with the following inſcription on his tomb:

* Yorke, 22.

† Harris's Collection of Voyages and Travels, i. 917.

Born

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Aſia wed;
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
Much good, ſome ill he did, ſo hope all's even,
And that his ſoul through mercy's gone to Heaven!
You that ſurvive and read this tale, take care
For this moſt certain exit to prepare,
Where bleſt in peace, the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in the ſilent duſt.

The preſent church at Wrexham was finiſhed, except the tower, before the year 1472: the latter, from a date that there is upon it, does not ſeem to have been completed till about thirty-four years afterwards. In 1647, during the civil wars, this venerable building was uſed for ſome time as a priſon, and ſeveral of the committee-men were confined in it by the parliament's ſoldiers, who had mutined for want of pay *.

At this town there is a noted annual fair, held in the month of March, which laſts nine days. This is frequented by traders from various, and even very diſtant parts of the kingdom. The commodities brought by the Welſh people are chiefly flannels, linen, linſey-woolſey, and horſes and cattle in abundance. Traders from other parts bring Iriſh linen, Yorkſhire and woollen cloths, and Mancheſter and Birmingham goods of all kinds. For the accommodation of thoſe who have goods to ſell, there are two ſquares, or areas, furniſhed with little ſhops or booths †.

* Whitelock, 243. † Aikin's Mancheſter.

The

The two principal inns are the Eagles and the Red Lion, both good houſes. At the former I had excellent accommodations, and experienced the moſt obliging treatment.

In the neighbourhood of Wrexham there are ſeveral manufactories of military inſtruments; and in particular a large cannon foundery not far from the town.

CHAP. XV.

Excursion from Wrexham to Holt.

Village of Holt.—Caſtle.—Hiſtory of the Caſtle.

From Wrexham I made an excurſion to *Holt*, an obſcure village on the weſt bank of the Dee, about ſix miles diſtant. This was once a market town, and a place of ſome conſequence; and it ſtill continues to be governed by a mayor and aldermen. The former is uſually ſome gentleman of reſpectability who reſides in the neighbourhood.—The town was incorporated in the year 1410, by a charter of Thomas earl of Arundel, which, however, reſtricts the burgeſſes from being Welſhmen:—the charter runs in this ſingular form: "To the burgeſſes of our town, and to their heirs and ſucceſſors, being *Engliſhmen*." This aroſe, no doubt, from the hatred which the lords marchers entertained towards the Welſh people, on account of the inſurrection of their hero Glyndwr, at that time ſcarcely ſuppreſſed *.

This place has alſo the name of *Lyons*. The caſtle was anciently called Caſtrum Leonis, which

* Pennant, i. 210.

appel-

appellation Camden conjectures to have been derived from the Roman twentieth legion having been ſtationed at a little diſtance higher up, and on the other ſide of the river.

The two villages of Holt and Farndon are divided only by the Dee, and have a communication by a very ancient bridge of ten arches.—All the ſcenery of this neighbourhood is flat and unpleaſant. The Dee flows through meadows, without any of the beauty or grandeur of rocks, or foliage, that adorn its banks in the more mountainous parts of the country.

Holt Castle

Was ſituated cloſe to the river, and defended on three ſides by a moat forty or fifty yards wide, cut out of the ſolid rock: the preſent remains conſiſt of little elſe than rock, for this originally ſeems to have formed the firſt eight or ten yards of the caſtle. The ſtone uſed in the building appears to have been that obtained in making the moat.—The fortreſs conſiſted of five baſtions, of which four were round, and the remaining one, facing the river, ſquare. The entrance was by a drawbridge on the weſt ſide. So little of the maſonry is left, that in the preſent ſtate it is impoſſible to form any idea of its ancient ſtrength. The ſite is by no means extenſive; and as it ſtood on a piece of ground level with the town, it muſt have had its principal ſtrength in the deep and perpendicular ſides of its moat.

The

The lands of Holt and Chirk, in the reign of Henry III., and the commencement of the reign of Edward I. were the property of Madoc ap Griffith, a native of Wales who had eſpouſed the Engliſh cauſe. On the death of Madoc, two ſons were left, both of them under age; and Edward gave one of them to the guardianſhip of John, earl of Warren *, and the other to the care of Roger Mortimer, the ſon of lord Mortimer of Wigmore. To the former boy belonged the lordſhip of Bromfield and Yale, in which Holt ſtands, and the caſtle of Dinas Brân; and to the other the property of Chirk and Nanheudwy.—The villainous guardians, to diſburthen themſelves of their charge, and get poſſeſſion of the eſtates of the children, cauſed them both to be murdered. Their inhumanity, ſo far from meeting its juſt reward, was freely pardoned by Edward, who came in for a ſhare of the ſpoil. He confirmed to Warren the caſtle of Dinas Brân, and the lordſhip of Bromfield and Yale; to Mortimer he gave the property of Chirk; and the caſtle and demeſnes of Caergwrle, or Hope, he reſerved to himſelf. Warren and Mortimer immediately began to ſecure their poſſeſſions by erecting on them places of defence. The latter built Chirk caſtle, and Warren com-

* Camden is wrong in ſtating that John earl of Warren was guardian to "Madoc, a Britiſh prince;" as it was the *ſon* of Madoc that had been entruſted to his protection.

menced

menced this fortreſs, but dying ſoon afterwards, it was finiſhed by his ſon *.

In the ninth year of Edward II., John earl Warren, the grandſon of the founder, having no iſſue, gave this caſtle, with that of Dinas Brân, and the lordſhip of Bromfield, to the king. He was ſoon after divorced from his wife, and he obtained a regrant of them to himſelf, and Matilda de Nereford, his miſtreſs, for life, with remainders to his illegitimate children, and their heirs. Matilda was the laſt ſurvivor, and therefore at her death, in the following reign, the property reverted to the crown. It was, not long afterwards, given to Edward Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel, who had married the ſiſter of the late owner. In this family it remained for three generations; but on the execution of Richard it appears to have been forfeited to the crown. When, in 1399, after this event, Holt caſtle was delivered to the duke of Hertford, there were found in it jewels to the value of two hundred thouſand marks, and a hundred thouſand marks in money. Theſe had been depoſited there, as a place of ſafe cuſtody, by the unfortunate Richard II. previouſly to his expedition into Ireland †.

The eſtates and title were reſtored in the ſucceeding reign, and they once again eſcheated to the crown. Henry VII. granted them to ſir William

* Gibſon's Camden, 682. Ayloff's Rotuli Walliæ, 81. Powel, 213. Carte, ii. 193. Pennant, i. 217. Yorke, 63.

† Holinſhed, ii. 500.

Stanley;

Stanley; but on his execution refumed them, and took in this caſtle plate and money to the value of above forty thouſand marks, which Stanley had obtained from the plunder of Boſworth Field *.

The lordſhip of Bromfield and Yale afterwards became the property of Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, the natural ſon of Henry VIII.; and in the reign of Edward VI., of Thomas Seymour, brother to the protector Somerſet, who formed here a magazine of military ſtores. On his execution it once more fell to the crown †.

During the civil wars Holt caſtle was garriſoned for the king, but in 1643 was ſeized by the parliament. It was afterwards retaken, and in February 1645-6 was again beſieged by the parliament's forces. The governor, ſir Richard Lloyd, defended it for more than a month with the utmoſt bravery, but was at length compelled to ſurrender. Towards the end of this year this caſtle, with four others, was diſmantled by order of the parliament ‡.

The lordſhip of Bromfield and Yale is at preſent the property of the crown; and ſir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. is the ſteward.

The inhabitants of Holt contribute with thoſe of Ruthin and Denbigh, towards ſending a member to parliament.

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, 34. † Pennant, i. 219.
‡ Whitelock, 77. 192. 197. 231.

CHAP. XVI.

WREXHAM TO MOLD.

Romantic Glen.—Caergwrle.—Hiſtory of Caergwrle Caſtle.—Mold.—Church.—Hiſtory of Mold Caſtle.—Account of Maes Garmon, and the "Alleluia" Victory.

ABOUT five miles from Wrexham I paſſed through a romantic glen, which would have had conſiderable pictureſque effect, if this had not been deſtroyed by ſeveral white-waſhed cottages obtruding themſelves on the ſight from among the trees. A little beyond this ſcene I paſſed a neat bridge of a ſingle arch, which appeared very beautiful, accompanied by the ruſtic cottages overſhadowed with trees on the bank of the ſtream.—The country I now journied through was ſomewhat mountainous; but beyond this vale it became again flat and unintereſting.

CAERGWRLE

———Comes right now to paſſe my pen,
With ragged waulles, yea all to rent and torne:
As though it had been never knowne to men,
Or careleſſe left, as wretched thing forlorn;
Like beggar bare, as naked as my nail,
It lies along, whoſe wrecke doth none bewayle *.

* Churchyard's Worthines of Wales, 122.

Caergwrle, like Holt, was once a flouriſhing town, but it is dwindled into an inſigniſicant village.—Its pariſh church is about a mile diſtant.

There is good reaſon for ſuppoſing that Caergwrle was a Roman ſtation, probably an outpoſt to Deva. Camden diſcovered here an hypocauſt, hewn out of the ſolid rock, ſix yards and a quarter long, five yards broad, and ſomewhat more than half a yard in height. On ſome of the tiles were inſcribed the letters LEGIO XX., which ſeem to point out the founders. This is further corroborated by the name of the place. Caer gawr lle, *the camp of the great legion;* Gawr lle being the name by which the Britons diſtinguiſhed the twentieth legion *.

The *caſtle* ſtood on the ſummit of a high rock. Its preſent remains are very inconſiderable; they are, however, ſufficient to indicate that it could never have been a fortreſs of any great importance †.

The founder has not been aſcertained; but from its conſtruction it has been evidently of Britiſh origin. —In the reign of Edward I. we find it poſſeſſed by the Engliſh crown, for that monarch beſtowed it, along with the lordſhip of Denbigh, on David, the brother to prince Llewelyn. Whilſt in his hands,

* Gibſon's Camden, 688. Pennant, i. 432.

† "The town of Hope, now decayed, was ſumtime burgeſid and privileged, and ys caulled in Walſch Cairgorles. Ther ſtoud yet grete waulles of a caſtle ſet on an hylle, wher be diggid good mill ſtones of a blue grit." Leland's Itin. v. 38.

Roger

Roger de Clifford, juſticiary of Cheſter, cut down the adjacent woods, and endeavoured to wreſt the caſtle from its owner: this, however, he was prevented from doing by the timely interference of the king.—When David, in 1282, inſidiouſly took up arms with his brother againſt his former benefactor, he left a garriſon of ſome ſtrength in the caſtle; but it was beſieged by a diviſion of the Engliſh army, and was ſhortly afterwards ſurrendered to them *.

In the preceding account of Holt I have remarked that Caergwrle caſtle was excepted from the grant which was made to John earl of Warren of the property of one of the children of Madoc ap Griffith †. Edward annexed it, with the tract of land in which it is ſituated, to Flintſhire: it continued to form a part of this county till Henry VIII. ſeparated, and added it to the county of Denbigh. It was, however, not long afterwards reſtored to its proper county.

Edward I. after the ſurrender of the garriſon that David left in it, gave the caſtle to his conſort, Eleanor, from whom it acquired the name of *Queen Hope*. She lodged here in her journey to Caernarvon; and either during her abode in the caſtle, or very ſhortly afterwards, it was by ſome accident ſet on fire, and burnt ‡.

* Powel, 350. † Carte, ii. 193.

‡ Camden. Yorke, 63.

In the firſt year of the ſucceeding reign, this caſtle and manor were granted to John de Cromwell, on condition that at his own expence he ſhould repair the caſtle *.—Some years afterward they were given to ſir John Stanley.

The town of Hope received its firſt charter from Edward the Black Prince, in the year 1351. By this charter it is directed that the conſtable of the caſtle for the time being ſhould alſo be the mayor, and he was to chooſe annually from the burgeſſes two perſons as bailiffs.—All the privileges which the inhabitants enjoyed from this charter were afterwards confirmed by Richard II.—Caergwrle and Hope, in conjunction with Flint, Caerwys, Rhyddlan, and Overton, ſend a member to parliament †.

Mold

is a ſmall market town, conſiſting principally of one long and wide ſtreet.

The *church* is a neat building, ornamented all round the top of the outſide walls with gothic carvings of animals. The body was erected in the reign of Henry VII., but the tower is of more modern date. The pillars in the interior are light and elegant, and its whole appearance was exceedingly neat. There is a good monument of Richard Davies, eſq. of Llanerch, who died in the year 1728.

* Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 44. † Pennant, i. 435.

He

He is repreſented in an upright attitude, but, unfortunately, the figure has loſt its noſe from an accidental ſtone thrown through the window.—The epitaph on Dr. William Wynne of Tower, ſome time fellow of All Souls college Oxford, who died in the year 1776, deſerves a place here, not from its eccentricity, ſo much as its recording an example of an expreſs direction againſt interment within the walls of the church, which ought to be generally followed:

In conformity to ancient uſage;
from a proper regard to decency,
and a concern for the health of his
fellow-creatures, he was moved to give
particular directions for being buried
in the adjoining church-yard,
and not in the church.
And as he ſcorned flattering of others
while living, he has taken care to prevent
being flattered himſelf when dead,
by cauſing this ſmall memorial to be
ſet up in his life time.

God be merciful to me a ſinner.

There is alſo in this church an ancient cenotaph to the memory of Robert Warton, or Parfew, who was abbot of Bermondſey, but in 1536 was tranſlated to the ſee of St. Aſaph. He was interred at Hereford, but having been a conſiderable benefactor to the church of Mold, this cenotaph was erected as a grateful memorial of his beneficence.

Mold Castle.

From the church-yard a lofty mount called the Bailey Hill, was pointed out to me as the ſite of the caſtle*. Of the building there are not now, I believe, the ſmalleſt remains. The hill was planted on its ſummit, and round the bottom, with larches, firs, and other evergreens.

The caſtle appears to have been founded during the reign of William Rufus, by Robert Montalt, the ſon of the high ſteward of Cheſter. From him the place received its name of Mont Alt, or De Monte Alto†.

In the year 1144 it was ſeized and demoliſhed by Owen Gwynnedd, prince of Wales, and in little more than a century it appears to have ſeveral times changed owners. At length, in 1267, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn wreſted it from the hands of the Engliſh, and again deſtroyed it‡. It was ſoon rebuilt, and reſtored to the barons of Montalt.—In 1327, the laſt baron having no iſſue, conveyed it to Iſabel, the queen of Edward II., for life, with re-

* "At the north end of Byly ſtreate, appere ditches and hilles, yn token of an auncient caſtel, or building there. It is now called Mont Brenebyly." Leland's Itin. v. 35.

† This was alſo applicable to the elevated ſituation of the caſtle, and was ſynonymous with the Welſh name *Yr Wyddgrug*. See Dugdale's Baronage, i. 527.

‡ Powel, 199. 326, Matt. Paris, 576. Matt. Weſtm. 190. Holinſhed, ii. 236. Wynne, 279.

mainder to John of Eltham, a younger brother of Edward III. But on his death, without iſſue, it reverted with his poſſeſſions to the crown.

The lordſhip became ſome time afterwards the property of the Stanley family. The earls of Derby poſſeſſed it till the execution of James, after which it was purchaſed, along with the manor of Hope, by ſome perſons whoſe names I have not been able to learn, who enjoyed them till the reſtoration. At the concluſion of the civil wars, the earl of Derby agreed to pay eleven thouſand pounds for theſe manors; but afterwards retracting, the king ordered the former purchaſers to be confirmed in their poſſeſſion. The Derby family, however, by ſome means regained the manor of Hope, but that of Mold was loſt to them for ever *.

Maes Garmon.

About a mile weſt of Mold, and not far from Rhual, the ſeat of the Griffiths, is a place which to this day retains the name of Maes Garmon, *The Field of Garmon or Germanus*. On this ſpot, in Eaſter week 448, was fought the celebrated battle between the joint forces of the Picts and Scots againſt the Britons, headed by the biſhops Germanus and Lupus, who had about two years before been ſent into this kingdom. Previouſly to the engagement, Germanus inſtructed the ſoldiers to attend

* Pennant, i. 426.

to the word given them by the prieſts on the field of battle, and to repeat it with energy through the whole army. When the forces were prepared for the critical onſet, that was to decide the important fate of the day, Germanus pronounced aloud ALLELUIA! The prieſts repeated it thrice, and it was afterwards taken up by the voices of the whole army, till even the hills reverberated the ſound. The enemy, confounded, affrighted, and trembling, fled on every ſide. The Britons purſued, and left few alive to relate the diſmal ſtory. Moſt of them fell by the ſword, but many threw themſelves into the adjoining river, and periſhed in the flood*. This victory has been called by all the hiſtorians *Victoria Alleluiatica.*—A pyramidal ſtone column, erected on the ſpot in 1736 by Nathaniel Griffith, eſq. of Rhual, commemorates the event in the following inſcription;

Ad annum
CCCCXX
Saxones Pictique bellum adverſus
Britones junctis viribus ſuſciperunt
In hac regione, hodieque MAES GARMON
Appellata: cum in prælium deſcenditur,
Apoſtolicis Britonum ducibus *Germano*
Et *Lupo*, CHRISTUS militabat in caſtris;
Alleluia tertio repetitum exclamabant,
Hodie agmen terrore proſternitur;

* The river is at preſent ſo very ſhallow, that it would ſcarcely drown a dog: this battle might have taken place during an overflowing of the water in conſequence of heavy rains.

Trium-

Triumphant
Hoſtibus fuſis ſine ſanguine;
Palmâ fide non viribus obtentâ.
M. P.
In victoriæ Alleluiaticæ memoriam.
N. G.
MDCCXXXVI.

The date of this battle ſeems to have been miſtaken both by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Pennant, who each fix it in the year 420. Matthew of Weſtminſter, from whoſe work the preceding account is extracted, ſays expreſsly that it took place in 448, and that Germanus and Lupus did not arrive in this kingdom till about two years before this time*. He mentions nothing of the Saxons having any ſhare in the buſineſs; nor indeed does it appear very probable that they ſhould, ſince their army was not introduced by Vortigern till the following year. What has been ſaid, that the Saxons here engaged might have been ſuch as came over on ſome predatory excurſion, prior to the invitation of Vortigern, can have little validity when ſuch evidence both direct and circumſtantial is to be adduced to the contrary. The arrival of the Saxons prior to that period, ſeems however of much leſs importance in the proof than the arrival of the biſhops, for they evidently were not in the kingdom till twenty-ſix years after the generally ſuppoſed time of the event.

* Matt. Weſt. 152—154. In Rymer, i. 443, it is ſaid to have taken place about the year 447.

CHAP. XVII.

Mold to Ruthin.

Vale of Clwyd.—Llanrhaiadr.—Church.—Epitaph recording a Deſcent from one of the Welſh Princes.—The Well at Llanrhaiadr.—Ruthin.—Church.—Caſtle.—Hiſtory of the Town and Caſtle.

From Mold I went again to Denbigh, in order to purſue a regular track through the remainder of North Wales to Shrewſbury, which was the place I had fixed as the termination of my pedeſtrian ramble, and from whence I intended to take coach immediately to London.

I was highly delighted with my walk along the vale of Clwyd, from Denbigh to Ruthin. The views all the way were of the elegant, rich, and here picturesque vale, bounded by the diſtant Clwyddian hills. The day was peculiarly favourable to this kind of ſcenery; it was dark and hot, and the rolling clouds that hung heavily in the atmoſphere, tinged the mountains with their ſombre ſhade, which gave an indeſcribable richneſs to the ſcenes.

LLANRHAIADR.

I arrived at Llanrhaiadr, *The Village of the Cataract* *, which is ſituated on a ſmall eminence in the midſt of this fertile vale.

The *church* is a handſome ſtructure, with a large and ſomewhat elegant eaſt window, containing a repreſentation of the genealogy of Chriſt from Jeſſe. The patriarch is painted as ſprawling upon his back, with the genealogical tree growing from his ſtomach. —I was wandering carelefsly about this building, when I caſt my eyes on a tombſtone containing the following inſcription, which affords a memorable inſtance of the pride of anceſtry which is inherent in the Welſh character:

Heare lyeth the body of
John, ap Robert of Porth, ap
David, ap Griffith, ap David
Vaughan, ap Blethyn, ap
Griffith, ap Meredith,
ap Iorworth, ap Llewelyn,
ap Ieroth, ap Heilin, ap
Cowryd, ap Cadvan, ap
Alawgwa, ap Cadell,
the
KING OF POWIS,
who departed this life the
xx day of March, in the
year of our Lord God
1643, and of
his age xcv.

* This is the literal tranſlation of the Welſh word: whence the name can have been derived I know not, as there is no cataract near the place.

About

About a quarter of a mile diſtant there is a celebrated ſpring called Ffynnon Dyfnog, *The Well of Dyfnog*. There was on this ſpot a bath, and formerly a chapel dedicated to this Welſh ſaint.

RUTHIN.

I proceeded on my journey, and found the ſcenery all the way to Ruthin, *The Red Fort*, extremely beautiful.—This place, like St. Aſaph and Denbigh, is pleaſantly ſituated on a conſiderable eminence nearly in the middle of the Vale of Clwyd. At a little diſtance behind the town, the mountains ſeem to cloſe up the end of the vale. From different ſituations in the outſkirts of the town I had ſeveral fine proſpects of the adjacent country. The little river Clwyd runs through this place, and is here ſcarcely three yards acroſs.—Ruthin is a large and tolerably populous town, having two markets in the week, one on Saturday for meat, and the other on Monday principally for corn. The county-gaol for Denbighſhire is here: it is a neat and well-conſtructed building.

The *church* was originally conventual, belonging to a houſe of Bon-hommes, a ſpecies of Auguſtine monks. It was made collegiate in 1310 by John, the ſon of Reginald de Grey, lord of Dyffryn Clwyd, who endowed it with upwards of two hundred acres of land, granted to it many privileges, and eſtabliſhed ſeven regular prieſts, one of whom was to ſerve the chapel of the garriſon. In this ſtate it probably con-

continued till the diſſolution, but neither Dugdale nor Speed have mentioned its valuation.—The apartments of the prieſts were joined to the church by a cloiſter, part of which is built up, and now ſerves as the manſion of the warden.—The tower is of a much later date than the reſt of the building.

It is believed that there was formerly a *houſe of white friars* in this place: of this there is nothing left except the name.

Ruthin Castle

Was ſituated on the north ſide of the town, and on no great elevation. Its preſent remains are a few foundations of the walls, and the fragments of a tower or two. Some parts of the building appear to have been of vaſt ſtrength and thickneſs. The ſtone of which it was formed was of a brick red colour, whence the place had the name of Rhudd Dalin (or Dinas), *The Red Fort*. On the area of the caſtle there is at preſent a meadow, and in another part a five's court, and bowling-green. The walls afford a fine proſpect of the vale.—The following is a deſcription of this fortreſs during the ſixteenth century, previouſly to its demolition:

> This caſtle ſtands on rocke much like red bricke,
> The dykes are cut with tool through ſtony cragge,
> The towers are high, the walls are large and thicke,
> The worke itſelf would ſhake a ſubject's bagge,
> If he were bent to build the like againe.
> It reſts on mount, and lookes o'er wood and playne,

It

It hath great ſtore of chambers finely wrought
That tyme alone to great decay hath brought.

It ſhews within by double walls and wayes,
A deep device did firſt erect the ſame;
It makes oure worlde to think on elder dayes
Becauſe one worke was form'd in ſuch a frame.
One tower or waull the other anſwers right,
As though at call each thing ſhould pleaſe the ſight:
The rocke wrought round where every tower doth ſtand
Set forthe full fine by head, by heart, and hand.

The town and caſtle of Ruthin appear to have been founded by Reginald Grey, ſecond ſon to lord Grey de Wilton, to whom Edward I. had given nearly the whole of the vale of Clwyd, as a reward for his active ſervices againſt the Welſh. His poſterity, who received the title of earls of Kent, reſided here, till earl Richard, having diſſipated his fortune by gambling, ſold the whole property to king Henry VII.—From this time the caſtle, being unroofed, fell into decay, till, along with large revenues in the vale, it was beſtowed by the bounty of queen Elizabeth, on Ambroſe earl of Warwick. By him it was repaired, and again rendered tenable.

During a fair that was holden at Ruthin in the year 1400, the ſoldiers of Glyndwr ſuddenly entered the town. They ſet it on fire in various places, plundered the merchants, and again retired in ſafety to the mountains.

In

In the civil wars the caſtle was retained by the royaliſt party till February 1645-6: it was then attacked, and, after a ſiege of near two months, was ſurrendered to general Mytton. Colonel Maſon was made governor; but in the ſame year it was ordered by the parliament to be diſmantled.

CHAP. XVIII.

RUTHIN TO LLANGOLLEN.

The Vale of Crucis.—The Pillar of Eliseg.—Vale Crucis Abbey. Singular Explanation of an Inscription.—Llangollen.—Llangollen Bridge and Church.—Plas Newydd, the Seat of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.—Castell Dinas Bran.—Craig Eglwyseg.—History of Castell Dinas Bran.—Mysanwy Vechan.—Excursion round the Vale of Llangollen.—Aqueduct near Pont y' Cyssyllte.—Views.—The Inn at Llangollen.

I LEFT Ruthin early in the morning. The clouds began to collect, and a drizzly rain came on, which lasted without intermission till I arrived within four miles of Llangollen. I thus lost several probably fine views from the high mountains that form the eastern barrier of the vale of Clwyd, over which the road winds. During the greatest part of this journey I was so enveloped in clouds and mist, that I could not, literally, discern objects that were twenty yards distant from me.

VALE OF CRUCIS.

About ten miles from Ruthin I descended into this, one of the most charmingly secluded vales that our kingdom can boast, surrounded by high mountains,

tains, and abrupt rocks towering rudely into the ſky. The bottoms of theſe were, in many places, clad with wood and verdure. In this vale are ſeated the venerable ruins of Llan Egweſt, or Valle Crucis abbey; and from the road, at a little diſtance, the fine gothic weſt end, embowered in trees, and backed by the mountain, on whoſe ſummit ſtand the ſhattered remains of Caſtell Dinas Brân, form a ſcene finely picturesque. The adjacent precipices were enlivened by the browſing flocks, which were ſcattered along their ſides, and by

> Kites that ſwim ſublime
> In ſtill-repeated circles, ſcreaming loud,

whilſt from below I was entertained with

> The cheerful ſound
> Of woodland harmony, that always fills
> The merry vale between.

The rugged and woody banks of the Dee, upon my proceeding onward, ſoon added a freſh intereſt to the ſcenery of this beautiful retreat.—The vale extends nearly to Llangollen; and at the diſtance of about a mile, the town, with its church and antique bridge, romantically emboſomed in mountains, whoſe rugged ſummits pierced the clouds, became additional features in the landſcape.

Pillar of Eliseg.

The vale of Crucis is indebted for its name to this croſs, or pillar, which is to be found in a meadow near

near the abbey; and juſt oppoſite to the ſecond mile-ſtone from Llangollen *. This pillar is very ancient. It appears to have been erected upwards of a thouſand years ago, in memory of Eliſeg (the father of Brochwel Yſcithroc, prince of Powis, who was ſlain at the battle of Cheſter in 607), by Conceun, or Congen, his great grandſon. The inſcription is not at preſent legible †. The ſhaft was once above twelve feet long, but having been thrown down and broken ſome time during the civil wars, its upper part, only about ſeven feet in length, was left. After theſe commotions it was ſuffered to lie neglected for more than a century. At length, in 1779, Mr. Lloyd of Trevor Hall, the owner of the property on which it now ſtands, cauſed this part of it to be raiſed from the rubbiſh with which it was covered, and placed once again on its pedeſtal.

Valle Crucis Abbey,

Or, as it is called by the Welſh, Llan Egweſt abbey, is about a quarter of a mile from the pillar of Eliſeg. It is a grand and majeſtic ruin, affording ſome elegant ſpecimens of the ancient gothic architecture.

* Buck ſays the vale took its name from the circumſtance of the abbey having poſſeſſed a piece of the true croſs. This, we are informed, was given to Edward I., who, in return for ſo valuable a preſent, granted to the abbey ſeveral immunities. Buck's Antiquities. Matt. Weſtm. 371.

† Mr. Edward Lhwyd copied it when it was in a more perfect ſtate. See Gough's Camden, ii. 582.

Miſs

Miſs Seward has addreſſed this abbey in language finely poetical and deſcriptive:

Say ivy'd, Valle Crucis, time decay'd,
Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering flood,
Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,
Your gay hills towering o'er your night of wood,
Deep in the vales's receſſes as you ſtand,
And deſolately great the riſing ſigh command.

There are ſtill remaining of the church the eaſt and weſt ends, and the ſouth tranſept. In the weſt end there is an arched door-way, that has been highly and very beautifully ornamented: over this, in a round arch, there have been three lancet windows; and above theſe a circular, or marigold one, with eight diviſions. The eaſt end, from its ſtile of architecture, appears of higher antiquity than the other; and its three long, narrow, and pointed windows, give it a heavy appearance. The cloiſter on the ſouth ſide, which a century ago was only a ſhell, is now converted into a dwelling-houſe, the reſidence of the perſon who farms the adjacent land. Three rows of groined arches, on ſingle round pillars, ſupport the dormitory, which is now a loft for containing corn, approached by ſteps from without. The floors are here ſo thick, from their being arched beneath, that when the doors are ſhut, and the threſhers are at work, even in that part directly over the preſent kitchen, they cannot be heard below.—Part of a chimney in one of the bed-chambers is a relic of a ſepulchral monument.—The ornaments

to the pillars and arches are of free-ſtone, and many of them are perfectly freſh and beautiful. The area of the church is overgrown with tall aſh-trees, which hide from the ſight ſome parts of the ruin, but contribute greatly to its pictureſque beauty.

I doe love theſe auncient ruynes,
We never tread upon them but we ſet
Oure foote upon ſome reverend hiſtorie;
And queſtionleſs here, in this open courte
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of ſtormy weather) ſome men lye interred
Who lov'd the church ſo well and gave ſo largely to't,
They thought it ſhould have canopied their bones
Till dombesday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities (which have diſeaſes like to men)
Muſt have like death that we have.

This ſober ſhade
Lets fall a ſerious gloom upon the mind
That checks but not appals. Such are the haunts
Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,
Whoſe tender eye bears not the blaze of day.

Valle Crucis was a houſe of Ciſtertian monks, dedicated to the virgin mother. It was indebted for its foundation, about the year 1200, to Madoc ap Griffith, a prince of Powis, who, after various ſucceſſes, and acquiring much booty by the reduction and ruin of Engliſh caſtles, dedicated a portion of his plunder to the ſervice of religion! He was interred here. At the diſſolution the revenues appear to have amounted to about two hundred pounds *per annum* *.

* Powel, 255.—293. Tanner. Yorke, 57.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude my account with a ſingular paſſage from Mr. Groſe's work on the Antiquities of Great Britain. It contains the explanation by Mr. Griffiths of the Navy Office, of an inſcription found on the ruins, and is as good a ſpecimen of antiquarian *ipſe dixit* as I have ever met with:

" Moſt of theſe houſes were founded by an injunction from the popes, by way of penance, upon ſome great lords of thoſe times, for what the holy church judged infringements on her prerogative; or for ſome crime which thoſe fathers of the church knew full well how to avail themſelves of.—Taking the matter in this light, and from the Welſh name of the place, the inſcription upon the ruins will be intelligible. The characters are maſo-gothic, and franco-theotiſcan mixt.—MD H OO HR BMSPOE ac̄ hꝺ aPO u S ÷ PRO BHQV OES CM G RQO.—The firſt double letters I take to be MAD, or Madocus; H. hoc; OO. monaſterium; HR. honori; B. beatæ; M. Mariæ; S. ſanctæ; P. pœnitens; OE. Œdificavit; ac, et; h ⊙. hoc; aP. appropriavit; Ou S. opus; PRO. pro; B. bono; HQV. hoſpitioque; OES. ejuſdem; CM. centum marcas; GR. gratis; Q. quoque; O. ordinavit.—In Engliſh, *Madoc, a penitent, erected this monaſtery to the honour of the bleſſed and holy Virgin, and appropriated for this work, and for the better maintenance thereof, an hundred marks, which he freely ſettled on them!*"

LLANGOLLEN.

From theſe elegant and beautiful ſcenes I wandered into the dirty, ill built, and diſagreeable town of Llangollen. The ſtreets are narrow, and all the houſes are built of the dark ſhaly ſtone ſo common in North Wales. The ſituation of this place is, however, truly delightful to the admirer of nature: it ſtands on rocks that overlook the Dee, and is ſurrounded by high and bold mountains.

The *bridge*, which conſiſts of five narrow and pointed arches, was originally erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, by John Trevor, biſhop of St. Aſaph. It is built on the rock, and in a place where it would almoſt ſeem impoſſible to fix a foundation ſufficiently firm to withſtand the furious rapidity of the current, which has worn the ſhelving maſſes to a black and gloſſy poliſh. During late years it has undergone conſiderable repairs.

In the *church* I found nothing deſerving of attention. The name of the patron ſaint, who has left behind him a legend worthy even of the Koran, is pretty enough, and of no great length! *Collen, ap Gwynawc, ap Clydawc, ap Cowrda, ap Caradawc Freichpas, ap Llyr Meirim, ap Einion Urth, ap Cunedda Wledig* *!—From the church-yard, the lofty mountains, on one of which ſtands Caſtell Dinas Brân, and the woody banks of the Dee, whoſe

* Bonnedd y Saint. Welſh Archeology, ii. 52.

rapid

rapid ſtream winds along the valley, form a ſcene by no means inelegant.

Plas Newydd.

About a quarter of a mile ſouth of Llangollen is Plâs Newydd, the charming retreat of lady Eleanor Butler and Miſs Ponſonby, which, however, has of late years been probably too much intruded upon by the curioſity of the multitudes of touriſts who every ſummer viſit Llangollen. Lady Eleanor Butler was, I am informed, the youngeſt ſiſter of the late, and is conſequently aunt to the preſent earl of Ormond.—Miſs Ponſonby is the grand-daughter of general Ponſonby, who was ſlain in the battle of Fontenoy. Her father, Mr. Chambre Ponſonby, married Miſs Louiſa Lyons, a moſt elegant and accompliſhed woman, the ſecond daughter of captain John Lyons, clerk of the council in Dublin. This lady lived but a few years after her marriage, and left the preſent Miſs Ponſonby, her only child.—Theſe two females, delighted with the ſcenery around Llangollen, when it was little known to the reſt of the world, ſought here a philoſophical retirement from the frivolties of faſhionable life, erected a dwelling that commands a fine mountain proſpect, and have reſided here ever ſince.

Castell Dinas Bran

Is ſituated on a high, and ſomewhat conical hill, about a mile from Llangollen. This hill is ſo very ſteep on all ſides, towards the ſummit, as to render the walk to the caſtle not a little fatiguing.—The building has been about a hundred yards long, and fifty in breadth; and it formerly occupied the whole crown of the mountain. From its extremely elevated ſituation it muſt have been a place of vaſt ſtrength. On the ſide which is leaſt ſteep it was defended by trenches cut through the ſolid rock. The preſent remains conſiſt of nothing more than a few ſhattered walls. The views from hence on every ſide are very grand. Towards the eaſt I could look along the whole vale of Llangollen, through which the Dee was ſeen to foam over its bed of rocks; and, beyond the vale, I could ſee all the flat and highly cultivated country that extended for many miles. Juſt beneath me lay the town of Llangollen. Towards the weſt I overlooked the vale of Crucis, and the mountains beyond it were all expoſed, their dark ſides agreeably varied with wood and meadow. On the north-weſt I was much ſtruck with the ſingular appearance of a vaſt rock called Craig Eglwyſeg, *The Eagle's Rock*, from a tradition that formerly a pair of eagles had their neſt, or aëry, here. Leland has miſtaken this rock for that on which the caſtle ſtands, where he ſays, "there bredith every yere an egle. And the egle doth forely

ſorely aſſault hym that deſtroyeth the neſt; going downe in one baſket, and having another over his hedde, to defend the ſore ſtripes of the egle." For upwards of a mile this rock lies ſtratum upon ſtratum, in ſuch a direction as to form a kind of horizontal ſteps, denominated by naturaliſts *ſaxa ſedilia*.—The inhabitants of Llangollen aſſert, that in one part of the rock there is an opening, whence a long arched paſſage leads to the foundation of the caſtle. The latter part of this aſſertion is evidently falſe from the ſituation of the building; and I could ſcarcely even credit the report of a cavern in the rock, for, though ſuch is generally believed to exiſt, I was not able on frequent inquiry either to find any perſon who had himſelf ſeen it, nor could any one point out its ſituation to enable me to examine it.

History of Castell Dinas Bran.

This fortreſs, from the ſtile of its architecture, was evidently the work of the Britons. It is ſuppoſed by ſome writers to have been founded by Brennus, the Gaulic general, who is reputed to have come into this country to contend with his brother Belinus. The ſimilarity of names ſeems, however, the only foundation for the conjecture, and the moſt accurate hiſtorians believe it to have originated at a much later period.—The mountain river Brân runs at the foot of the hill, but whether the fortreſs derived its name from the ſtream, or the ſtream from

from the fortreſs, would be no eaſy matter to decide at the preſent day: Mr. Edward Lhwyd, a juſtly celebrated antiquary, who lived upwards of a century ago, conſiders the former to have been the caſe.

Caſtell Dinas Brân was the principal reſidence of the lords of Yale, and probably was founded by one of them.—In the reign of Henry III., Griffith ap Madoc reſided here. He had married the daughter of James lord Audley, by which his affections were alienated from his own country; and he took part with the Engliſh againſt the Welſh prince. This induced a perſecution, which compelled him to ſeek for ſecurity in this aërial retreat, and confine himſelf to the walls of his caſtle. The Welſh writers ſay that grief and ſhame, not long afterwards, put an end to his life *.—His ſon poſſeſſed the property; and, after his death, the guardianſhip of his two children was given by Edward I. to John earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer. In the account of Holt caſtle, I have ſtated that the iniquitous guardians cauſed the boys to be murdered, and then ſeized the eſtates to their own uſe. Caſtell Dinas Brân was part of Warren's ſhare in the plunder †.

In the ninth year of Edward II., the grandſon of the earl of Warren having no iſſue, ſurrendered this and other fortreſſes to the king. Being, how-

* Powel, 194, Pennant, i. 216. 297.

† Gibſon's Camden, 682.

ever,

ever, afterwards ſeparated from his wife, he obtained a regrant of the eſtates to himſelf, and his miſtreſs, Matilda de Nereford, for life, with remainder to their children. Matilda was the laſt ſurvivor, and therefore on her death, in the thirty-third year of Edward III., they reverted to the crown.—Not long afterwards they were given to Edward Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel; and from him they ſeem to have followed the ſucceſſion of the lords of Bromfield *.

In 1390, Caſtell Dinas Brân was the habitation of Myfanwy Vechan, a very beautiful and accompliſhed female, a deſcendant of the houſe of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by Howel ap Einion Lygliw, a Welſh bard, who addreſſed to her an ode full of ſweetneſs and beauty †:

'Mid the gay towers on ſteep Din's Branna's cone,
Her Hoel's breaſt the fair Myſanwy fires,
Oh! harp of Cambria, never haſt thou known
Notes more melliſluent floating o'er the wires,
Than when thy bard this brighter Laura ſung,
And with his ill-ſtarr'd love Llangollen's echoes rung.

Thus conſecrate to love in ages flown,
Long ages fled, Din's Branna's ruins ſhew,
Bleak as they ſtand upon their ſteepy cone,
The crown and contraſt of the vale below,
That ſcreen'd by mural rocks with pride diſplays
Beauty's romantic pomp in every ſylvan maze.

At what period this caſtle was demoliſhed, we have no information. Churchyard, who viſited it

* See the account of Holt caſtle. † Pennant, i. 298.

in

in the ſixteenth century, calls it "an old and ruynous thing *."

Vale of Llangollen.

In order that I might ſee the beauties of the vale of Llangollen to as great an advantage as poſſible, I determined to walk round it. This led me through a circuit of about eleven miles.—I croſſed Llangollen bridge, and went along the road leading to Ruabon and Wrexham, on the north ſide of the river. The ſcenery in this direction was pretty, but from the lowneſs of the road it had nothing particularly intereſting. The moſt beautiful proſpects were thoſe that I had by looking back towards the town. In theſe the caſtle, from its great elevation, formed a very conſpicuous feature; and in many places the Dee added conſiderable beauty to the ſcene.—I paſſed Trevor Hall, the family ſeat of the Lloyds, ſeated on an eminence above the road.

I had proceeded ſomewhat more than four miles when I turned to the right, along a road which led over the Dee at Pont y Cyſſyllte. Near this bridge I ſaw the columns of the famous *aqueduct* formed for conveying the water over the river Dee and the vale of Llangollen. At the time I was here there were eleven erected: they were of ſtone, and ſquare, and the two that ſtood in the bed of the river were each about a hundred and twenty feet high. From a tablet on one of them I copied the following in-

* Worthines of Wales, 127.

ſcription,

ſcription, which will ſufficiently explain the nature of the undertaking:

The Noblity and Gentry of
the adjacent counties
having united, their efforts with
the great commercial intereſt of this country,
in creating an intercourſe and union, between
England and North Wales,
by a navigable communication of the three rivers,
Severn, Dee, and Merſey,
for the mutual beneſit of agriculture and trade,
cauſed the firſt ſtone of this aqueduct of
Pont Cyſyllty,
to be laid, on the 25th day of July, MDCCXCV.
when Richard Middleton of Chirk, Eſquire, M.P.
one of the original patrons of the
Elleſmere Canal,
was Lord of this manor,
and in the reign of our ſovereign
GEORGE THE THIRD,
when the equity of the laws and
the ſecurity of property,
promoted the general welfare of the nation,
while the arts and ſciences flouriſhed
by his patronage, and
the conduct of civil life, was improved
by his example.

I returned to Llangollen by the Oſweſtry road on the ſouth ſide of the river. This is conſiderably elevated above the bottom of the vale, and from hence all the ſurrounding objects are ſeen to great advantage. From theſe ſteep banks the Dee's tranſparent ſtream is ſeen to wind in elegant curves, along

the wooded meadows beneath. The mountains on the oppoſite ſide of the vale are finely varied in ſhape and tints; and Trevor Hall, ſeated on its eminence, emboſomed in woods, lent its aid to decorate the ſcene. From hence Caſtell Dinas Brân, and its conical hill, ſeem to cloſe up the end of the vale, and imperiouſly to hold in ſubjection all the ſurrounding country. This ſylvan vale, juſtly celebrated for its numerous beauties, affords many pictureſque and highly romantic ſcenes.

The Hand is the only tolerably good *inn* in Llangollen, but in ſummer I have more than once found it very unpleaſant, from the crowd of travellers that are conſtantly paſſing on the great roads to and from Ireland, and from the number of Welſh touriſts that viſit Llangollen. I never yet heard any one ſay that he received either civility, or good accommodation, at this houſe: I have often heard, and I have experienced the contrary.

CHAP. XIX.

LLANGOLLEN TO CORWEN.

The Vale of the Dee.—Llandyſilio Hall.—Extenſive Proſpect.—Memoranda of Owen Glyndwr. – Corwen.—Church. – Picturesque Scene.—Cefyn Creini.—Excurſion to Glynn Bridge.

ALL the country betwixt Llangollen and Corwen is exceedingly beautiful. The road, for about a mile, extends along the pictureſque vale of Crucis, which, through its whole length, is adorned with woods, and in many places enlivened by neat little cottages peeping from among the trees.—I had not paſſed this vale far before I entered *the valley of the Dee*, Glyn Dyfrdwy, celebrated as, ſome centuries ago, the property of the Welſh hero, Owen Glyndwr. The mountains are high, and their features bold and prominent. From the winding of the river, and the turnings of the vale, almoſt every ſtep preſented a new landſcape.

I paſſed Llandyſilio hall, the family ſeat of the Jones's, ſeated on a woody flat, near the oppoſite edge of the Dee. From its ſituation in the boſom of the mountains, it is ſecluded from the world, but there is ſo much elegance around it, that it appeared to me a charming retreat.—This Tyſilio, to whom the

the parish church is dedicated, and from whom the hall takes its name, was a Welsh saint, and held in such veneration, that no fewer than six churches have been dedicated to him. He was the son of a prince of Powis, and the writer of the most ancient history of Britain now extant.

Looking back upon the country I had left, I saw Castell Dinas Brân, and its accompanying rock, Craig Eglwyseg, at the head of the vale. The latter forms from hence a very conspicuous object.

About half a mile beyond Llandysilio, I clambered to the top of a lofty hill on the left of the road. I was considerably deceived in its height. I fancied that it extended no higher than the ridge visible from the road; but I had no sooner attained this, than I had another eminence before me: I persevered, and found two others equally high beyond this.

From the summit of this eminence I had a view of the whole vale and its various windings, with its still more serpentizing river, immediately beneath me. Castell Dinas Brân was very evidently lower than my present station. I could carry my eye along the entire vale of Llangollen, and over the flat country for many miles beyond, to the far distant mountains on the verge of the horizon.

I descended to the road, and continued my journey.—Beyond the fourth mile-stone, the vale began to

to change its appearance. The road, inſtead of winding amongſt mountains, now lay in a direct line.

About three miles farther on, an oak wood on the left, and a ſmall clump of firs on an eminence on the right of the road, mark the place near which the palace of "the wild and irregular" Owen Glyndwr once ſtood. There are at preſent no other remains of it than a few ſcattered heaps of ſtones. Iolo Goch, Owen's bard, about the year 1390, wrote a poem containing a deſcription of this palace. He ſays it was ſurrounded by a moat filled with water, and that the entrance was by a coſtly gate over a bridge. The ſtile ſeems to have been of gothic architecture, for he compares one of the towers to a part of Weſtminſter abbey. It was a Neapolitan building, containing eighteen apartments, "a fair *timber* ſtructure, on the ſummit of a green hill."

Memoranda of Owen Glyndwr.

This celebrated hero, whoſe actions make ſo conſpicuous a figure in the Engliſh hiſtory at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was the ſon of Griffith Vychan, a deſcendant of Meredith, prince of North Wales. He received a liberal education; and when of proper age, was admitted a ſtudent in one of our inns of court, and was afterwards regularly called to the bar. It is probable that he ſoon quitted the profeſſion of the law, and adopted that of arms, which, as it afterwards proved, was much

more congenial with his diſpoſition. He warmly eſpouſed the cauſe of Richard II., to whom he was ſincerely attached. He adhered to his royal maſter till the laſt, having been taken priſoner with him in Flint caſtle; and when the king's houſehold was diſſolved, retired to his patrimony in Wales, with full reſentment of his ſovereign's wrongs. It appears that during the reign of Richard II. he had received the honour of knighthood, for in a legal proceſs of that period, he is ſtiled ſir Owen de Glendore.

He married a daughter of ſir David Hanmer, of Hanmer in Flintſhire, one of the juſtices of the court of King's Bench; and had by her ſeveral children.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. Reginald lord Grey, of Ruthin, taking advantage of the depoſal of Richard, and Glyndwr's attachment to his cauſe, wreſted from him a conſiderable part of his poſſeſſions. Glyndwr applied to the parliament for redreſs, but in vain. His ambitious ſpirit, conſpiring with a ſenſe of his wrongs, and a deteſtation for the uſurper Bolingbroke, determined him to throw off, if poſſible, the Engliſh yoke, and to obtain by force the government of Wales. He revolved in his mind his own genealogy, a deſcendant from the ancient Britiſh princes: his ſuperſtitious notions attached to himſelf many of the propheſies of Merlin, and other bards of former years. Theſe, with the dreadful omens that he believed had taken place at his birth, confirmed him in the opinion that he was deſtined

to be the redeemer of his country from the tyranny and oppreſſion of the Engliſh throne. Shakſpere puts a finely deſcriptive ſpeech into the character of Glyndwr:

> At my birth
> The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds,
> Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
> Theſe ſigns have marked me extraordinary,
> And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
> I am not in the roll of common men.

He firſt appeared in arms in the year 1400; and commenced his warlike career, by attacking his chief enemy, lord Grey. He was ſo far ſucceſsful as to take this nobleman priſoner; and he compelled him to marry one of his daughters. By this ſucceſs his eſtates were recovered. Glyndwr now meditated, and ſoon afterwards performed more extenſive exploits. Aided by the inacceſſible mountains of Wales, and ſoldiers on whoſe valour he had the utmoſt reliance, he ſet at defiance the whole power of England. After a ſeries of engagements which laſted more than twelve years, he proved himſelf ſo formidable an enemy to Henry IV. that at length the Engliſh monarch thought it politic to make him an offer of accommodation. Death, however, prevented him from accepting it. He died in September 1415, as it is ſuppoſed, at the houſe of one of his daughters at Monnington in Herefordſhire; and he probably was buried at that place, but there is

no memorial whatever of the ſpot where his body was depoſited.

Superſtition ſeems to have been a reigning folly with Glyndwr during the whole of his life. This, together with his own wonderful exploits, and the deſire of infuſing terror into the minds of his foes, ſeems to have been the cauſe of his declaring himſelf ſkilled in magic.

> Where is he living—clipp'd in with the ſea,
> That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
> Which calls me pupil, or has read to me?
> And bring him out that is but woman's ſon,
> Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
> Or hold me pace in deep experiments.—
> I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

In his general character, Glyndwr appears to have been bold, ſpirited, and ambitious; but, from his ſtrong and unaffected attachment to the unfortunate Richard, every one muſt eſteem him as having been a faithful friend, who had dared to follow his maſter's fortunes to the laſt. His ſpirit of revenge led him too often to acts of cruelty towards his captured enemies, and even towards thoſe of his countrymen who did not ſhew themſelves active in his cauſe. His chief bard, Griffith Llwyd, ſpeaks in high terms of his valour:

> Loud fame has told thy gallant deeds,
> In every word a Saxon bleeds,
> Terror and flight together came,
> Obedient to thy mighty name:

Death

Death in the van with ample ſtride,
Hewed thee a paſſage deep and wide;
Stubborn as ſteel thy nervous cheſt
A more than mortal's ſtrength poſſeſs'd.

The monkiſh writers, all of whom were under the influence of his enemies, aſſert, that Glyndwr ended his days in the utmoſt miſery: that, outcaſt from ſociety, he wandered from place to place, diſguiſed in the garb of a ſhepherd, and in a moſt low and abject condition: that he was forced to ſhelter himſelf even in caverns and deſert places from the fury of his enemies. But it is evident that if his ſituation had been thus deplorable, the Engliſh monarch would never have condeſcended to propoſe terms to ſuch a ſcourge as Glyndwr had proved himſelf to his kingdom.—The Welſh chieftain died unſubdued *.

For two miles before I arrived at Corwen the vale had completely changed its aſpect. It was here deſtitute of wood, and the low and verdant mountains were cultivated nearly to their ſummits. The river Dee had aſſumed a placid form, and glided ſilently and ſmoothly within its flat and meadowy banks.

* Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in North Wales, p. 325—392, has given a very long and detailed account of the actions of this celebrated character. From this account, corroborated by the old hiſtorians, the preceding character has been principally drawn.

CORWEN,

The White Choir, is a diſagreeable little town, with a white-waſhed church. Its ſituation is under a rock at the foot of the Berwyn mountains.—It is a place much reſorted to by anglers, who come here for the advantage of fiſhing in the Dee, which abounds in ſalmon, trout, and various other ſpecies of eſculent fiſh.

The church contains an ancient monument to the memory of Iorwerth Sulien, one of the vicars. In the church-yard there is an apparently very old ſquare ſtone pillar, that has once had much carved work upon it, but from the effects of time and weather, this is now nearly obliterated.—There is alſo, joining upon the church-yard, an alms-houſe, founded in 1709 by William Eyton, eſq. of Plàs Warren, in Shropſhire, for the uſe of ſix clergymen's widows of Merionethſhire.

A mill on a ſtream at the back of the inn I found a pictureſque object; and ſome of the cottages near it are rude, and ſingularly built. The young artiſt would find here a good ſtudy or two.

Corwen is celebrated as having been a place of rendezvous to the Welſh forces under their prince Owen Gwynedd; who from hence, in 1165, put an end to the invaſion of Henry II. *

* Cam. Reg. i. 192.

Cefyn Creini.

Near the ſummit of a hill on the oppoſite ſide of the river, called Cefyn Creini, *The Mountain of Worſhip*, there is a vaſt circle of looſe ſtones, which bears the appearance of having once been a Britiſh fortification. This is called Caer Drewyn and Y Caer Wen, *The White Fort*. It is near half a mile in circumference, but the walls are at preſent in ſuch a ſtate, that at a diſtance they appear like huge heaps of ſtones piled round the circumference of a circle. Owen Gwynedd is believed to have occupied this poſt, whilſt Henry II. had his men encamped among the Berwyn mountains, on the oppoſite ſide of the vale. It is alſo related that Owen Glyndwr made uſe of this place in his occaſional retreats.—The whole circle is perfectly viſible from the road leading to Llanrwſt, at the diſtance of about two miles from the town.

Glynn Bridge.

From Corwen I made an excurſion of ſix miles to Pont y Glynn, *The Bridge of the Glen*, on the road leading to Llanrwſt. The ſcenery along the whole walk had numerous beauties; but from one ſituation I had an uncommonly fine view along the beautiful vale of Edeirnion, bounded by the lofty Berwyn mountains, and adorned with the moſt pleaſing cultivation.—The woody glen, at the head of which ſtands Pont

y Glynn, with its prominent rocks, nearly obſcured by the ſurrounding foliage, after a while preſented itſelf; and then, almoſt in a moment, on a ſudden turn of the road, appeared the bridge, thrown over the chaſm. Beneath it was the rugged and precipitous bed of the river, where, amongſt immenſe maſſes and huge fragments of rock, the ſtream foamed with the moſt violent impetuouſity. The tranſition to this romantic ſcene was ſo momentary, as to ſeem almoſt the effect of magic. The cataract is not very lofty, but from its being directly under the bridge, where the foam and ſpray was ſeen daſhing among the dark oppoſing rocks, and having the addition of pendant foliage from each ſide, a ſcene was formed altogether finely pictureſque and elegant. The bridge reſts on two nearly perpendicular rocks, and appears to be at leaſt fifty feet above the bed of the ſtream.—The view from thence down the hollow was grand and tremendous.

CHAP. XX.

Corwen to Bala.

The Vale of Edeirnion.—The Waterfall at Cynwyd.—Llanderfel.—Account of the Image of Derfel Gadarn, and the Superſtitions of the Welſh People.—Execution of Friar Foreſt, and the ſingular Completion of a Propheſy.—Memoranda of the Welſh Bard Llywarch Hên.—Bala.—Bala Lake.—Account of a Fiſh called Gwyniadd found here.—Dreadful Overflowings.—Excurſion round the Lake.—The Phenomenon called by the Welſh Dear-dor.—An Adventure of Two Gentlemen at Llanwchllyn.—Caſtell Corndochon.—Caer Gai.—The River Dee.

The diſtance from Corwen to Bala, along the uſual road, is about eleven miles; but as there was another that for ſome miles accompanied the Dee, I was induced to prefer it. This road, as I had imagined from my map, extended along the *vale of Edeirnion*, which I had ſo much admired in my late ramble to Glynn Bridge. I found it ſo bad, as in ſome places to be nearly impaſſable. From its very low ſituation I had few opportunities of ſeeing the elegancies of the vale; but whenever the road paſſed over an eminence, I found much to admire.

Water-

Waterfall of Cynwyd.

At the village of Cynwyd, *The Source of Miſchief*, (probably ſo called in conſequence of the courts which formerly were held there by the great men of the neighbourhood, to ſettle the boundaries of the adjacent commons, and to take cognizance of encroachments *,) I left the road about half a mile, and proceeded along a deep glen that led me to Rhaiadr Cynwyd, *The Waterfall of Cynwyd*. The water daſhed from precipice to precipice, among the wood and rocks, in the wildeſt and moſt romantic manner imaginable. The ſcene was ſo varied from the confuſion of the water foaming in every direction, and partly hidden by the ſhrubs and trees growing on the ledges of the rocks, that the pen cannot deſcribe it with juſtice, and even the efforts of the pencil could only give a faint conception of its elegance. Many detached parts of it afford excellent ſtudies to the admirers of picturesque beauty.

I reſumed my journey, paſſed Llandrillo, *The Church of St. Trillo;* and afterwards croſſing the river, arrived at *Llanderfel*, another ſmall village, whoſe church is dedicated to a Britiſh ſaint, called

* Pennant, ii. 72.

Derfel Gadarn.

The church once contained a vaſt wooden image of this, its patron ſaint, which was formerly held in ſuch ſuperſtitious veneration, that people from very diſtant parts made pilgrimages to it, and on theſe occaſions offered not only money, but ſometimes even horſes or cattle. The Welſh people believed that Derfel Gadarn had the power of once reſcuing each of his votaries from the torments of hell. On the 5th of April 1537, the feſtival day of this ſaint, no fewer than betwixt five and ſix hundred perſons, ſome of them from a great diſtance, came to Llanderfel to make the accuſtomed offerings.—The letter from Elis Price, commiſſary-general of the dioceſe of St. Aſaph, to Cromwell the vicar-general, of which the following is a copy, was the firſt cauſe of this very lucrative antique being deſtroyed, to the great diſpleaſure, no doubt, of the monks, who rioted in the produce of its coffers;

" Right honorable, and my ſyngular good lorde and mayſter, all circumſtanncys and thankes ſett aſide pleaſithe yt yowre good lordeſhipe to be aduiſid that where I was conſtitute and made by yowre honorable deſire and commaundmente comiſſarie generall of the dyoſeſe of Saynte Aſaph, I haue done my diligens and dutie for the expulſinge and takynge awaye of certen abuſions ſuperſticions and ipocryſes uſid withyn the faide dyoſeſe of Saynte Aſſaph accordynge to the kynges honorable rules and injunctions therein made, that notwithſtandinge, there ys an image of *Darvell Gadarn* withyn the faide dioſeſe in whom the people have ſo greate confidence hope and truſte that they come daylye a pill-

gramage

gramage unto hym ſome withe kyne, other withe oxen or horſis, and the reſte withe money in ſo muche that there was fyve or ſyxe hundrethe pillgrames to a mans eſtimacon that offered to the ſaide image the fifte daie of this preſente monethe of Apll; the innocente people hathe ben ſore aluryd and entiſid to worſhipe the ſaide image in ſo muche that there is a comyn ſaynge as yet amongiſt them that who ſo ever will offer anie thinge to the ſaide image of Darvell Gadarn, he hathe power to fatche hym or them that ſo offers once oute of hell when they be dampned. Therfore for the reformacon and amendmente of the premiſis I wolde gladlie knowe by this berer youre honorable pleaſure and will, as knowithe God; who euer preſerue your lordeſhipe longe in welth and honor.—Written in Northe Wales the vi. day of this preſente Aprill (1537).—Youre bedeman and dayelie orator by dutie.

"ELIS PRICE *."

The Welſh people had extant a propheſy concerning this image, that it ſhould "make a *foreſt* blaze," and in the enſuing year an opportunity occurred not only of depriving them of the cauſe of their ſuperſtition, but even of completing the propheſy, in a manner, however, that they little expected. A friar obſervant, whoſe name was *Foreſt*, was condemned to the ſtake for having denied the ſupremacy of the king †. The name was thought by the heads of the church a fortunate occurrence, and it was adviſed that the image ſhould be imme-

* Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; CLEOPATRA, E. IV. fol. 55.

† On his arraignment Foreſt replied to the court, in anſwer to the proof of perjury againſt him, in having before taken the oath: "I took the oath with my *outward* man, but my *inward* man never conſented to it." Holinſhed, ii. 945.

diately

diately brought to London to conſume this wretched friar. To the ſtake on which he ſuffered was affixed the following elegy:

David Darſel Gatheren,
As ſayth the Welſhmen,
Fetched outlawes out of hell.
Now is he come, with ſpere and ſhield,
In harnes, to burne in Smithfield,
For in Wales he may not dwell.

And Foreſt the friar,
That obſtinate lyar,
That wilfully ſhall be dead,
In his contumacie,
The goſpel dothe deny
And the king to be ſupreme head*.

At Llanfawr, *The Great Village*, two miles from Bala, is the ſuppoſed place of interment of

THE WELSH BARD, LLYWARCH HEN,

Who flouriſhed in the ſeventh century. He was nearly allied to the Welſh princes, and to his bardic character united that of a warrior. His whole life was ſpent in a ſeries of viciſſitudes and misfortunes, and he died about the year 670, at the great age of a hundred and fifty years. Somewhat more than a century ago an inſcription was found upon the wall, near which his remains were ſuppoſed to have been depoſited: this wall is now covered with plaſter.—Not far from hence there is a circle of ſtones

* Halle's Chronicle, ccxxxiii.

called

called Pabell Llywarch Hên, *The Tent of old Llywarch*, where it is probable he had a houſe, and ſpent the latter part of his days. He had been one of king Arthur's generals, and a member of his council. In his activity in oppoſing the encroachments of the Saxons and Iriſh, he was deprived of his whole patrimonial poſſeſſions, and loſt every one of his four-and-twenty ſons. Having now no friends, he retired to a hut at Aber Cuog (now Dolguog, near Machynlleth,) to ſoothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and to vent in elegiac numbers the ſorrows of old age in diſtreſs. One of his poems, particularly, deſcribes his misfortunes, and his deplorable ſituation, in the moſt ſimple and affecting language. It opens with the repreſentation of an aged prince, who once ruled in magnificence, now robbed of his poſſeſſions, and wandering in a ſtrange country, oppreſſed with wretchedneſs and poverty. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he is ſuppoſed to reſt his wearied limbs on the top of an eminence, and to contemplate there the varied and unhappy events of his life. This elegy has appeared in an Engliſh dreſs: what follows is a ſelection from it, as the whole would be too long for inſertion here:

Hark! the cuckoo's plaintive note
Doth thro' the wild vale ſadly float;
As, from the rav'nous hawk's purſuit,
In Cîog reſts her weary foot;
And there, with mournful ſounds and low,
Echoes my harp's reſponſive woe.

Return-

Returning ſpring, like opening day,
That makes all nature glad and gay,
Prepare's Andate's fiery car,
To rouſe the brethren of the war;
When as the youthful hero's breaſt
Gloweth for the glorious teſt,
Ruſhing down the rocky ſteep,
See the Cambrian legions ſweep,
Like meteors on the boundleſs deep.

Old *Mona* ſmiles
Monarch of an hundred iſles.
And *Snowdon* from his awful height,
His hoar head waves propitious to the fight.

But I—no more in youthful pride,
Can dare the ſteep rock's haughty ſide;
For fell diſeaſe my ſinews rends,
My arm unnerves, my ſtout heart bends;
And raven locks, now ſilver-grey,
Keep me from the field away.

But ſee!—He comes, all drench'd in blood,
Gwên, the Great, and Gwên, the Good;
Braveſt, nobleſt, worthieſt ſon,
Rich with many a conqueſt won;
Gwên, in thine anger great,
Strong thine arm, thy frown like fate;
Where the mighty rivers end,
And their courſe to ocean bend,
There, with the eagle's rapid flight,
How wouldſt thou brave the thickeſt fight!
Oh, fatal day! Oh, ruthleſs deed!
When the ſiſters cut thy thread.
Ceaſe, ye waves, your troubled roar;
Nor flow, ye mighty rivers more;
For *Gwên*, the Great, and *Gwên*, the Good,
Breathleſs lies, and drench'd in blood!

Four

Four and twice ten ſons were mine,
Us'd in battle's front to ſhine;
But——low in duſt my ſons are laid,
Nor one remains his ſire to aid.

Hold, oh hold, my brain, thy ſeat;
How doth my boſom's monarch beat!
Ceaſe thy throbs, perturbed heart;
Whither would thy ſtretch'd ſtrings ſtart!
From frenzy dire, and wild affright,
Keep my ſenſes thro' this night*.

BALA,

The Outlet of the Lake, is a market town containing about two thouſand inhabitants. It conſiſts principally of one long and wide ſtreet, and is ſituated at the bottom of a pool, the largeſt in the country, called Llyn Tegid, *The Fair Pool*. It is principally noted for its manufacture of woollen ſtockings, and as the autumnal reſort of grous ſhooters. Lord Lyttleton aſſerts its celebrity for the beauty of its women, and that he ſaw ſome of the prettieſt girls here that he ever beheld.

Near the town I paſſed a lofty artificial mount called Tommen y Bala, *The Tumulus of Bala*. This is ſuppoſed to have been of Roman origin, and to have been formed here, with a ſmall caſtle on its ſummit, to ſecure the paſs towards the ſea, and to keep the mountaineers in ſubjection. The Welſh

* See the preface to Owen's tranſlation of the Elegies of Llywarch Hên. Jones's Welſh Bards. Vaughan's Merionethſhire. Camb. Reg. i. 192.

taking

taking advantage of it, made it one of their chain of fortreſſes which extended through the country to the coaſt of Flintſhire.—The hiſtory both of this place and of the town is little known. I only find that the mount was fortified in the year 1202 by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of North Wales.—On the eaſtern bank of the Dee, not far diſtant, there is another mount called Caſtell Gronw Befr o Benllyn, *The Caſtle of Gronw the Fair, of Penllyn*, a Welſh chieftain who lived in the ſixth century *.

Bala Lake,

Llyn Tegid, or Pimblemere, for this pool has theſe various names, is about a quarter of a mile ſouth of the town of Bala. It is by much the largeſt of the Welſh lakes, being about four miles long, and in many parts near a mile in breadth. The ſcenery around it is mountainous, but not ſufficiently rude to render it very pictureſque. It reminded me of the low mountain-ſcenery ſurrounding Winandermere, in the north of England. From the bottom, however, the diverſified ſhores preſent to the eye a pleaſing ſcene. On the weſt are ſeen the ſummits of the lofty Arrenigs. Arran Benllyn, beyond the upper end of the pool, ſtretches his black and rocky front into the clouds; and in the extreme diſtance, in fainter colours, are ſeen the three ſummits of Cader Idris.

* Powel, 258. Pennant, ii. 77. 80. Cam. Reg. i. 191.

This pool is well ſtocked with fiſh of various kinds, but in particular with trout, eels, and a ſpecies found only in alpine lakes, called, from the whiteneſs of its ſcales, *Gwyniadd.* It is a gregarious fiſh, the Salmo lavaretus of Linnæus. Its greateſt weight ſeldom exceeds three or four pounds. With reſpect to the taſte, this fiſh is generally ſaid to be inſipid: the noble traveller quoted in a preceding page, aſſerts, however, that it is ſo delicate, that his friend would prefer the flavour of it to even the lips of the fair maids of Bala. The time of ſpawning is in the month of December. Theſe fiſh uſually keep at the bottom of the water, where they feed on ſmall ſhells and aquatic plants.—It is generally believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that although the Dee runs directly through this pool, the gwyniadds are never to be caught in the river; nor, on the contrary, are the ſalmon with which the river abounds, ever taken in the pool. Hence Churchyard;

A poole there is thro' which the Dee doth paſſe,
Where is a fiſh that ſome a whiting call:
Where never yet no ſalmon taken was,
Yet hath good ſtore of other fiſhes all.
Above that poole, and ſo beneath that flood
Are ſalmons caught, and many a fiſh full good,
But in the ſame there will no ſalmon bee,
And neere that poole you ſhall no whiting ſee.

This is a ſingular circumſtance, but there appears ſome truth in it. The honourable Daines Barrington,

ſon, who made many inquiries reſpecting it, obſerves to the aſſertion, that they *never* encroach upon each other; that he had ſeen a ſalmon caught in the lake more than two hundred yards from the bridge, and that he had been authentically informed of ſeveral of the gwyniadds having been caught in the Dee near Llandrillo, eight miles from Bala *.—The fiſhery of Bala lake is the property of ſir Watkin Williams Wynne.

The overflowings of this pool are at times very dreadful. Theſe, however, ſeldom take place, except when the winds, ruſhing from the hollows of the mountains at the upper end, drive the waters ſuddenly along. In ſtormy weather great part of the vale of Edeirnion will ſometimes be overflowed. By the united force of the winds and mountain torrents, the water towards the bottom of the pool has been known to riſe ſix or eight feet in perpendicular height. On the contrary, in calm and ſettled weather, it is always very ſmooth. There have been ſome inſtances, in ſevere winters, of its being entirely frozen over; and when covered with ſnow, it has been miſtaken by travellers for an extenſive plain.

Excursion round Bala Lake.

In this excurſion, of about ten miles, I croſſed the bridge over the Dee, and proceeded along the

* Phil. Tranſ. for 1767.

eaſtern bank of the pool. From near the church of Llangower, a pleaſing vale was ſeen to open on the oppoſite ſide, bounded by mountains, and cloſed at the end by one of the Arrenigs.

I had paſſed the head of the pool ſomewhat more than half a mile, when I found the narrow lane which leads to Llanwchllyn, *The Church above the Lake*. I left the road, and ſoon afterwards entered the *Vale of Twrch*. Nature is ſeen in all her majeſty here; but as lord Lyttleton obſerved of the Berwyn mountains, "it is the majeſty of a tyrant frowning over the ruins and deſolation of a country." There were no marks of habitations or culture; and heath, moſs, lichens, and a few graſſes, ſeemed the only vegetation. The ſurrounding mountains were as rude as deſcription can paint: the moſt prominent of theſe was Arran Benllyn, which here preſented only a ſeries of naked crags and precipices.—From hence I croſſed the river Twrch, *The Burrower* *.

Phenomenon called Daear-Dor.

My guide now pointed out a piece of land, of conſiderable extent, nearly covered with innumerable maſſes of broken rocks. Theſe, he ſaid, had all been conveyed thither in the ſummer of 1781, by what the inhabitants of the mountains call Daear-

* The Welſh word Twrch ſignifies a *hog*: this river, therefore, ſeems to derive its name from its ſometimes impetuouſly tumbling along the ſtones or earth that oppoſe its progreſs.

Dor,

Dor, *a breaking of the earth.* The daear-dor is a diſlodgement, by means of water, of a vaſt quantity of the ſurface of the ground, or, as in the preſent inſtance, of a conſiderable part of ſome of the rocks among the higher mountains. An unuſual volume of water deſcending ſuddenly from the clouds becomes lodged in ſome confined ſituation: by degrees it penetrates the earth, and this looſening, the whole maſs is ſwept along before the torrent, till it meets with reſiſtance in ſome of the vales below, where it is therefore depoſited. The accident near Llanwchllyn happened after a violent ſtorm of thunder. The banks of the Twrch were overflowed, and the torrent carried every thing before it that was not actually embedded in the rock. Seventeen cottages, ten cows, and a vaſt number of ſheep, beſides the ſoil of all the meadows and corn-fields along its courſe, were overwhelmed and deſtroyed. This meadow, in which the river depoſited its chief contents, was rendered totally unfit to be any more cultivated. The dimenſions of ſome of the pieces of rock borne here by the fury of the torrent, are almoſt inconceivable. Two of the ſtones came in contact, which were each near twenty feet long, eight broad, and ſix deep, and by the colliſion one of them was ſplit. Eight other ſtones, about half this ſize, were carried near nine hundred yards beyond. Five bridges were ſwept away; and had not the inhabitants of Llanwchllyn, providentially, received timely alarm, every one of them would have

been deſtroyed. The only perſon miſſing was a poor old woman, who was confined to her bed by ſickneſs *.

Whilſt ſpeaking of the neighbourhood of Llanwchllyn, I muſt digreſs a little from my ſubject to relate a whimſical adventure which happened to a gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. D., an artiſt, and his friend, whilſt at this village a few ſummers ago.—Theſe gentlemen, in a pedeſtrian excurſion round Bala lake, found themſelves, on their arrival at Llanwchllyn, fatigued and hungry. As neither of them could ſpeak a word of Welſh, they were compelled to have recourſe to ſigns in order to make themſelves underſtood. Theſe ſo far anſwered their purpoſe, that a man whom they met in the village exclaimed in anſwer, "eze" (intended doubtleſs for "yes"), and pointed with his finger to a kind of hut, from the rafters of which two or three dirty candles, and a few bits of bacon were ſuſpended. On entering they again made the ſigns of eating and drinking, and the woman, though beyond meaſure aſtoniſhed at their manners and appearance, had ſenſe enough to conduct them to what they conjectured to be the public-houſe. Here their attention was fixed upon ſome fragments of bacon, which had hung ſo long, that all the ſtrings had nearly cut their way through. They explained by ſigns, as well as they were able, what it was they wanted, and the

* Pennant, ii. 87.

female

female of the houſe brought out *three* eggs. This was a ſlender ſupply for two hungry men. They both called out "*more*," the woman anſwered "eze," but brought out the frying-pan. They ſhook their heads, ſhe fetched a ſauce-pan. Here they found a difficulty that they knew not how to encounter. A bright thought ſuddenly came into the other gentleman's head:—"D., you can draw, *aſk the woman for a piece of chalk*, and *draw* an egg." The abſurdity of the idea was ſuch, that Mr. D. could not refrain from a loud and hearty laugh. It was, however, at laſt agreed, that the woman ſhould be ſuffered to boil the three eggs, but that when ſhe brought them to the table, D. was to ſnatch them from her, and pretend to eat them all himſelf. The plan ſucceeded; the woman laughed immoderately at the conteſt, and running out with a cry of "eze, eze, eze," ſoon afterwards brought in four eggs more. There was no difficulty in making the payment for this rude cheer: Mr. D. held out ſome ſilver in his hand, from which the honeſt Welſhwoman took eighteen pence for the ſeven eggs, and a quart of ale!

On the ſummit of a high and craggy rock, at ſome diſtance from the road, and about a mile from Llanwchllyn, are the remains of *Caſtell Corndochon*, an ancient Britiſh fort. It was of a ſomewhat oval form, and has conſiſted of a ſquare tower, and another oblong, but rounded at the extremity. I

have met with no hiſtorical data whatever reſpecting this fortreſs.

In my return I obſerved an eminence on the weſt ſide of the head of the pool, which the guide informed me was called Caer Gai. There was on this ſpot a fort that belonged to Cai Hir ap Cynyr, or, as Spencer has called him, Timon: he was the foſter-father of king Arthur, who during his youth reſided here. The Romans are ſuppoſed to have had a fortreſs on this ſpot; and many of their coins have been dug up in the neighbourhood *. This place of defence was doubtleſs conſtructed to guard the paſs through the mountains. Of its hiſtory I am altogether ignorant.

The River Dee.

The ſource of the Dee is under one ſide of Arran Benllyn, the high mountain at the head of Bala pool.—Its name is thought to have been derived from the Welſh word Dwy, which ſignifies ſomething *divine*. Some centuries ago it was held in ſuperſtitious veneration by the inhabitants of the country, from what were then believed the miraculous overflowing of its banks at times when there had been no preceding heavy rain: and from its being believed to have foretold ſome remarkable events by changing its channel †. Hiſtory informs

* See Spencer's Faerie Queene, book i. canto ix., and Camb. Reg. i. 191.

† Giraldus Cambrenſis, lib. ii. c. ii.

us,

us, that when the Britons, drawn up in battle array on its banks, have been prepared to engage with their Saxon foes, it was their cuſtom firſt to kiſs the earth, and then for every ſoldier to drink a ſmall quantity of the water *.—The name is certainly not derived, as many have ſuppoſed, from Dû, *black;* for, except when tinged by the torrents from the mountain moraſſes, its waters are perfectly bright and tranſparent. In Spencer's deſcription of Caer Gai, the dwelling of old Timon, the foſter-father of Arthur, the colour of the Dee is conſidered very different from black:

——Lowe in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rawran, moſſie o'er,
From whence the river Dee, as *ſilver clene,*
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

That lover of the marvellous, Giraldus Cambrenſis, informs us very gravely, that the river Dee runs through Bala lake, and is diſcharged at the bridge near the town, without their waters becoming mixed. He doubtleſs means to ſay that the river might be traced by its appearance from one end of the lake to the other. Giraldus believed every thing that the inhabitants choſe to impoſe upon him.

* Gibſon's Camden, 556.

CHAP. XXI.

Bala to Shrewsbury.

Caſcade at Pont Cynwyd.—Rhiwedog.—Trûm y Sarn.—The Berwyn Mountains.—Llangynog.—Slate Quarries.—Hazardous Mode of conveying Slates from the Mountain into the Vale.—Lead Mines.—Llanrhaiadr.—The Cataract of Piſtyll Rhaiadr.—The Vale of Langedwin.—Knockin.—Account of the ſingular Diſcovery of a Murderer.—Kynaſton's Cave in Neſs Cliff.—Montford Bridge.—Shrewſbury.

Leaving Bala, I turned my ſteps towards England, and occupied two days in the journey from hence to Shrewſbury. Theſe, from ſevere rain that ſet in when I had got about ten miles from Bala, and laſted with little intermiſſion till I arrived at Shrewſbury, were rendered two of the moſt unpleaſant days I had ſpent in the country.—At my outſet the morning was, however, very ſerene. The ſun, in exhaling the dews, gave a delightful air of freſhneſs to all the ſurrounding objects. The whole ſcene was enlivened by the muſic of the birds, whoſe various tones and elegant ſtrains would have intereſted leſs ardent admirers of the works of nature than myſelf. Every thing ſeemed to partake of a general ſprightlineſs. The thrilling tones of the ſky-lark were heard on every ſide: the notes of the blackbird echoed from among the diſtant foliage,

Whilſt

Whilſt now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain, amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſs-hopper did keep.

Theſe rural objects continued, however, for very few miles; for I then entered on a ſucceſſion of dreary and open moors, which might have charms for the ſportſman, but they had none for me.

About a mile and a half from Bala, I paſſed a bridge called *Pont Cynwyd*. The bed of the turbulent little ſtream is here crowded with huge maſſes of rock, deeply excavated into circular hollows by the furious eddying of the water. In one ſituation theſe rocks, with the ſtream ruſhing down amongſt them, form a ſmall but pleaſing caſcade.

A little beyond the bridge ſtands Rhiwedog, *The abrupt Aſcent*. This was an ancient family ſeat; and a vale in its neighbourhood was the ſcene of that ſevere battle betwixt the Britiſh and Saxon forces, in which the aged Llywarch took an active part, and loſt his only ſurviving ſon.

From the ſide of a ſteep, on the edge of the moors, I was preſented with a diſtant view of the vale of Edeirnion, whoſe verdure and fertility formed a ſtriking contraſt with my bleak and dreary ſituation.—The road now led me over Trûm y Sarn, *The Cauſeway of the Ridge*, a place that has its name from being near a lofty heath-clad mountain, which I paſſed at a little diſtance towards the ſouth. It is

one

one of that immenſe range of mountains which extend fifteen or ſixteen miles, and are called *Berwyn Mountains*. The two moſt elevated ſummits are Cader Ferwyn, and Cader Fronwen.—I arrived at a noted bwlch, or paſs, which divides the counties of Merioneth and Montgomery, called Milltir Gerig, *The Stony Mile*.

Llangynog.

I had now a view into the curious and romantic *vale of Llangynog*, a hollow ſo completely incloſed on all ſides by mountain barriers, as apparently to afford no outlet to the reſidents in its boſom. The mountains ſeemed in many places nearly perpendicular, and their cliffs too ſteep to be ſcaled by any other than thoſe moſt active of all Britiſh animals, the ſheep and goats. Theſe I obſerved browſing along the ſides with the utmoſt unconcern. The bottom was entirely in a ſtate of cultivation, but principally as meadow land: it was interſperſed with the houſes of the farmers and their labourers.

A tolerably good road took me from the edge of this vale, by a deſcent, ſomewhat ſteep, firſt into the hollow, and then to the ſmall and comfortleſs village of Llangynog, *The Church of St. Cunog*.

Slate Quarries.

From a ſtupendous rock, which riſes on the north ſide of the village, are obtained thoſe ſlates for which this

this neighbourhood is celebrated through all the adjacent counties *. The quarries are ſituated high up in the mountain. I obſerved that the mode of conveying them to the vale was different from that practiſed near Llanberis, which I have already deſcribed, but it appeared much more dangerous. The ſlates are loaded on ſmall ſledges, which are to be conveyed down the ſide of the mountain, along winding paths formed for the purpoſe. Each of theſe ſledges has a rope by which it is faſtened to the ſhoulders of a man who has the care of conveying it. He lays firm hold with his hands, and thus, with his face towards it, begins to deſcend. The velocity which the ſledge acquires in its deſcent is counteracted by the man's ſtriking forcibly againſt the prominences with his feet. This manœuvre, ſince he goes backward, and has at the ſame time ſome attention to pay to the ſledge to keep it in the track, muſt be difficult to attain, and long practice alone can render it eaſy. The danger to an obſerver ſeems very great: on inquiry at the village, I was, however, informed that a ſerious accident had ſcarcely ever been known to occur from it.

* Betwixt November 1775 and November 1776, upwards of 904,000 ſlates were ſent from hence at different rates of betwixt ſix ſhillings and twenty ſhillings per thouſand. Pennant, ii. 347.

Lead Mines.

At Craig y Mwyn, about two miles and a half from Llangynog, somewhat more than a century ago, a vein of lead ore was discovered, so valuable as to yield to the Powis family, for forty years, a clear revenue of at least twenty thousand pounds a year. It had been worked to the depth of about a hundred yards, when on a sudden the water broke in, and became so powerful, that the proprietor was compelled to abandon the undertaking *. Ever since that time the mines have continued nearly filled with water, but some gentlemen a few years ago determined to attempt their recovery, and for this purpose levels were to be driven in various parts of the mountain, if possible, to drain off the water. Whether they have proceeded in the attempt, or given it up, I have not the means of being informed. —Besides these there are some mines, but of less importance, near the village, which were worked when I was at Llangynog. The produce of these I was informed was very trifling.

On my leaving Llangynog, the clouds gathered round the summits and sides of the mountains, and the rain soon afterwards began to descend in torrents. This village appeared, however, so wretched a place for a wearied traveller, that I had no in-

* Pennant, ii. 347.

ducement

ducement to return for ſhelter. In the greateſt misfortunes we are generally able to find ſome object on which we can reſt with ſatisfaction: it ſoon occurred to me that the drenching of my clothes would be amply compenſated by the increaſed volume of water at the cataract of *Piſtyll Rhaiadr*, which I intended to viſit in the morning. The idea of this gave me ſo much pleaſure, that when I became fairly wet to the ſkin, I was altogether careleſs as to perſonal comfort; and now the faſter and more heavily the rain deſcended, the better a great deal I was pleaſed with it.

LLANRHAIADR.

In this ſtate it was that, after about two hours ſlippery walking, and my clothes dripping with wet, I arrived at Llanrhaiadr, *The Village of the Cataract*, ſituated, like Llangynog, in a deep hollow, ſurrounded on all ſides by mountains, whoſe ſummits were now entirely obſcured by clouds. This hollow is called Mochnant, *The Vale of the rapid Brook.* The houſes, or rather cottages, of the village are irregular; but, as moſt of them were old and overgrown with vegetation, it had from many points of view an appearance highly picturesque.

I found very tolerable accommodations, even for the night, at the *Coach and Horſes*, an inn, or rather public-houſe, whoſe exterior does not beſpeak the good opinion of the traveller.

Dr.

Dr. William Morgan, who firſt tranſlated the Bible into the Welſh language, was vicar of this place. He was afterwards rewarded with the biſhopric of Llandaff, and in 1601 with that of St. Aſaph.

Pistyll Rhaiadr,

The Spout of the Cataract, the moſt celebrated waterfall of this country, ruſhes down the front of an almoſt perpendicular rock, that terminates a vale at the diſtance of about four miles from the village. The vale is narrow and well wooded; it is watered by the little river Rhaiadr, which here conſtitutes the boundary line betwixt the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery, and it affords many pleaſing and beautiful ſcenes. The upper part of the cataract, when the ſun ſhines upon it, is viſible to a great diſtance; and along this hollow its ſilvery and linear appearance give an air of ſingularity to many of the views.—Piſtyll Rhaiadr is upwards of two hundred and ten feet high; and for near two thirds of this height, the water is thrown down the flat face of a bleak, naked, and barren rock; from thence it rages through a natural arch, and betwixt two prominent ſides into the ſmall baſon at its foot. The whole ſcene is deſtitute of wood, but it has ſo much ſimple grandeur, that trees would injure, rather than heighten the general effect. When viſited after very heavy rain, a ſingular occurrence is to be remarked. The water in its deſcent is obſtructed by the

the mafs of rock, through which it feems by time to have forced a paffage, and it is faid to burft through it with a vaft quantity of fpray, appearing like fmoke from the explofion of a cannon.—I was told that the late worthy vicar of Llanrhaiadr, Dr. Worthington, with a view of gratifying the curious, had a pair of flood-gates fixed on the ftream, above the cataract, occafionally to obftruct the paffage of the water: when a fufficient quantity had been collected behind them, they were fuddenly thrown open, and the rufhing down of the flood is faid to have afforded one of the grandeft fpectacles imaginable.—This gentleman alfo erected a fmall building at the foot of the rock for the accommodation of vifitors, which is found very convenient to thofe who bring refreshments along with them.

On my return from the cataract, I left Llanrhaiadr, and proceeded along the road which leads through part of the *vale of Llangedwen*. I paffed Llangedwen hall, a handfome ftone edifice, the property of fir Watkin Williams Wynne. This place was a favourite refidence of the late baronet, but it is feldom vifited by the prefent owner.

I now arrived once again at *Llanymynech*. Betwixt this village and Shrewfbury I had fo much rain, as to render the journey in every refpect dreary and uncomfortable. Through the thickneſs of the mift I could but juft difcern the *Breiddin Hills*, at the diftance of a few miles on the right: their fummits were perfectly obfcured in clouds.

Knochin,

A village about five miles from Llanymynech, has once been a place of ſome celebrity. The hall was the reſidence of the family of L'Eſtrange, who built the town. They had on its ſite a caſtellated manſion ſo early as in the reign of Henry II. The laſt of the family was Joan, who married George Stanley, the eldeſt ſon of the firſt earl of Derby. The following occurrence is ſaid to have taken place, ſome years ago, in the neighbourhood of Knochin:

A man of the name of Elkes was left guardian to his brother's ſon. This boy was very young, and the only obſtacle to Elkes becoming poſſeſſed of conſiderable property. He had long revolved in his mind the manner in which he could rid himſelf of this incumbrance, and at length hit upon the following inhuman expedient: a poor child of the village was directed to take the boy to a diſtant corn-field to play and gather flowers. Elkes met them near the ſpot, and directed the other child to return immediately home. He then took his ward up in his arms, walked with him to the end of the field, where he knew there was a tub nearly full of water, and forcing his head into it, held him in that poſition till the child was ſuffocated. The neighbours ſoon obſerved that the boy was miſſing; the *poor* boy who had accompanied him to the field told his ſimple ſtory, and a party of them, on ſearching the place, diſcovered the body. Information

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tion ſoon reached them that Elkes had fled towards London. Two horſemen were therefore immediately diſpatched in purſuit of him. Theſe men were riding along the road near South Mims in Hertfordſhire, when they were ſurprized by the ſingular actions of two ravens, that were perched on a cock of hay in an adjoining field. The birds made an unuſual noiſe, and furiouſly pulled about the hay with their beaks. Curioſity alone, the men ſaid, induced them to alight, and ſee what could be the cauſe of ſuch ſingular actions. They threw down the heap of hay, and were aſtoniſhed to diſcover beneath it the man of whom they were in ſearch. He aſſerted that theſe two birds had followed him inceſſantly, from the time that the murder had been committed. This unhappy victim of avarice was conveyed to Shrewſbury, tried, condemned, and afterwards hung in chains on Knochin heath *.

Kynaston's Cave.

A few miles from Knochin I paſſed under a high rock of red free-ſtone, called Neſs Cliff. In the ſouth-eaſt ſide of this rock there is a cave, which has the name of Kynaſton's Cave. This was a place of occaſional retreat to Humphrey, the ſon of ſir Roger Kynaſton, conſtable of Harlech caſtle, and a party of his mad companions. He was outlawed in the ſixth year of the reign of Henry VII., was

* Phillips's Hiſtory of Shrewſbury. App. 233.

pardoned in the year following, and died in 1534. He is remembered by many ſtrange pranks, and ſtill continues the talk of the neighbouring peaſantry.

Leaving this rock, I ſoon afterwards ſaw, by the road-ſide, a ſmall building, from which ſeveral boys were coming. An inſcription over the door arreſted my ſteps for a moment:

> God proſper long this public good,
> A ſchool erected, where a chapel ſtood.

In what this originated I did not learn.

I croſſed the Severn at Montford bridge; and in about an hour afterwards ended my pedeſtrian excurſion at Shrewſbury. A deſcription of this town will occupy the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. XXII.

SHREWSBURY.

Shrewſbury Caſtle.—Walls.—County Gaol.—Bridges.—Shrewſbury Abbey.—Ancient Oratory.—St. Giles's Church.—St. Alkmund's Church.—Daring Feats on the Point of the Spire.—A ſingular traditional Story.—St. Mary's Church.—Account of a Man killed in ſliding down a Rope from the Spire, to a Field, acroſs the River.—St. Julian's Church.—Old St. Chad's.—New St. Chad's.—The Quarry.—Account of the Houſe of Induſtry.—The Ruins of the Three Friaries.—Public Buildings.—Hiſtory of Shrewſbury.—Liſt of remarkable Events.

SHREWSBURY is a town of conſiderable magnitude and importance, ſituated on a ſloping ground, and nearly ſurrounded by the Severn. The ſtreets are irregular, and many of the buildings very ancient. —This place once formed the capital of Powiſland, and was for ſome years a ſeat of the Welſh princes.

CASTLE.

In my tour through the town and ſuburbs I firſt viſited the caſtle. This is built of a red ſtone, and ſituated on an eminence above the river, juſt in that part of the town where the river leaves it undefended. Its foundation has been aſcribed to Roger de Montgomery, the great earl of Shrewſbury, who

lived in the reign of William the Conqueror, but of the ancient ſtructure there is not at this time much remaining. It is the property, and forms one of the reſidences of ſir William Pulteney, in right of his lady, Henrietta, baroneſs of Bath. The owner, however, very ſeldom viſits the place.—The *keep* ſtood on a large artificial mount, which ſeems to prove it of Saxon or Britiſh origin.

The caſtle continued in poſſeſſion of the two ſons of the founder till the reign of Henry I., when that monarch choſe to take it into his own hands. After the reſtoration of Charles II. it was granted to Francis, lord Newport, afterwards earl of Bradford; and ſome time conſequent to this grant it became the property of the Pulteney family.

Walls.

Robert de Beleſme, ſon to Roger de Montgomery, was the firſt who attempted to defend the town by walls. This he did, by building from the caſtle down each ſide of the river for a conſiderable diſtance; and thus he ſecured himſelf for a while from the attacks of his enemy, Henry I. The remaining part of the walls was erected in the reign of Henry III., at the requeſt of the inhabitants, to fortify the place againſt the inroads of the Welſh. So great, however, was the want of money for the completion of the undertaking, that thirty-two years elapſed before they could be finiſhed.—A very ſmall portion of the walls is now left. From one ſituation near

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them I had a good proſpect of part of the ſuburbs of the town.

County Gaol.

At a little diſtance beyond the caſtle, and, like that building, on the elevated bank of the Dee, I ſaw the county gaol, a large and handſome ſtructure. It is built of brick, and in a ſituation that cannot be ſurpaſſed for the purity, and conſequent healthineſs, of its atmoſphere. In a niche over the entrance there is a buſt of Howard. The outer walls were begun in the year 1789, and ſome of the apartments were ready for the reception of priſoners in 1796, but the building is ſcarcely yet finiſhed.

I proceeded along a pleaſant terrace walk to the end of the building, whence deſcending to the river, I found a foot-path which led me to the Engliſh bridge. From hence the caſtle, the river, and the town, partly hidden by trees, with the ſpires of St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's churches, formed a beautiful and pictureſque ſcene.

The Stone Bridge,

Called alſo the Eaſt bridge, the Engliſh bridge, and the New bridge, is an elegant ſtructure, of ſeven arches, which was built about thirty years ago.—Near the middle of it are the water-works, from which the town receives its ſupply of that very eſſential article of life.—On the weſt ſide of the

town, in a direction nearly oppoſite to this, is the other, called the *Welſh bridge*. This is a late erection. The ancient bridge had a gate, and towers at each end, a neceſſary defence againſt the turbulent neighbours on that ſide of the water.

SHREWSBURY ABBEY

Is ſituated in the ſuburbs of the town, a little beyond the ſtone bridge. The preſent remains conſiſt of only the weſt part, from the croſs iſle to the weſt tower. The choir, the cloiſter, and chapter-houſe, are entirely deſtroyed. Of the ſide iſles, the arches are yet left, and the eaſt end of the preſent church is a modern wall that has been run up betwixt two of the ancient columns. It is ſuppoſed to have been made parochial; and to have received this addition in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The great tower is ſtill left, and contains a fine gothic window, over which is a ſtatue, ſuppoſed to repreſent the founder, Roger de Montgomery. The whole building is of the ſame kind of red ſtone as the caſtle, and, except the weſt window, is in the Norman gothic ſtile of architecture, with plain arches, and maſſy columns.—On the ſouth ſide of the altar there is a recumbent figure, in a coat of mail, and in the act of drawing a ſword, which is believed to have been the monument of Montgomery. An inſcription intimates that it was diſcovered among the ruins of the abbey, and that, in 1622, it had been

directed by the heralds at arms to be carefully preſerved, in conſequence of which it was placed in its preſent ſituation.

The hiſtory of the abbey is ſhort. It was founded by Roger de Montgomery, and his counteſs Adeliſſa, in the year 1083, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Its monks were of the Benedictine order, and firſt brought over from Seez, in Normandy; and the earl, by permiſſion of his lady, became himſelf one of the religious of his own abbey. He endowed it largely, and encouraged all who were dependant on him to become benefactors. At his death, about nine years afterwards, he received here an honourable interment.—Robert, the fourth abbot, procured, though with much difficulty, the bones of St. Wenefred, and had them enſhrined here.—The property of the abbey at the diſſolution was valued by Speed at about five hundred pounds *per annum*.—On the church being made parochial by queen Elizabeth, it received the name of St. Crux, or the *Holy Croſs*, in the abbey of Shrewſbury, which name it ſtill retains.

In the garden of ſir Charles Oakely, on the ſouth ſide of the church, is a ſmall, but elegant octagonal building, the remains of an *ancient oratory* belonging to the abbey, now called St. Wenefred's Pulpit.

Churches.

The remaining churches in Shrewſbury are,

St. Giles's,	St. Julian's,
St. Alkmund's,	and
St. Mary's,	St. Chad's.

St. Giles's church is ſituated on the ſkirt of the ſuburbs, about a mile eaſt of the abbey. It is an ancient, ſmall, and inelegant, but ſomewhat picturesque building. It boaſts a higher origin than the abbey, and in domeſday book is called "the pariſh of the city." It is at preſent annexed to the church of Holy Croſs, or the abbey. The bones of St. Wenefred, when they were removed from Denbighſhire to Shrewſbury, are ſaid to have been firſt, for a time, depoſited in this church.—In the churchyard, but now almoſt obliterated, is an inſcription to the memory of William White, a quarter-maſter of horſe, in the reign of William III.:

> In Iriſh wars I fought for England's glory;
> Let no man ſcoff at telling of this ſtory.
> I ſaw great Schomberg fall, likewiſe the brave St. Ruth,
> And here I come to die, not there in my youth.
> Through dangers great I have paſs'd many a ſtorm,
> Die we all muſt, as ſure as we are born.

St. Alkmund's church is remarkable for its handſome ſpire. It contains an eaſt window of ſtained glaſs, the workmanſhip of Eginton of Birmingham. This was put up in the year 1795, and, as I was informed,

informed, coſt about two hundred pounds. Its execution was infinitely ſuperior to any thing that I had before ſeen in glaſs. A figure repreſenting Faith is in the attitude of kneeling on a croſs. Her arms are extended towards a crown, which appears from the clouds; and the countenance bears an intereſting expreſſion of mingled adoration and wiſdom. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is the motto. The lights appeared to me well diſpoſed, and the drapery good. The colours are ſo managed as to prevent any glaring effect from the paſſage of light through a tranſparent medium; a fault too often obſervable in paintings on glaſs.

This church is ſaid to have been founded by the heroine Elfleda, the daughter of king Alfred. The body of the building is modern, but the tower and ſpire appear of conſiderable antiquity.

In the year 1621, about four yards of the top of the ſpire were taken down, and rebuilt by a man of the name of Archer, who came from St. Alban's. His fool-hardy feats are yet in the mouths of the inhabitants. On Saturday, the 22d of February, he climbed up the outſide of the ſpire to the top, and brought down the weather-cock, notwithſtanding its ſize and weight were ſuch that he could with difficulty hold it. On the 3d of March he climbed up again, and put the weather-cock in its former place, turning it about ſeveral times, ſtanding upright on the iron croſs, and ſhaking both his hands and legs. In the follow-

following week he climbed up, taking with him a drum, and a long bow and arrows. He ſtood upright on the croſs, beat the drum, and ſhot an arrow from the bow. On the 13th of March he again went up, and turned the weather-cock round like a wheel: he ſhook about his hands and legs, and continued hallowing and ſhouting there for more than two hours. In every one of theſe daring exploits the man was in a ſtate of intoxication.

If we may believe a manuſcript written by the reverend Dr. Taylor, and depoſited in the Free School library, the devil appeared in St. Alkmund's church in the year 1533, as the prieſt was at high maſs. During a great tempeſt and darkneſs he paſſed through the church, mounted up the ſteeple, and, tearing away the wires of the clock, left the print of his claws on the fourth bell; and in his way out took off one of the pinnacles! This is a ſingular mode of accounting for a violent thunder-ſtorm, and it will appear the more ſingular when the reader is informed, that the prince of darkneſs on this occaſion appeared clad in the habit of a grey friar!

St. Mary's church bears the appearance of great antiquity. The ſouth and weſt entrances are beneath arches of Norman architecture. This church was founded by King Edgar, and it formerly had a dean and ſeven prebendaries. Before the foundation of the abbey, it was eſteemed the principal church *in* the town. It is a donative, and in the nomi-

nomination of the mayor, and the head maſter of the Free School.

From the elevated ſituation of the building, and the great height of its ſpire, the latter has frequently ſuffered from high winds. In 1739, the weather-cock was blown on one ſide, when a perſon of the name of Cadman engaged to take it down, which he ſoon afterwards did, and then put it in its place again. This man was an adventurer on church ſteeples of a different deſcription from the man I have juſt mentioned. He fixed a rope from the top of the ſpire to a tree in a field on the oppoſite ſide of the river, and to various other places; and for a few times ſlided from thence without injury: but on Candlemas day in the ſame year, after beating a drum, firing piſtols, &c. he attempted to ſlide down the rope acroſs the river, but it broke ſoon after he had truſted his weight upon it, and he was conſequently daſhed to pieces.—He was buried on the ſame day, the 2d of February 1739, at the foot of the ſteeple, and a plain ſlab was fixed to the wall over his grave, with this quaint inſcription, now ſcarcely legible:

Let this ſmall monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How by'n attempt to fly from this high ſpire,
Acroſs the Sabrine ſtream, he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of ſkill,
Or courage to perform the taſk, he fell,
No, no, a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his ſoul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body, here beneath, good night.

St.

St. Julian's church. The body of this building is of brick, and the tower of ſtone; the former is of modern erection. When or by whom the church was founded is not known: it was formerly ſtiled a Royal Chapel.

St. Chad's church has very lately been erected, at ſome diſtance from the ancient building of the ſame name. Of the latter, part of the chancel is yet ſtanding, and is kept in repair as a chapel to the burying-ground. This building (old St. Chad's) ſtood on the ſite of a palace of the princes of Powis, which was deſtroyed by fire during the Saxon wars. The church was probably erected not long afterwards. In the year 1393, the firſt ſtructure was burnt down by the careleſſneſs of one of the workmen who was mending the leads. The fellow obſerving the miſchief he had done, and that the flames had become too powerful for him to extinguiſh them, ran home, put ſome money in his pocket, and attempted to eſcape, but was drowned in fording the river. On an inquiſition before the coroners of the town of Shrewſbury, the jury found, "That John Plomer, working upon the leads of St. Chad's church, and perceiving the ſame in flames through his neglect, ran to his own houſe in the High ſtreet, put five marks, four ſhillings and ſix-pence in his pocket, and fled; and when he came to the ford at the Stone Gate, endeavouring to make his eſcape, he was drowned in the river Severn".—In order that this loſs might be retrieved, king Richard II. granted to the bailiffs and commonalty of the town, for three years

years then following, a quittance from their fee-farm, and likewiſe from their arrears of taxes then lately granted by the parliament to the king. The fabric erected from this indulgence is that of which the ruins are ſtill left.

The *New St. Chads* is built near the ground called the Quarry. It is highly ornamented. The principal entrance is through the weſt door, into a circular veſtibule that contains the ſtairs leading to the galleries. The body of the church is circular, and in its appearance rather like a place of amuſement, than a temple of God. The blue and white rails in front of the galleries, remind us too much of theatrical decoration. The ſupporting pillars both above and below are out of all proportion. The upper ones are in the Corinthian order, and though the intention may have been to give an appearance of lightneſs to the building, they are inexcuſably too long for their diameter: one cannot always ſhut out an odd aſſociation of ideas, and theſe columns, the moment I entered the church, reminded me of a range of long mould candles. The columns that ſupport the galleries are of a different order, and, I preſume, by way of contraſt, are as ſhort and thick as the others are long and ſmall. In addition, their baſes are made level with the tops of the pews, giving an appearance of want of ſecurity and firmneſs to the galleries. Theſe pillars correſpond exceedingly ill with the other parts of the building. All circular churches muſt alſo reſt under one very material

material inconvenience; they are all, it is true, well calculated for *ſeeing*, but the articulation of the miniſter, which ought to be the principal object attended to, is, in buildings of this nature, generally deſtroyed by the reverberation of ſound.—I ſhall add a ſimple memorandum, which I found in the journal of an artiſt, whoſe judgment even the architect of this church would ſcarcely chooſe to queſtion: "In Shrewſbury there are five churches, one of which, St. Chad's, is new, and, if the expreſſion may be uſed, is a *complete picture of deformity*."

The Quarry.

From this building I deſcended immediately to the Quarry, a moſt delightful walk, along an avenue of limes, which led me to the Severn, and then a conſiderable diſtance each way along its bank. The trees are large and old, and even in the hotteſt days of ſummer afford a ſheltered and pleaſant retreat. The ground is the property of the corporation; the part appropriated to paſturage is let to the inhabitants, and the profits are diſtributed among the burgeſſes.

The House of Industry

Is the fine brick building which is ſeen from hence on the oppoſite lofty bank of the Severn. I croſſed the river by the ferry with one of the directors, and was ſhewn every thing within it that I was deſirous of ſeeing.

The

The erection of this elegant ſtructure was begun in the year 1760, for the purpoſe of receiving part of the foundlings from the great hoſpital in London. Theſe were to be put out to nurſe in the country; and when of proper age were to be brought into the houſe, and inſtructed in ſewing, knitting, carding, ſpinning, &c. till they were old enough to be put out apprentices. The hoſpital in London diſcontinued ſending children, and in conſequence the building became uſeleſs as to its original purpoſe.—The expences of its erection amounted to more than twelve thouſand pounds.—It was afterwards made a place of confinement for priſoners of war.

An act of parliament was obtained by the inhabitants of Shrewſbury to enable them to form a houſe of induſtry for the poor of their ſeveral pariſhes, and this building was purchaſed and opened for the reception of its objects in December 1783. The buildings, neceſſary alterations, furniture, &c. coſt ſeven thouſand pounds.

The inhabitants of theſe pariſhes that are rated and aſſeſſed, and poſſeſſed of property to the amount of thirty pounds *per annum*, or that are rated at fifteen pounds, are incorporated as *guardians* of the poor. From theſe there are choſen twelve *directors*, each of whom ſerves his office for three years; and to the board of directors the management of the whole buſineſs of the houſe is entruſted. They meet, in a room appropriated to their uſe, twice a week.

The number of men, women, and children in the houſe when I was there, amounted to about *four hundred*. Their employment conſiſts principally in preparing their own clothing, which they do from the raw material to its finiſhed ſtate. The neceſſary machines and implements are arranged in different apartments; and perſons verſed in ſcribbling, carding, and ſpinning wool, are employed to inſtruct the paupers. Weavers were likewiſe engaged, and a ſhop was allotted for their accommodation. Working rooms are alſo ſet apart for ſhoemakers, taylors, &c. where the paupers who have been brought up in theſe occupations are employed, and where one diviſion of the boys are taught to work. The largeſt apartments are allotted to the carding and ſpinning rooms. The girls are by rotation employed and inſtructed, as much as poſſible, in cooking, managing the affairs of the kitchen and laundry, and in waſhing, ſcouring, and ſuch other work as may beſt qualify them for ſervice.—The uſual hours of working are from ſix o'clock in the morning to ſix in the evening, from the 1ſt of March to the middle of October; and from ſeven in the morning to ſuch an hour at night as the directors chooſe to appoint during the remainder of the year. They are allowed half an hour at breakfaſt, and an hour at dinner. No work is done on Sundays; Saturday afternoons, from four o'clock; Good Friday; Chriſtmas day, and the two following days; Monday and Tueſday

Tuesday in Easter and Whitsun weeks; and on Shrewsbury-show day.

To encourage the exertions of the poor, the directors make them an allowance of a sixth part of their earnings, as a gratuity; and this measure has been crowned with the happiest success. Twopence out of every shilling that they have earned during the week is paid to them at the end of it: this reward, whilst it has been found sufficient to stimulate their endeavours, has not been so abundant as to produce, however laid out, any bad effect. The working children have the same proportion of allowance from their labours as the adults: but the steward takes care of this little property, and keeps an account with each child, subject to the inspection of the directors; he allows them what he thinks prudent to expend, and the rest is suffered to accumulate. When it amounts to a sum sufficient for the purpose, the *girls* generally petition to have it expended in a Sunday's dress of a quality superior to the uniform of the house. The savings of the *boys* are usually reserved till they are bound apprentice, when these are laid out in whatever may be of use to them in their respective situations.

The punishments of the idle and refractory are inflicted in various ways. For smaller offences they are clothed in sackcloth, have a clog fastened to them, or are deprived of the above gratuity. For more flagrant misconduct they are confined to a cell where they are kept apart from all the rest, and

fed only with bread and water. If they are mutinous, and endeavour to excite a ſpirit of ſedition among their companions, they undergo corporal puniſhment. The latter has, however, been very ſeldom found neceſſary; but, whenever it is inflicted, it is done in the preſence of all the perſons of the houſe, and, as might naturally be expected, has never failed to produce a very ſtriking and uſeful effect.

During the ſummer months the paupers riſe at half-paſt five, and in winter the prayers and breakfaſt are over before the break of day.—The fires and candles are extinguiſhed in the evenings at nine o'clock from the 1ſt of May to the 1ſt of September, and at eight during the reſt of the year.—There are ſtated hours for making the beds, cleaning the dormitories, waſhing and combing the children, &c. by which means a conſtant attention to that cleanlineſs is kept up which ſo greatly excites the attention of every ſtranger, and ſtrongly recommends the excellence of the inſtitution.—The whole family breakfaſt, dine, and ſup together in the dining-hall: they are claſſed ſeparately, the men, the women, the boys, and the girls at their reſpective tables.

A general bill of fare is appointed, ſo that the proviſion for each day is prepared without any perplexity or confuſion:

	BREAKFAST.	DINNER.	SUPPER.
Sunday.	Broth.	Butcher's meat, and garden-ſtuff.	Broth.
Monday.	Milk-porridge.	Bread and cheeſe.	Maſhed potatoes.
Tueſday.	Milk-porridge.	Stewed meat, with potatoes, or other garden-ſtuff.	Peaſe ſoup.
Wedneſday.	Milk-porridge.	Peaſe-pudding, and ſtewed pork.	Broth.
Thurſday.	Broth.	Butcher's meat, and garden-ſtuff.	Broth.
Friday.	Milk-porridge.	Yeaſt dumpling, or hot cake, (a pound for an adult, children in proportion) and milk.	Maſhed potatoes.
Saturday.	Milk porridge.	Stewed meat, with potatoes, or other garden-ſtuff.	Broth.

The quantity allowed for *breakfaſt* is a pint either of broth or milk-porridge to each adult; and to the children in proportion.—For *dinner*, the grown up perſons have nine ounces of meat, ſix ounces of bread, a trencher full of roots or greens, and a pint of beer. Working boys and girls have each five ounces of meat, four ounces of bread, with roots or greens, and half a pint of beer. The children drink water.—At *ſupper* the adults are allowed a pint of broth or ſoup, and nine ounces of bread; and the children in proportion. The other ſuppers conſiſt of a trencher full of potatoes maſhed with milk, and a pint of beer.—As it would create an endleſs trouble to weigh out every ſeparate meſs, when one has been weighed, the reſt are aſcertained by the bulk.

The perſons who manage theſe and all the other immediate concerns of the houſe, are a ſteward and matron, who are anſwerable for their conduct to the board of directors.

At a little diſtance from the houſe there are two ranges of building that run parallel with each other. The one contains apartments to which the poor are ſent, on their admiſſion, to be ſtripped and waſhed; and, if found to have any cutaneous, or other infectious diſorder, they remain there till they are cured: there are, of courſe, ſeparate wards for the women and the men. Adjoining to this there is an apartment to which the dead are immediately conveyed, to remain till their interment. In the ſame range is another apartment, called the Fever Room. In the oppoſite range is the houſe infirmary, with ſeparate wards for the men and women; where the ſick and infirm are lodged under the care of nurſes, and attended by the apothecary of the houſe. In ſurgical caſes, the patients are generally ſent to the county infirmary.

The chaplain reads morning and evening prayers in the chapel every day, when all the paupers, both men, women, and children, attend; and on Sunday afternoons he reads prayers and preaches.

The advantages of this inſtitution became apparent in a very ſhort time after it was commenced. Notwithſtanding the heavy expences neceſſarily attending an eſtabliſhment of this nature, the inhabitants of the different pariſhes found that even during the

the *firſt* year, the ſum required for the maintenance of the poor was near two thouſand pounds leſs than the ſum raiſed for that purpoſe in the preceding year: and they now derive a moſt important pecuniary advantage from this eſtabliſhment. The aged and infirm are comfortably provided for, and the young are trained in habits of induſtry and virtue. A complete ſtop has been put to the great frauds and abuſes that prevailed in the parochial expenditure; and even thoſe poor who have laboured under temporary diſtreſs or diſability, have been more liberally aſſiſted and relieved *in their own dwellings*, than had before been found practicable. Thus, while the poor have derived theſe important benefits from the inſtitution, the inhabitants have alſo been greatly relieved in their parochial taxes. The amount of the reduction in the term of twelve years was very near twenty thouſand pounds.

But a ſtill greater advantage is derived to ſociety in general, and to the immediate objects in particular, by the ſeeds of virtue and happineſs that are carefully ſown in the minds of the younger branches of this little community. Children thrown upon the pariſh from their birth are put out to nurſe, where they remain till they are of age ſufficient to be admitted into the houſe. The nurſes are occaſionally required to bring them before the directors, that theſe may obſerve that care is taken of them, and that the children may be identified, and thoſe frauds guarded againſt which have not unfrequently

been practiſed. When taken into the houſe, the children are put under the care of the houſe nurſes, the boys in one nurſery, and the girls in another. As ſoon as they are capable, they every morning and afternoon attend the ſchool-room, where proper inſtructors are provided. Here they are taught to read. Soon after they are five years old they are taken into the factory, or ſpinning-room, and begin to ſpin yarn at the long wheel, under the tuition of a ſpinning miſtreſs; and then they attend the evening ſchool, after the working hours are over.—They amuſe themſelves after their meals, and at ſome other times, in a large piece of ground behind the houſe, and incloſed by a ſunk fence. By habit their daily employment ſoon ceaſes to become irkſome. They ſee their little companions around them, all engaged like themſelves; and from their cheerful countenances and general vivacity, it is apparent that they are contented and happy.

Mr. Howard once went through the houſe; and not only the apartments, but the paupers themſelves, particularly the children, underwent a very critical inſpection. He obliged many of the latter to take off their ſhoes and ſtockings, and ſhew him the ſoles of their feet. He expreſſed much pleaſure and ſatisfaction as to the mode in which the affairs of the houſe were managed.

The ſituation is one of the moſt healthy that could have been choſen, and at the ſame time uncommonly beautiful. The front of the building commands a fine

fine view of the town and ſuburbs of Shrewſbury. The trees of the Quarry form the appearance of a wood in front of the houſes, above which the churches of St. Mary, St. Alkmund, and St. Chad, are particularly conſpicuous. Beyond theſe objects is ſeen the round hill of the Wrekin, and others of the Shropſhire mountains.—At a little diſtance from this ſtation, and in an oppoſite direction, the Breiddin hills are viſible, and an extenſive tract of country towards Wales *.

Croſſing the Severn, from the Houſe of Induſtry to the Quarry, by the ferry-boat, I was ſoon afterwards ſhewn a few ancient walls of the houſe of Auſtin, or *Auguſtine Friars*. This ſtood cloſe to the river, at a ſhort diſtance from the Quarry. It is ſuppoſed to have been founded by ſome one of the Stafford family.

The Grey, or *Franciſcan Friary*, was ſituated a little to the ſouth of the ſtone bridge. Its ruins now form part of a dwelling houſe. It is ſuppoſed to have been founded ſome time prior to 1353.

The Black, or *Dominican Friary*, ſtood near the river, between the caſtle and the ſtone bridge, at the bottom of St. Mary's Water Lane. Its foundation is aſcribed to Maud, the wife of Jeffry, lord

* For a very minute and intereſting account of the Houſe of Induſtry at Shrewſbury, with many valuable obſervations on the ſubject, ſee the work of Mr. Wood, publiſhed by Longman and Rees, 8vo. price 3*s.* 6*d.*—1800.

Genevil,

Genevil, about the year 1265. The two ſons of Edward IV., who are believed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of Richard duke of Glouceſter, afterwards king Richard III., are ſaid, with what truth I know not, to have been born in this friary.

Public Buildings.

The Free School ſtands in a ſtreet leading to the caſtle. It is a large antique ſtone building, with a ſquare tower, and contains, beſides a very good ſchool-room, a dwelling-houſe, chapel, and library. In the latter there is a valuable collection of books, and ſeveral natural and artificial curioſities. This ſchool was founded in 1552 by king Edward VI.; and the original building was conſtructed of timber. The preſent edifice was erected about forty years afterwards.

The Infirmary ſtands near St. Mary's church-yard. It was opened in the year 1745. It is ſupported by voluntary benefactions, and its benefits extend not only to the town and county, but to all proper objects, without diſtinction of place. The average number of in-patients is about five hundred, and of out-patients ſeven hundred.

Millington's Hoſpital is ſituated on an eminence above Frankwell, a ſuburb beyond the Welſh bridge. It is a handſome brick building, and was founded in 1734, under the direction of the will of Mr. James Millington, formerly a draper of Shrewſbury. It main-

maintains twelve decayed houſe-keepers (ſingle perſons), and a charity-ſchool, for twenty boys and twenty girls, from the diſtrict of Frankwell, if ſuch are to be found, and if not, from the neareſt part of the pariſh of St. Chad. No diſſenters of any denomination can have relief from this charity: it is confined to perſons of the orthodox principles of the church of England.

St. Chad's Alms-houſes, for decayed old men and women, were founded in 1409 by Bennet Tupton, a brewer of Shrewſbury. They are ſituated in old St. Chad's church-yard.

St. Mary's Alms-houſes, in Ox-Lane, near St. Mary's church, were founded about the year 1460, by Digery Waters, a draper. He is ſaid to have lived here among the poor people. They are confined principally to old perſons, and thoſe from St. Mary's pariſh only. The people have clothes, and a ſmall ſalary allowed them.

The Charity-School in Back-Lane was founded in 1724, under the will of Mr. Alderman Bowdler. This is intended for poor children of the pariſh of St. Julian, and if ſuch are not found, of the pariſh of Holy Croſs.

The Subſcription Charity-School, for inſtructing and clothing poor children, is ſituated by the road-ſide, leading to the abbey. It was begun in the year 1708. The boys are taught to read, and the girls to read, ſew, and knit.

Beſides

Beſides theſe may be mentioned *the Town Hall*, in which the aſſizes are holden, and where the magiſtrates tranſact public buſineſs; and *the Market-Houſe*, where the drapers hold their market for Welſh cloths and flánnels.

History of Shrewsbury.

The town of Shrewſbury boaſts a very remote origin, but the exact date of its foundation cannot at this day be aſcertained. It is ſuppoſed to have been firſt built from the ruin of the Roman *Uriconium*, or the *Vreken Ceaſter* of the Saxons, whoſe ſite has been diſcovered at Wroxeter, a village on the bank of the Severn, about four miles diſtant. The Welſh name for Shrewſbury was Pen Gwern, *The Head of the Alder-Groves;* and the Saxons called it Scrobbes Byrig, on account of the eminence on which it was ſituated being covered with wood. I have before related that it was once the capital of Powiſland, and a ſeat of the Welſh princes.

In the reign of William III., Shrewſbury was granted to Roger de Montgomery, who ſhortly afterwards founded the caſtle and abbey. At this time it was called a city, and had two hundred and fifty-two citizens. Whenever the king paſſed through the place, twelve of the higheſt order of theſe were compelled, whether he was ſleeping or waking, to attend on his perſon; and as many, with horſes and arms, were alſo to attend him whenever he took the

the recreation of hunting in the neighbourhood. Thefe fervices were impofed as a punifhment; for, not many years before the conqueft, Edric Streon, duke of Mercia, having, near this place, lain in wait for, and murdered prince Athelm, as he was returning from the chace.

The burgeffes of Shrewfbury had many privileges even before the conqueft; and Henry I. on the forfeiture of Robert de Beleſme, fon to Montgomery, feized the town into his own hands, and granted to the burgeffes their firft charter. By various grants and charters in this and fubfequent reigns, the burgeffes, amongft others, were allowed the following privileges:—To hold all pleas except thofe of the crown:—to receive toll and cuftom from all the Welfh that traded in the town.—They were exempted from pontage, toll, and all exactions of burgeffes throughout the kingdom, except London.—Their goods could not be feized for any forfeiture made by their fervants.—They could in no cafe be fummoned to appear before any others than burgeffes, their peers.—No fheriff, or other officer, could diftrain within the liberties of the town;—and no burgefs could be arreſted, nor have his goods feized. In the reign of Elizabeth the town was incorporated; and the charter of the incorporation was afterwards confirmed by Charles I. and James II. The corporation confifts of a mayor, twenty-four aldermen, forty-eight aſſiſtants, and inferior officers. —The town returns two members to parliament.

Several

Several parliaments have been holden in Shrewſbury. The firſt that was ſummoned formally by writ, met in September 1283. By this, David, the brother of Llewelyn, prince of Wales, was tried for high treaſon, and condemned: he was the firſt perſon who ſuffered the death of a traitor, in the form of the ſentence now in uſe.—Another parliament was holden here in 1397, which, on account of the great number of people that were aſſembled in it, was called the Great Parliament. By a ſtrange conceſſion of this parliament, Richard II. obtained an unexampled ſtretch of power, that the whole government of a nation ſhould devolve on the king, twelve peers, and ſix commoners. A bull from the pope was thought neceſſary to confirm ſo irregular a proceeding.

Of the military tranſactions relative to this place, the moſt important was the battle fought here in July 1403, beſt known by the name of *The Battle of Shrewſbury*, between king Henry IV., and the ſoldiers commanded by Henry Percy, furnamed Hotſpur. It had been the deſign of the inſurgents from the north, to make themſelves maſters of this town and caſtle, and then to ſtrengthen their forces by a junction with Owen Glyndwr and his countrymen. The activity of Henry prevented this junction, and ſaved his crown. Coming up with Percy's army at this town, the high ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to wait the arrival of Glyndwr, who was encamped near Oſweſtry, but he hazarded a conteſt even

even with his inferior force. The fight commenced early in the morning, and after a violent ſtruggle of three hours, Percy's party was completely routed, and himſelf, and about five thouſand of his men, were ſlain. The earls of Worceſter and Douglas were taken priſoners, the former of whom was ſoon afterwards beheaded at Shrewſbury.—The ſcene of this contention was a place ſince called Battlefield, in the pariſh of Albrighton, about three miles diſtant.

One of the ordinances made by Alcock, biſhop of Worceſter, and Anthony, earl Rivers, in April 1478, for the government of Shrewſbury, was as follows:

"Firſt that the bayliffs for the time beinge iuſtly, truly and endifferently ſhall execute their offices, accordinge to their liberties and laudable cuſtomes, without any corruption favor or parcialitie. And that they ſee yf any perſon come into the towne there abydinge two days ſuſpiciouſly, without any lawfull errand or occupacion, that then he the third daye be putt in priſon there to remayne till he have founde ſurety of his good abearing; or els to auoyde the towne." Any perſon ſo committed by the warden, and four men, was not to be declared out of ward by the bailiffs without conſent of the ſame warden and four men. Theſe injunctions were to be obeyed, under the penalty of a hundred pounds, half to be paid to the king, and the remainder to the town *.

* Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vittellius*, C. i.

In

In the year 1485, Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII., arrived at Milford Haven, from Bretagne, and he had ſo far paved the way for his reception in this country, as to meet with little oppoſition till he came to Shrewſbury. Here, however, the gates were ſhut againſt him. He ſent meſſengers to demand that the gates be opened to admit the rightful ſovereign of England. The head bailiff, whoſe name was Mytton, appeared at the gate, and anſwered, "I acknowledge no ſovereign but king Richard III., whoſe ſervants I and my townſmen are. *I ſolemnly ſwear, that before any other enter this town, he ſhall firſt make his way over my body.* By this expreſſion he meant that he would ſuffer himſelf to be ſlain, rather than admit any but his acknowledged monarch. The meſſengers returned to Henry, and they were again ſent on the following morning, to requeſt that the earl of Richmond might be ſuffered to paſs. They pledged themſelves, for the earl, that no injury whatever ſhould be done to the town, or its inhabitants, and that Mytton himſelf ſhould alſo be ſaved from the guilt of perjury. The bailiff having in ſome meaſure changed his mind ſince his laſt interview with the meſſengers, did not object to theſe lenient terms. Henry entered the town *by ſtepping over the body of Mytton, who laid down for the purpoſe in the gateway.*—From hence he paſſed on to Boſworth-Field, where the deciſive battle was fought in which Richard III. was ſlain.

It is affirmed of this entry of the army of Henry VII., that a malady unknown before was introduced into England, called the *fweating ficknefs*. It raged for upwards of fixty years in the kingdom, carrying off many thoufand people, and at laft ended in this town, in the year 1551. A fhort time before this period it was fo violent here, as to take off no fewer than nine hundred and ninety perfons in the courfe of a few days. The difeafe began with a violent perfpiration, which continued till either the death or recovery of the patient. It feldom lafted more than twenty-four hours, fo that thofe who happened to be taken ill in the day time, were put to bed with their clothes on to wait the event; and thofe who were feized in the night were ordered to remain in bed, but on no account to fleep. This fingular and dreadful malady feems to have originated among the levies that Henry had raifed on the continent, which had been raked out of hofpitals and gaols, buried in filth, and, without any attention to their health or comfort, immediately crowded on board the tranfports.

In the civil wars, Shrewfbury was garrifoned for the king, and fir Michael Earnly was made governor. General Mytton made two unfuccefsful attempts upon it, but in February 1644 the place was furrendered to him. Crowe, the lieutenant, was afterwards hanged for his treachery, or cowardice. The governor, and feveral perfons of rank, were made prifoners; and the town was plundered. Mytton, foon after the

ſiege, was made governor, and he received the thanks of the Houſe of Commons for his good ſervices.

In a chronological liſt of remarkable events at Shrewſbury, are recorded the following ſingular occurrences:

1282. This year the ſheriffs of Salop and Stafford were compelled to provide two hundred wood-cutters, to cut down timber and other obſtructions, in order to make way for the king's army to enter into Wales.

1427. A bye law was made againſt ſwine wandering about the town: the penalty was cutting off an ear for each of the two firſt offences, and forfeiture for the third.

1519. The brewers were ordered by the corporation not to uſe that *wicked and pernicious weed*, hops, in their brewings, under the penalty of 6*s*. 8*d*.

1547. This year Adam Mytton and Roger Pope, the bailiffs, ordered the picture of our lady to be taken out of St. Mary's church; and the pictures of St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Chad, out of St. Chad's church, and burned.

1552. The magiſtrates of Shrewſbury were reſtrained by act of parliament from licenſing any more than three perſons to ſell wine within the town.

1585. On the 15th of May, lord Robert Devereux, earl of Eſſex, came through the town, before whom the free-ſchool ſcholars made ſeveral orations, as he paſſed through the caſtle gates; they ſtanding in battle array, with bows and arrows in their hands.

1618. It was in this year ordered by the corporation, that two perſons ſhould be conſtantly ſtationed in each ſtreet to ſearch for vagrants.

CHURCH-

Churchyard, the Poet.

As I have ſo frequently had occaſion to quote the writings of Churchyard, it is but proper that he ſhould have a place at the end of this chapter. Very little is, however, known of his life. He was born at Shrewſbury, a deſcendant, as he ſays himſelf, "of right good race," and flouriſhed in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. His verſes are neither elegant nor ſmooth, but they are generally ſuppoſed to abound in faithful deſcription. His Worthineſs of Wales was his principal work, but he alſo wrote in verſe, "A Deſcription and Diſcourſe of Paper, and the Benefit it brings, with the ſetting forth of a Paper Mill near Dartford."—He died about the year 1570; and his epitaph, written by himſelf, is preſerved in Camden's Remains:

Come Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry his tomb do encloſe,
Wherefore, good neighbours, be merry in proſe.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Manners and Customs of the Welsh.

Account of the Welſh Manners in the Twelfth Century.—Mode of Fighting.—Domeſtic Cuſtoms and Dreſs.—The Officers belonging to the Court in the Tenth Century.—The Officers of the Nobility.—Various ſingular Laws and Cuſtoms of this Period.—State of Society in the ſubſequent Centuries.—The Laws of the Chace.—The ancient Games.—Welſh and Engliſh Contefts after the Inſurrection of Glyndwr.——The Manners of the modern Welsh.—Impoſitions ſometimes practiſed on Engliſh Travellers.—Inſenſibility.—The Welſh Cottages.—Women.—Curioſity.—Superſtitions.—Account of a ſuppoſed Kind of aërial Beings called Knockers.—Witches.—Coelcerth.—Yr Eiryr.—Canwyll Corph.—Offering of Enemies.—Wells of Saints.—Plygain.—Leeks on St. David's Day.—Terming.—Mode of Courtſhip called Bundling.—Cuſtoms at Weddings.—Funerals.—Offerings at Funerals.—Reaſon for not interring on the North Sides of Churches.—Planting the Graves.

If accounts of the manners and habits of life of the inhabitants of diſtant nations be found intereſting, the aborigines of our own iſland, and a people that now form part of our own commonwealth, muſt certainly be entitled to ſome attention. Compelled, as the Welſh people were, to ſeek for ſhelter in this obſcure corner of Britain, near fourteen centuries ago, from the perſecutions and treachery of their Saxon foes, their manners have had many ſingular and

and intereſting features, from the moſt remote periods of their hiſtory. Their own reſerved diſpoſitions, originating in a natural want of confidence in thoſe from whom they had experienced only injuries and oppreſſion; and the mountainous nature of their country, entirely ſecluded them from all commerce, and prevented them from ſettling any amicable connexions with their neighbours. They therefore retained their own inſtitutions, and their own peculiar cuſtoms, for many ſucceeding centuries. An account of ſome of theſe have been tranſmitted to us by their bards, and of others by their hiſtorians.

Gerald Barry, (better known as Giraldus Cambrenſis,) archdeacon, and afterwards biſhop of St. David's, travelled through Wales, his native country, in 1187, with archbiſhop Baldwin, to preach the cruſades, and convert the unenlightened Welſh*. He has left us, though mingled with much ſuperſtition, and with many incredible ſtories, a minute, and, as it is generally believed, an accurate detail of the character of this people.

He informs us that the pride of anceſtry was carried amongſt them to the greateſt lengths; and that this ſpirit was ſo deeply rooted, that even the loweſt of the peaſantry could recite from memory the names

* Their diſcourſes were entirely in *Latin*, notwithſtanding which they made multitudes of proſelytes! Baldwin and Giraldus have not inaptly been compared to Don Quixote and his ſquire Sancho Pança.

of their predeceſſors for many generations.—Their paſſions were violent, and their reſentments keen. They were vindictive and bloody in their anger; and when occaſion ſerved, would ſometimes revenge themſelves for injuries committed at very remote periods.

They were a nation of ſoldiers, every man being obliged to bear arms in times of diſtreſs. The armour was light, conſiſting only of a ſmall target to defend the breaſt; and their weapon was a javelin. Thus furniſhed, they proſecuted a war rather by incurſions, and forced marches, and conquered their enemies rather by ſurprize, than by real ſtrength or courage. In a pitched battle, they were no way equal to the Engliſh ſoldiers, who were clad in heavy armour, and were further defended by large helmets. Their principal manœuvre was to draw their enemies to engagement near the edge of ſome extenſive moraſs, over which their lightneſs and agility would allow them, in caſe of danger, to retreat in ſafety. They fought on foot, and made one furious onſet: if this was reſiſted, they were immediately thrown into confuſion, and could not be rallied till they arrived in ſecurity amongſt the mountains or moraſſes, where they were confident their heavily armed foes would not dare to purſue them. Here they waited in ſecurity till another opportunity occurred of falling upon their enemies.

The greateſt number of the ancient Welſh led ſolitary lives in the foreſts, on the borders of which they

they formed their dwellings. The huts of the loweſt claſs were conſtructed with little art or expence, their exterior being nothing more than a covering of interwoven oziers.

They deſpiſed trade and the mechanic arts; yet, though they had little money, they were altogether without beggars. The liberality of the ſuperior orders was ſuch, that all partook of their bounty. The hoſpitable entertainment both of friends and ſtrangers was eſteemed by them a virtue. As ſoon as a traveller entered the houſe of any of the great men, he delivered his arms to the guard; and ſome of the domeſtics immediately brought to him a veſſel of water. If he intended to remain all night, he ſuffered them to waſh his feet: if he merely wiſhed for refreſhment or repoſe, he rejected this ſervice. This offering of water for ablution was their mode of giving invitation.

Almoſt every houſe was provided with a harper, and the ſtrangers were entertained in the day time, (when they did not prefer the amuſements of the chace,) with the converſation of young women, and the muſic of the harp. Giraldus is particular in his encomiums on the talents of the Welſh people in muſic. He ſays that moſt of them could play on the harp, and that in the wit and ingenuity of their ſongs, and in extemporaneous effuſions of genius, they greatly excelled all the other weſtern nations. —The ſtrangers were all aſſembled in the evening to an entertainment that was provided for them in

the hall, according to their numbers and rank, and according to the ability of the hoſt. They were placed by threes; and the diſhes were put on freſh ruſhes. In theſe entertainments there was no profuſion, nor were any incentives to exceſs introduced. I preſume they placed the diſhes on their knees, for Giraldus informs us they had no table. The hoſt and hoſteſs remained ſtanding during the whole time, to ſee that every one was ſerved with as much food as he wanted.--When the hour of reſt approached, the domeſtics ſcattered a few ruſhes along the ſides of the room, and covered theſe with a hard and rough cloth, the produce of the country, by way of a bed. On this they all laid down together, in the ſame dreſs they had worn during the day. The fire was kept burning all night in the middle of the room; and thoſe who found themſelves cold, or found the bed, from its hardneſs, uncomfortable, occaſionally reſorted to it.

The dreſs of the men at this period ſeems to have conſiſted principally of a kind of ſhirt, and a ſmall cloak: they ſhaved away every part of their beards, except a whiſker on the upper lip. Both ſexes were very particular in preſerving the whiteneſs and elegance of their teeth. They were almoſt continually to be ſeen in the act of rubbing them, ſometimes with a piece of green hazel, and at other times with a bit of woollen cloth. Their invariable abſtinence from hot food tended greatly to preſerve their teeth.

In

In the tenth century, about two hundred and fifty years previous to the date of the account given by Giraldus Cambrenſis, the royal manſion conſiſted only of a hall, parlour, and bed-rooms; butlery, ſtable, dog-kennel, granary, and bakehouſe *.

At this period the dreſs of the king conſiſted of a mantle and tunic, ſhirt, breeches, ſhoes, ſtockings, and gloves, and a cap made of different kinds of ſkins. The queen's dreſs did not differ much from this.—No other fuel was uſed than wood. The bed was of ſtraw: indeed, ſtraw was continued in the royal bed-chambers of England, till even towards the concluſion of the thirteenth century.

There were twenty-four principal officers belonging to the court. Of theſe, the firſt in rank was the 'penteulu,' or *mayor of the palace*. This perſon was always a prince of the blood; and he had, with various perquiſites, a ſalary of three pounds a year. One part of his duty was to entertain at his table ſuch perſons as had been turned out from the royal board for miſbehaviour, and to intercede for their pardon. The *chaplain* was ſecond in rank. Next to him ſucceeded the *ſteward* of the houſehold. The latter provided the meat and liquor, was maſter of ceremonies, and the taſter. Among his perquiſites he was allowed as much "plain ale" from every caſk that he brought in as he could reach with

* Leges Wallicæ, lib. i. c. 47.—From theſe laws, founded by Howel Dda, *Howel the Good*, about the year 950, much of the immediately enſuing account has been extracted.

his

his whole middle finger when immerſed; as much "ſpiced ale" as he could reach with the ſecond joint; and as much "mead" as with the firſt joint of the finger immerſed. The fourth officer of the court was the *head falconer*. When this perſon gave any entertainment in his private apartments, he was entitled to three horns of the beſt liquor of the palace, and one diſh. He was required to bring his cup in perſon to the hall at every repletion of it, leſt he ſhould drink too much, and neglect his birds. When he had been ſucceſsful in his ſport, the prince roſe to meet him, and ſometimes held his ſtirrup while he alighted from his horſe. The court poet, or *harper*, filled the eighth place. It was his duty, when the king's domeſtics went out on any plundering expedition againſt the Engliſh, to attend and play before them: and when the armies were about to engage, he ſung to them the ſong called "The Monarchy of Britain." The 'goſdegwr,' or *king's ſergeant*, was ninth in rank. One part of his duty was to prevent unbecoming noiſes in the hall by ſtriking the columns with his wand. The *chief huntſman*, and the *preſident of the grooms*, ranked next each other. The former, at a certain time of the year, was allowed to hunt only for the king, but at other ſeaſons he was at liberty to do this for himſelf. His horn was formed from that of an ox, and was valued at a pound. He was allowed every winter an ox's hide, to form his leaſhes of, and in ſummer he had a cow's hide to cut into ſpatter-

daſhes.

daſhes. The twelfth place was given to the *phyſician*, or rather the ſurgeon. For ſlight wounds of the perſons attendant on the court, he had as a fee that part of their garment which had been ſtained by their blood. He had, however, an allowance in money, of a hundred and eighty pence, for more ſerious injuries. The *porter* was reckoned among the officers of the court. This perſonage provided ſtraw for all the beds, and kindled all the fires in the palace. He was obliged to know the face of every man who was entitled to admiſſion into the royal hall. One of his perquiſites was, of the ſwine that paſſed through the gate, any ſow that with one hand he could lift up by the briſtles, ſo that her feet ſhould be as high as his knees. He was alſo entitled to every animal without a tail that paſſed through the gate:—and, at each of the three great feſtivals, he was allowed to drink three horns of an highly valued liquor, called "the Twelve Apoſtles." Among the remaining officers I find the *maſter of the hounds*, the *butler*, the *cook*, the *lamplighter*, and the *chambermaid*.

In this eſtabliſhment we obſerve the maſter of the hawks, the chief groom, the poet laureat, the lamplighter, and the cook, all ranked immediately among the great officers of ſtate. Such a precedence was naturally given them in a court, generally devoted, as all originally were, and as in all illiterate ages ever will be, to the pleaſures of the feaſt, and the diverſions of the chace.

The

The different ranks in ſociety were, the king, dukes, earls, lords, barons, eſquires, yeomen, vaſſals, and ſlaves*.

The officers of the principal nobility were, a ſteward of the houſehold, chamberlain, chaplain, almoner, uſher of the hall, gentleman of the horſe, butler, cook, baker, door-keeper of the chambers, porter, groom of the horſe, and apparitor, with their aſſiſtants.—One part of the uſher of the hall's duty was, every day after dinner, to deliver, in an audible voice, an account of the expences of the table for that day, and to admoniſh all the perſons preſent to economy.

The King had the right of commanding every perſon within his dominions to join his army at all times when he thought it neceſſary, and once a year he had the power of ſending them even beyond the limits of his country.—During the abſence of the king, the authority of the court was veſted in the chaplain, the ſteward, and the judge.

After theſe particulars relative to the Welſh court, and the high ranks of ſociety, I ſhall recite ſome particulars from the old laws, and then proceed with the ſubſequent hiſtory of the manners of this people.

Little attention or reſpect ſeems to have been paid by this race of warriors to the fair ſex. By one of their laws it is decreed, "that whoſoever

* Brenin, Twyſog, Jarll, Arglwydd, Barwn, Uchelwr, Gwr-ëang, Alltud, and Caeth.

ſhould

ſhould ſtrike the queen, or ſnatch any thing forcibly out of her hand, ſhould forfeit the royal protection." —Nothing can ſurely exceed the brutality and injuſtice of the following puniſhment for ſeduction. After complaint had been made by the female of the deſertion of her lover, the judge ordered that the offender ſhould provide a bull at ſome fixed time and place. As ſoon as it was brought to the ſpot, the tail was ſhaven, and well greaſed; and, thus prepared, was introduced through a wicker door. Here the female was to lay hold of it; two men were to goad the beaſt; and if, by dint of ſtrength, ſhe could retain the bull, ſhe was to have it as a ſatisfaction for the injury ſhe had ſuſtained: if not, ſhe got only the greaſe that remained in her hands.

The Britiſh fair were declared marriageable at the age of fourteen. The lover addreſſed himſelf in all caſes to the father of the maid. If he agreed to their union, he introduced his daughter to her ſuitor. A few days concluded the whole buſineſs, for the father had an authority ſo abſolute, that his daughter had not even the power of refuſal. If ſhe diſliked the lover whom he had recommended, ſhe had no other reſource than either the tears of intreaty, or the dangers of flight *. If, however, after marriage, ſhe continued to diſlike her huſband, ſhe might, by the Welſh laws, be ſeparated from him on very ſlight grounds; it was a ſufficient cauſe if ſhe diſco-

* Whitaker's Hiſtory of Manchester, ii. 136.

vered

vered that he had an ill-ſcented breath. With reſpect to the huſband, he was not allowed to divorce his wife, but for the moſt ſerious offences. If ſhe called him opprobrious names, pulled him by the beard, or ſquandered away his goods, the injured ſpouſe might give her three blows with a ſtick on any part of her body except the head. If, however, he beat her more ſeverely, or for a leſs cauſe, he was liable to a heavy fine.

The compenſation for the murder of a mayor or chancellor was a fine of a hundred and eighty-nine cows. For the murder of the chief of a family, the fine was thrice this number of cows; of a king's villein, it was ſixty-three cows; and a pound and a half was reckoned full ſatisfaction for the murder of a ſound-bodied ſlave.—The barbarous cuſtom of exempting from capital puniſhment, even the moſt atrocious aſſaſſin, by payment of a fine, was retained much longer in this country than in any other part of Britain. It was practiſed by the lords marchers in the fifteenth century, and even in the year 1536 an inſtance occurred in Merionethſhire of five pounds being received in compenſation for the commiſſion of a murder *.—For leſſer offences this people had various atonements. A Welſhman, for the loſs of his finger, received from the offender one cow and twenty pence; for the loſs of his noſe he had ſix oxen, and a hundred and twenty pence; and for being pulled by the hair, a penny for every finger,

* Wynne, 407.

and

and two-pence for the thumb, the inſtruments of inſult.

A Welſhman, whole born, having no debaſed blood, was accounted a free native gentleman.

If a villein, with conſent of a baron, took any one of the baron's ſons to bring up, that child was made by the laws a participator in the property and inheritance of the villein, in the ſame manner as his own children.

The Welſh laws preſcribed three ſciences which no villein could teach his children without the conſent of his lord; but if the lord ſuffered any of them to ſtudy one or more of the ſciences for a certain time, ſuch children were by that means rendered free, and could be no longer ranked among the villeins. Theſe ſciences were *ſcholarſhip*, *bardiſm*, and *ſmithcraft*. Of the latter, however, it ſhould be remarked, that the term *ſmithcraft* had, doubtleſs, a much more comprehenſive ſenſe than we at preſent give to it. The profeſſor of ſmithcraft muſt have been acquainted with different branches of knowledge which are now practiſed ſeparately, ſuch as the arts of raiſing the iron, and other kinds of ore, and converting them into metal.

The Welſh had among their laws two very ſingular ones. If any perſon killed the cat that was about the king's palace, ſhe was to be hung up by the tail in ſuch a manner that her head ſhould touch the floor, and ſo much wheat was to be paid as a forfeit, as, being heaped around her, would

cover the tip of her tail.—If a dog was of ſo ſavage a diſpoſition as to bite people who did nothing to offend him, and had done it thrice, and his maſter ſtill neglected to kill him, he was to be tied to his maſter's foot, and not at a greater length than two ſpans, and in that ſituation to be killed. Three cows were alſo to be paid as a fine to the king.

The Welſh princes, and other lords of particular territories, were owners *in chief* of all the lands, and ſovereign lords of all their ſubjects and bondſmen. To theſe they diſtributed the townſhips and hamlets, to be holden by particular tenures, and ſubject to ſuch conditions as the owners thought fit to impoſe. Theſe tenants were either free natives, or perfect ſlaves. The former had the liberty of going whither they pleaſed, had the uncontrolled power of buying and ſelling, with other immunities; but the others conſtituted even part of the property of their lords, who could diſpoſe of them in whatever manner they pleaſed. They had the power of offering them to ſale in the ſame manner they would their cattle. This inhuman cuſtom prevailed in Wales for many years after the death of the laſt prince of Wales. There is yet extant a deed of ſale, dated even ſo late as the year 1448, by which ſeven ſlaves and their families became transferred from one perſon to another, in the townſhip of Porthaethwy in Angleſea.—All the tenants, both bond and free, were ſubject to ſeveral ſervices which they were obliged to perform. They were

were not only compellable to attend the king in his wars, but they were obliged to attend their reſpective lords when engaged in their petty contentions, ſome of them for a limited time, and only to particular places, but others indefinitely to any part of the country, and what was of ſtill more eſſential conſequence, at their own coſt. Certain of them had to maintain the prince's ſteward, his horſes, cattle, falconers, hawks, or ſome other part of his eſtabliſhment. In the building of houſes, or mills, ſome of them, from their tenures, were obliged to carry the ſtones, others timber, ſome to repair the roofs, and ſome the walls. Some had alſo to repair the wears, ſome to hedge the warrens, and ſome to attend the offices of the larder or kitchen.—Beſides theſe tenures, there were certain lands that were holden, not under any lord or prince, but of ſaints, or the patrons of churches. The tenants of this property ſtiled themſelves abbots. Of theſe there were ſeven in the iſland of Angleſea, and a great number in the other parts of Wales *.

By the old Welſh laws, every man's inheritance was divided among his children, but the youngeſt ſon had the principal houſe. The lands, even till within a few centuries, were in no caſe ſuffered to devolve to a female; rather than this they eſcheated to the lord. The owner had, however, the power,

* Rowlands, 121, 122. 127. 129. 133.

which he frequently exercifed, of mortgaging them, and fometimes by way of providing a marriage portion for the daughters. Thus Robin Vaughan of Henblas, charged his lands with a mortgage of *twelve pounds*, in part of his daughter's marriage-portion *.

The ancient Welfh followed the pleafures of the chace with great avidity, and various kinds of animals were the objects of their purfuit. Among thefe have been enumerated the ftag, the boar, a fwarm of bees, the falmon, the cock of the wood, the fox, the hare, the roe, and "climbing animals," fuch probably as martins, fquirrels, and wild cats. Some of thefe do not accord with the prefent ideas of objects of amufement in the chace; they were, however, all comprehended in the code of laws relative to this diverfion, formed by one of the Welfh princes in the twelfth century.—The mode of hunting thofe animals that could be purfued by dogs, was with hounds or greyhounds; thefe were held in leafhes, and from thence let flip at the animals. No perfon was allowed to kill an animal of the chace on its form, or at reft, on pain of forfeiting his bow and arrows to his lord. When feveral hounds, the property of different perfons, were let flip at an animal at the fame time, the perfon whofe dog was neareft the beaft when it was laft in fight, was entitled to

* Wynne, 396.

the

the ſkin. A bitch was excepted, unleſs it could be proved that ſhe was pregnant by a dog that had before won a ſkin.

Every perſon who carried a horn, was to be ſo far acquainted with his purſuit, as to be able, whenever he was called upon, to give a ſcientific account of the nine preceding objects of the chace. All perſons unable to do this, were conſidered only as pretenders to the ſcience, and, conſequently, whenever ſuch were diſcovered, they forfeited their horns.

The king had the power of hunting wherever he pleaſed within his own dominions. If, however, an animal was purſued and killed on any gentleman's eſtate, and not followed and claimed by the huntſman the ſame night, the owner of the land might convert it to his own uſe; but he was under a ſtrict injunction to take good care of the dogs, and to preſerve the ſkin.

A ſtag at this period was eſteemed equal in value to an ox; a hind to a well-grown cow; a roe to a goat; and a wild ſow to a tame one. Wolves, foxes, and ſome other noxious animals, had no value, and any perſon was allowed to kill them. The hare had no value; and for this ſingular reaſon, becauſe it was believed every other month to change its ſex: the ſame was the caſe with the badger, becauſe in ſome years it had a diſeaſe which the Welſh called the meaſles.

This people had anciently twenty-four *games*. The firſt and principal of theſe were what they denominated the *ſix feats of activity*: running, leaping, ſwimming, riding, and the diſplay of ſtrength in ſupporting and hurling heavy weights.—To theſe ſucceeded the *four exerciſes of weapons*: archery, throwing the javelin, hurling with a ſling, and fencing with a ſword and target, or a two-handed ſword. The latter game included alſo playing with the quarterſtaff.—Next came the *three rural ſports*: hunting, fiſhing, and hawking:—then the *ſeven domeſtic and literary games*: poetry, playing on the harp, reading Welſh, ſinging a ſong with the harp and crwth, ſinging an ode in four parts with accentation, heraldry, and embaſſy:—and, laſtly, the *four inferior games*: cheſs, draughts, or ſhuffleboard, back-gammon *, and tuning the harp.

In conſequence of the dreadful conteſts that took place betwixt the Welſh and Engliſh during the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, an act paſſed the Engliſh parliament in 1401, by which any whole-born Welſhman was prevented from purchaſing property, or being made a burgeſs in any of the Engliſh towns; nor were this people allowed to hold any civil offices whatever in England. Complaints were daily made

* Our game of *back-gammon* ſeems to have had its origin in this. The words *bach* and *gammon* ſignify in the Welſh language, an inferior kind of battle or conteſt.

of

of their incurſions, and of their ſtealing cattle, and other property, ſometimes to a very great amount. It was in conſequence enacted that, in any caſe where reſtitution was not made within ſeven days, it was lawful for the perſons thus aggrieved, to arreſt any Welſhmen who came with cattle or goods for ſale from the diſtrict where the offenders reſided. Theſe were to be detained till full ſatisfaction had been made.—From this time, for the ſpace of three years, no Engliſhman was allowed to be convicted at the ſuit of any Welſhman in Wales, but by Engliſh juſtices, or by the judgment of whole-born Engliſh burgeſſes.

By an act of parliament two years ſubſequent to the above, it was directed that no Engliſh burgeſs who married a Welſh-woman ſhould have franchiſes with the Engliſh burgeſſes; and all ſuch perſons were prevented from holding any office in Wales, or in the marches.—This ſtatute declares that the Welſh harpers, who are here denominated "waſters, rymers, minſtrels, and other vagabonds," had moved ſedition, provoked looſeneſs among the Welſh, and greatly impoveriſhed them; it was therefore ordained that they be no longer "ſuſtained to make comorthies, or gatherings on the people there."—No Welſhman was allowed to wear arms, or to bring any arms or victuals into any of the Welſh towns, without eſpecial licence for the purpoſe. Nor could a Welſhman have any houſe of defence; but all the Welſh caſtles and other fortreſſes were directed to

be garriſoned by Engliſhmen only, entire ſtrangers to the Welſh, who ſhould be ſent from ſome diſtant parts of England.

The Welſh people appear in their turn to have entertained equal ſeverity againſt the Engliſh. Prior to the reign of Henry V. they had a cuſtom, called the *aſſach*, by which it was neceſſary to have the oaths of three hundred men, before an Engliſhman who had been accuſed of any crime, could be acquitted. Before its abolition by this monarch, an accuſed Engliſhman was liable to continue in gaol for life; as among his enemies, even a far ſmaller number of compurgators than this ſtrange law required could not have been obtained. Henry ordained that every attempt to enforce this cuſtom ſhould be a penal offence, and the proſecutor was liable to two years' impriſonment, to pay treble coſts, and a fine and ranſom before he could be releaſed.

It appears by an act paſſed in the reign of king Henry V., that many of the Welſh had entered the Engliſh counties, and hiding themſelves in the woods during the day time, had frequently in the night carried off into their own country the king's liege ſubjects. There they had ſometimes detained them amongſt the mountains for ſix months and upwards, till they were ranſomed by their friends. Perſons thus offending were declared guilty of felony, and a mode is preſcribed by this act for their ſeizure and puniſhment.

Theſe,

Theſe, and other enormities, were found in the ſubſequent reign ſtill to be practiſed, and an act of parliament was paſſed ſtill further to reſtrain the Welſh in their outrages. This, however, ſeems to have had little effect, except for the moment, for they ſoon relapſed into their former habits.

Even in a ſtatute of ſo late a period as the year 1536, it is declared that "the people of Wales, and the marches of the ſame, for long time paſt, have continued to commit divers thefts, murders, rebellions, burnings of houſes, and other heinous miſdemeanors, which ſeem deeply rooted in this people, as not likely to ceaſe unleſs by ſevere correction and puniſhment." In conſequence of the difficulty of putting an end to theſe outrages by leſs powerful means, an act was paſſed in the following year, by which the principality of Wales was declared to be thenceforth "incorporated, united, and annexed to the realm of England:" that all the natives ſhould enjoy the rights and privileges of Engliſhmen: and that the laws, ordinances, and ſtatutes of England, and none other, ſhould for ever afterwards be uſed as the laws, ſtatutes, and ordinances of Wales.—By this act four new Welſh counties, and one new Engliſh county, were created, namely, Brecknockſhire, Radnorſhire, Montgomeryſhire, Denbighſhire, and Monmouthſhire.

The Manners of the modern Welsh.

From ancient I now defcend to modern times; and from defcribing that hardy race of warlike characters which were with fo much difficulty fubdued by the Engliſh monarchs, I proceed to make ſome remarks on their preſent ſtate, in which this people enjoy a degree of happineſs and tranquillity that in feudal times the country never experienced.

> While quarrels rage did nourifh ruineſt wrack,
> And Owen Glyndore ſet bloodie broyles abroach;
> Full many a towne was ſpoyl'd and put to ſack,
> And cleane conſum'd, to countries foule reproach.
> Great caſtles rais'd, fayre buildings burnt to duſt,
> Such revel reigned, that men did live by luſt:—
> But ſince they came, and yielded unto lawe,
> Moſt meeke as lambe, within one yoke they drawe.

In thoſe mountainous and ſecluded parts of Wales, as ſome of the interior of Caernarvonſhire, Merionethſhire, and Denbighſhire, that are yet ſcarcely known to the Engliſh touriſt, the manners of the inhabitants differ very eſſentially from what will be obſerved near any frequented road. The people ſeem there to have an innocence and ſimplicity of character, unknown in the populous parts of our own country. Among theſe it is that we are to ſearch for thoſe original traits, and that native hoſpitality, ſo much the boaſt of the Welſh writers. Wherever the Engliſh have had uninterrupted communication, the money of which they have been ſo

laviſh

laviſh has afforded an irreſiſtible temptation for the lower claſſes of the inhabitants to practiſe impoſitions: in ſuch ſituations the people differ little from the like claſs amongſt us. On all the great roads, they ſeem to pride themſelves in being ſufficiently expert to over-reach their *Saxon* neighbours in any of their little bargains. A Welſh gentleman of undoubted veracity informed me, (and in various inſtances I have myſelf experienced its truth,) that it is a common practice amongſt his countrymen, to aſk for any article they have to offer for ſale nearly double the ſum they will take; thoſe perſons who are acquainted with theſe practices never give them the full price for what they purchaſe. I have good authority for aſſerting that at ſome of the inferior inns, if an Engliſhman ſits down at table with Welſhmen, the charge for his eating will be at leaſt one third more than that of each of the reſt of the company. This is a provoking impoſition.

A ruſtic baſhfulneſs and reſerve ſeem to be general features in the character of the Welſh people, and ſtrangers, unaccuſtomed to their manners, have often miſtaken theſe for indications of ſullenneſs.—It is uſual to ſay of them that they are very iraſcible. This may be the caſe, but from what I have myſelf ſeen, I am inclined to think, that the natural rapidity of their expreſſion in a language not underſtood, has often been conſtrued into paſſion, without any other more certain grounds. Perſons who form their ideas from the opinions of others, without being

being at the trouble of making obſervations for themſelves, are often deceived and miſled. Such, I am confident, has been the caſe a thouſand times in the judgments formed on the preſent ſubject.

The loweſt claſſes bear indications of extreme poverty, yet they ſeem to enjoy good health. Their dwellings are cottages, or rather huts, built of ſtones, whoſe interſtices are cloſed with peat or mud. On a mere inſpection, they would ſeem the habitations of wretchedneſs. They are in general ſo dark, that, on firſt entering, the glare of light down the chimney alone takes the attention. The following is a good picture by Mr. Hutton of one of the better kind of cottages made uncommonly neat for the celebration of a wedding dinner;

Arriving, I crept through a hole in the door,
Some ſtones were laid down, and ſome not, on the floor.
The whole was one dark room, with three windows ſo ſmall,
That the light down the chimney quite outſtript them all.
But this great relief came to ſoften their cares,
Neither ſober nor drunk could they tumble down ſtairs.
Two beds grac'd the manſion, which made it appear
That cleanlineſs, prudence, and order reigned there.
The tables and cupboards, which, opened to view,
Shew'd the hand of induſtry had poliſhed their hue.
The ſhelves and their crockery, both china and delph,
Were clean, and were orderly rang'd on the ſhelf.
Dad, mam, and nine children, which fortune beſtow'd,
In harmony liv'd in this darkſome abode;
Nor can we conſent to call thoſe people poor,
Where prudence ſteps in, and bars want from the door.

The

The uſual food of the labouring Welſh is bread, cheeſe, and milk; and ſometimes what they call *ſlummery*, a compoſition of oatmeal and milk. Animal food and ale are by no means among their uſual fare.

The women of the mountainous parts of the country are generally of a middle ſize, though more frequently below that than above it. Their features are often very pretty, but in point of figure they are in general unintereſting; and their long, and thickly matted hair, crowned with hats ſimilar to thoſe worn by the men, affords the unpleaſant idea of a due want of cleanlineſs. They wear long blue cloaks that deſcend almoſt to their feet. Theſe they are ſeldom to be ſeen without, even in the hotteſt weather; owing to the frequency of ſhowers in a country ſurrounded with mountains. On their legs they have blue ſtockings without any feet to them: they keep them down by means of a loop faſtened round one of the toes. In the more unfrequented parts the women ſeldom wear any ſhoes, except on a Sunday, or the market-day, and even on thoſe days they often carry them in their hands as they go along the roads. I have ſometimes ſeen ſix or eight of them, after their journies from the adjacent villages, ſeated on the bank of a rivulet, in the act of waſhing their feet previouſly to their entering the towns. During theſe journies they often employ their time in knitting, and a heavy ſhower of rain will not ſometimes compel them to give up their work.

work. Their employment within doors, beſides their family duties, is chiefly in ſpinning wool.

What has been repeatedly aſſerted of the Welſh people, that they are naturally inquiſitive and curious reſpecting ſtrangers is certainly true, but it is a circumſtance by no means peculiar to this country. In all wild and unfrequented parts of the world it is the ſame, and it is in ſuch parts of Wales that this diſpoſition is chiefly obſervable. It is eaſily accounted for when we conſider their manners of life, and general ignorance. Surprize on the appearance of ſtrangers, where in their limited ideas there could ſeem no inducement to repay the trouble or expence of a journey, would naturally excite their wonder, and this as naturally leads to the queſtions "Where do you come from?"—"Why do you come here?"—and, "Where do you go to from hence?"—Unſatisfied with my anſwers, that I was an Engliſhman come to viſit the mountains and waterfalls, I have often and often been aſked with the utmoſt ſimplicity, "Are there then no rocks nor rivers in England?" In all accounts of travels through unfrequented countries we find this diſpoſition to curioſity very common, and a ſlight acquaintance with the nature of the human mind is ſufficient to allay any ſurprize that may be excited in diſcovering that it is prevalent in Wales.

They are much inclined to ſuperſtition, but in all countries we find that there are multitudes of weak and

and fooliſh people. In England, moſt of the peaſantry ſwallow with credulous avidity any ridiculous ſtories of ghoſts, hobgoblins, and fairies. There is, however, in the Welſh, certainly a greater inclination to credulity than what at leaſt an Engliſhman can diſcover among our own people. There are few, indeed, of the mountaineers of Wales, who have not by heart a ſtring of legendary ſtories of thoſe diſembodied beings.—The cavern in Llanymynech hill, not far from Oſweſtry, has been long noted as the reſidence of a clan of fairies, of whom the neighbouring villagers relate many ſurprizing and miſchievous pranks. Whilſt they have ſtopped to liſten at the mouth of the cave, they have ſometimes even heard the little elves in converſation, but this was always in ſuch low whiſpers, that (with reverberation along the ſides and roof of the cavern) the words were rendered indiſtinguiſhable. The ſtream that runs acroſs a diſtant part of this cavern, is celebrated as the place where the fairy waſher-women and labourers have been heard frequently at work.

Conſiderably allied to the fairies is another ſpecies of ſuppoſed aërial beings, called by the Welſh *knockers*. Theſe, the Welſh miners ſay, are heard underground, in or near mines, and by their noiſes generally point out to the workmen a rich vein of ore. The following are extracts from two letters on this extraordinary ſubject, written by Mr. Lewis Morris, a man eminent for his learning and good ſenſe.

Being

Being myſelf unable to add any comment, I ſhall tranſcribe them verbatim *.

" People who know very little of arts or ſciences, or the powers of nature, (which, in other words, are the powers of the author of nature,) will laugh at us Cardiganſhire miners, who maintain the exiſtence of *knockers* in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be ſeen, but heard, and who ſeem to us to work in the mines; that is to ſay, they are the types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of ſome accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or ſtorms. If we did not know the conſtruction of it, we ſhould call it a kind of dream, that foretells rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means, comprehended by us. Now how are we ſure, or any body ſure, but that our dreams are produced by the ſame natural means? There is ſome faint reſemblance of this in the ſenſe of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, *I* muſt ſpeak well of the *knockers*, for they have actually ſtood my very good friends, whether they are aërial beings called ſpirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our groſs bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

* They were written to his brother, Mr. William Morris, comptroller to the Cuſtoms at Holyhead. The firſt is dated the 14th of October, and the other the 4th of December, 1754.

" Before

" Before the diſcovery of *Eſgair y Mwyn* mine, theſe little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honeſt, ſober people, who have heard them, and ſome perſons who have no notion of them or of mines either; but after the diſcovery of the great ore they were heard no more.

" When I began to work at *Llwyn Llwyd*, they worked ſo freſh there for a conſiderable time, that they frightened ſome young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

" Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blaſting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were ſome of their own people; and a ſingle miner will ſtay in the work, in the dead of the night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear, or of any harm they will do him. The miners have a notion that the *knockers* are of their own tribe and profeſſion, and are a harmleſs people who mean well. Three or four miners together ſhall hear them ſometimes, but if the miners ſtop to take notice of them, the knockers will alſo ſtop; but, let the miners go on at their own work, ſuppoſe it is *boring*, the *knockers* will at the ſame time go on as briſk as can be in landing, *blaſting*, or beating down the *leſe*; and they are always heard a little diſtance from them before they come to the ore.

" Theſe

" Thefe are odd aſſertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not pretend to account for them.—We have now very good ore at *Llwyn Llwyd*, where the *knockers* were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard.—Let who will laugh, we have the greateſt reaſon to rejoice, and thank the *knockers*, or rather God, who ſends us theſe notices."

The ſecond letter is as follows:

" I have no time to anſwer your objection againſt *knockers;* I have a large treatiſe collected on that head, and what Mr. Derham ſays is nothing to the purpoſe. If ſounds of voices, whiſpers, blaſts, working, or pumping, can be carried on a mile underground, they ſhould always be heard in the ſame place, and under the ſame advantages, and not once in a month, a year, or two years. Juſt before the diſcovery of ore laſt week, three men together, in our work of *Llwyn Llwyd*, were ear-witneſſes of *knockers* pumping, driving a wheel-barrow, &c.; but there is no pump in the work, nor any mine within leſs than a mile of it, in which there are pumps conſtantly going. If they were theſe pumps that they heard, why were they never heard but that once in the ſpace of a year? And why are they not now heard? But the pumps make ſo little noiſe, that they cannot be heard in the other end of *Eſgair y Mwyn* mine when they are at work.

" We have a dumb and deaf taylor in this neighbourhood, who has a particular language of his own, by

by ſigns; and by practice I can underſtand him, and make him underſtand me pretty well; and I am ſure I could make him learn to write, and be underſtood by letters very ſoon, for he can diſtinguiſh men already by the letters of their names. Now letters are marks to convey ideas, juſt after the ſame manner as the motions of fingers, hands, eyes, &c. If this man had really ſeen ore in the bottom of a ſink of water in a mine, and wanted to tell me how to come at it, he would take two ſticks like a pump, and would make the motions of a pumper at the very ſink where he knew the ore was; and would make the motions of driving a wheel-barrow. And what I ſhould infer from thence would be, that I ought to take out the water, and ſink, or drive in the place, and wheel the ſtuff out. By parity of reaſoning, the language of the *knockers*, by imitating the ſound of pumping, wheeling, &c. ſignifies that we ſhould take out the water, and drive there. This is the opinion of all old miners, who pretend to underſtand the language of the *knockers*. Our agent and manager, upon the ſtrength of this notice, goes on and expects great things. You, and every body that is not convinced of the being of *knockers*, will laugh at theſe things, for they ſound like dreams; ſo does every dark ſcience. Can you make any illiterate man believe that it is poſſible to know the diſtance of two places by looking at them? Human knowledge is but of ſmall extent, its bounds are within our view, we ſee nothing beyond theſe; the

great univerſal creation contains powers, &c. that we cannot ſo much as gueſs at. May there not exiſt beings, and vaſt powers, infinitely ſmaller than the particles of air, to whom air is as hard a body as a diamond is to us? Why not? There is neither great nor ſmall, but by compariſon. Our *knockers* are ſome of theſe powers, the guardians of mines.

"You remember the ſtory in Selden's Table-Talk, of ſir Robert Cotton and others diſputing about Moſes's ſhoe. Lady Cotton came in, and aſked, "Gentlemen, are you ſure it *is* a ſhoe?" So the firſt thing is to convince mankind that there is a ſet of creatures, a degree or ſo finer than we are, to whom we have given the name of *knockers*, from the ſounds we hear in our mines. This is to be done by a collection of their actions well atteſted; and that is what I have begun to do, and then let every one judge for himſelf."

Theſe letters are curious, though the reaſoning is far from concluſive. When I was in the country, I was very deſirous of ſeeing a copy of the remarks on theſe ſuppoſed aërial ſprites, that Mr. Morris refers to in the ſecond letter, but was not able to meet with ſuch.—In endeavouring to account for the noiſes, for we muſt believe that ſuch noiſes have taken place, it has been remarked that they might perhaps have proceeded from the echo of the miners at work, or from the dropping of water in ſome hollow places in or near the mine. Theſe conjectures are, however, very inſufficient, if we are to credit Mr. Morris's

Morris's aſſertion, (and he was a man not likely to make an aſſertion without being convinced of its truth,) that whilſt the miners are engaged in one kind of work, the *knockers*, as they are called, are carrying on another: while for inſtance, as he ſays, the *miners* are *boring*, the *knockers* are *blaſting*, the former conjecture muſt fall to the ground; and the droppings of water could in no caſe produce an effect that might be miſtaken for blaſting. I am acquainted with the ſubject only from report, but I can aſſure my readers that I found few people in Wales that did not give full credence to it. The elucidation of theſe extraordinary facts muſt be left to thoſe perſons who have better opportunities of inquiring into them than I have. I may be permitted to expreſs a hope that the ſubject will not be neglected, and that thoſe who reſide in any neighbourhood where the noiſes are heard, will carefully inveſtigate their cauſe, and, if poſſible, give to the world a more accurate account of them than the preſent.—In the year 1799, they were heard in ſome mines in the pariſh of Llanvihangel Yſgeiviog, in Angleſea, where they continued, at intervals, for ſome weeks.

The lower claſs of the Welſh yet continue to believe in the exiſtence of witches. Many old women, therefore, only becauſe they happen to be old, and perhaps deformed, have to bear the odium of preventing the cows from yielding milk, and butter

from forming in the churn. They are alſo believed to poſſeſs the power of inflicting diſorders both on men and cattle, and that they ſeldom neglect to do it when they have been offended. This will well account for the notion of witches having been ſtrenuouſly maintained ſome centuries ago even by the moſt enlightened perſons of the age. Old women, on whom the generally odious epithet of witch has been once fixed by the popular voice, have found it their intereſt, and in Wales to this day find it their intereſt, to deny nothing that is alleged to them. They become thus held in ſuperſtitious fear by the people, and in many inſtances obtain an eaſy livelihood from their ſuppoſed extent of power. Wherever they aſk alms, it would be (ſay the common people) the death of a cow or horſe, or perhaps even of one of the family, to refuſe them; and the neighbouring peaſantry, much as they hold them in deteſtation, believe it their own intereſt to keep them always in good humour. The old women thus live, in ſome meaſure, in affluence, with little other trouble than feeding and training up three or four cats, and attending minutely to the concerns of their neighbours.

On the eve of All Saints, the Welſh people, as ſoon as it is dark, kindle great fires near their houſes, which they call *coelcerth*, or bonfires. This cuſtom has been ſuppoſed, though probably without any foundation, to have originated with the druids, and to have been intended by them as an offering

offering of thankſgiving for the fruits of the harveſt. Sometimes fifty or a hundred of theſe fires may be ſeen at once, and round each the people dance, hand in hand, at the ſame time ſinging and ſhouting in the moſt riotous and frantic manner imaginable. In many places a cuſtom is retained of each perſon throwing a few nuts into the flame, by which they pretend to foretell the good or ill fortune that will attend them during the enſuing year. If, by the expanſion of air within them, the nuts burſt, they immediately conclude that they are doomed to die within twelve months.—On the day after All Saints the poor children go about the towns and villages to beg bread and cheeſe.

On the eve of St. John the Baptiſt, they place little bundles of the plant called St. John's wort over their doors, or windows. Theſe they believe will purify their houſes, and drive away all fiends and evil ſpirits. The druids had a cuſtom ſimilar to this, in which they uſed ſprigs of vervain.

The young people have many pretended modes of declaring their future lovers. Moſt of theſe are, however, common to the peaſantry of our own country, which renders it needleſs to repeat them here.

I have been informed that a diſorder ſomewhat reſembling St. Anthony's fire, which the Welſh people call *Yr Eryr*, the eagle, is ſuppoſed to be at

any time cured by the following kind of charm. A perſon, whoſe grandfather, or great grandfather, has eaten the fleſh of an eagle, is to ſpit on the part affected, and rub it for a little while with his fingers. This is eſteemed an infallible remedy. A maid-ſervant of a gentleman of my acquaintance who reſides in Caernarvonſhire, declared, in my hearing, that ſhe had been cured of this complaint by an old man whoſe grandfather had eaten of an eagle. She ſaid that he at the ſame time uſed ſome words, to aid the charm, which ſhe could not comprehend.

It is an opinion very prevalent within the dioceſe of St. David's in Pembrokeſhire, that a ſhort time previous to the death of a perſon, a light is ſometimes ſeen to proceed from the houſe, and even from the bed, and to purſue its way to the church where the body is to be interred, preciſely in the ſame track that the funeral will afterwards follow. This light is call *canwyll corph*, or "the corpſe candle."

A ſtrange cuſtom prevails in ſome obſcure parts of North Wales, which, however, the clergy have now almoſt aboliſhed. This is termed the "offering of an enemy." When a perſon ſuppoſes himſelf highly injured by any one, he repairs to ſome church dedicated to a celebrated ſaint, or one who is believed to have great power over the affairs of men; here kneeling on his bare knees before the altar, and offering a piece of money to the ſaint, he utters the

the moſt virulent and dreadful imprecations, calling down curſes and misfortunes on the offender and his family even for generations to come. Sometimes the offended perſons repair for the ſame purpoſe to ſome ſacred well, dedicated to a ſaint. Mr. Pennant was threatened by a man, who fancied he had been injured by him, " with the vengeance of St. Elian, and a journey to his well, to curſe him with effect *."

Some of theſe wells are held in great repute for the cure of diſeaſes; and the ſaints are alſo occaſionally applied to for the recovery of ſtolen goods. —In the pariſh of Abergeley, in Caernarvonſhire, there was formerly a well dedicated to St. George, who was the Welſh tutelary ſaint of horſes. All theſe animals that were diſtempered were brought to the well, ſprinkled with water, and received this bleſſing: *Rhad Duw a Saint Siors arnat*, " the bleſſing of God and St. George be on thee." It was the cuſtom for thoſe who kept a great number of horſes, at certain times to make an offering of one of them to the ſaint, in order to ſecure his bleſſing on all the reſt.—If a well of any ſaint was near the church, the water for baptiſm was always fetched from thence; and, after the ceremony, the old women would frequently waſh their eyes in the water of the font.

* Tour in Wales, ii. 337.

Some years ago it was a cuſtom in the churches of North Wales, whenever the name of the Devil occurred, for every one of the congregation to ſpit upon the floor. This was done to ſhew their contempt of the evil ſpirit. Whenever the name of Judas was mentioned, they expreſſed their abhorrence of him by ſtriking their breaſts.

On the morning of Chriſtmas day, about three o'clock, the inhabitants uſed formerly to aſſemble in the churches; and, after the prayers and ſermon were concluded, they continued there ſinging pſalms and hymns with great devotion till daylight. Thoſe who through age or infirmity were diſabled from attending the church, invariably read the prayers in their own houſes, and ſang the appropriate hymns. This act of devotion was called *plygain*, "the crowing of the cock *." It has been a general belief among the ſuperſtitious, that inſtantly

> At his warning,
> Whether in ſea, or fire, in earth, or air,
> Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
> To his confine.

But, during this holy ſeaſon, the cock was ſuppoſed to exert his power throughout the night:

> Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
> Wherein our SAVIOUR's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
> And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad;

* Pennant, ii. 340.

The

The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike;
No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm:
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

The Welſh yet retain the cuſtom of wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's day. On the firſt of March 640, the Welſh forces under command of king Cadwallo obtained a ſignal victory over the Saxons. The battle happened near a large piece of ground in which this vegetable was cultivated, and the ſoldiers put leeks into their hats in order to diſtinguiſh themſelves. Since this period the leek has been retained as a badge of honour. "The Welſhmen (ſays Fluelin to Henry V.) did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majeſty knows, to this hour is an honorable padge of the ſervice*."

The middle and lower claſſes of the people were formerly much addicted to *terming*, that is, brewing a barrel of ale at ſome favourite ale-houſe, and ſtaying there till it was all drunk out. They never went to bed, though the *term* ſhould even laſt a whole week. They ſlept in their chairs, or on the floor, as it happened, and the moment they awoke they renewed their jollity. At length, when the barrel was exhauſted, they reeled away home. The hero of this Bacchanalian rout always carried off the ſpiggot in triumph.

* Shakſpere's Henry V., act iv.

The

The peaſantry of part of Caernarvonſhire, Angleſea, and Merionethſhire, adopt a mode of *courtſhip*, which till within the laſt few years was ſcarcely even heard of in England. It is the ſame that is common in many parts of America, and termed by the inhabitants of that continent *bundling*. The lover ſteals, under the ſhadow of the night, to the bed of his fair one, into which (retaining an eſſential part of his dreſs) he is admitted without any ſhyneſs or reſerve. Saturday or Sunday nights are the principal times when this courtſhip takes place, and on theſe nights the men ſometimes walk from a diſtance of ten miles or more to viſit their favourite damſels.—This ſtrange cuſtom ſeems to have originated in the ſcarcity of fuel, and in the conſequent unpleaſantneſs of ſitting together, in the colder parts of the year, without a fire. Much has been ſaid of the innocence with which theſe meetings are conducted. This may be the caſe in ſome inſtances, but it is a very common thing for the conſequence of the intercourſe to make its appearance in the world within two or three months after the marriage ceremony has taken place. The ſubject excites no particular attention among the neighbours, provided the marriage be made good before the living witneſs is brought to light.—Since this cuſtom is entirely confined to the labouring claſſes of the community, it is not ſo pregnant with danger as on a firſt ſuppoſition it might ſeem. Both parties are ſo poor, that they are neceſſarily conſtrained to render their

iſſue

iſſue legitimate, in order to ſecure their reputation, and with it a mode of obtaining a livelihood.

Their *weddings* are uſually attended by all the neighbours, ſometimes to the number of thirty or upwards. After the ceremony, the day is dedicated to feſtivity, and is chiefly ſpent in drinking and ſinging. At a wedding in the little village of Llanberis, I obſerved in the church as many as twenty or five-and-twenty attendants. A collection is made on their return to the houſe to defray the expences of the occaſion, to which of courſe every one contributes. A good idea of the reſt of the buſineſs may be collected from a pleaſant account of a wedding-feaſt in Cwm y Clo, near Llanberis:

A fire of ſquare peat, and ſufficiently dried,
Was ſpread on the hearth, and at leaſt four feet wide;
Over which took their ſtation ſix kettles or more,
Which promiſed a feaſt, when they opened their ſtore;
And round this flat furnace, to keep them quite hot,
Were plac'd twelve more veſſels, which held—God knows what.
Four cooks, in ſhort bed-gowns, attend by deſire,
Like the witches in Macbeth, to ſtir up the fire.

Forty trenchers, with dull knives, and forks made no brighter,
Were ſpread on ſome napkins, which once had been whiter,
Supported by planks, forty feet long, or more,
Completely were rais'd on the graſs out of door.
But here we are bound the word *table* to offer,
That our verſes' great dignity never may ſuffer.
The table prepar'd, and the cooking completed,
'Twas perfectly needful the gueſts ſhould be ſeated.
Looſe boards were erected on ſtones with great art;
But proving too hard for a certain broad part,

A num-

A number of cuſhions were inſtantly made,
But not with a needle—no; formed with a ſpade.
The fineſt of ling, root and branch, from the common,
Par'd off, prov'd a cuſhion for man and for woman.

Now folks, male and female, came in by whole dozens,
Of neighbours, acquaintance, of friends, and of couſins.
It excited ſurprize, from a region of rocks,
That orderly people ſhould iſſue by flocks.
Black ſtockings, blue cloaks, and men's hats, all admire,
Which appear'd to be every female's attire.

While many a longing eye glanc'd at the board,
The word *dinner* ſounded—acceptable word!
Five butts of boil'd beef of a gigantic ſize,
On the board took their ſtation, with joy and ſurprize;
On theſe cloſe attended, as guards rang'd for pleaſure,
As many maſh'd peas as would heap a ſtrike meaſure;
With cabbage a pyramid, much like a ſteeple:
All theſe were ſurrounded with—thirty-eight people.

The moment arriving when dinner was o'er,
The places were taken by thirty-eight more;—
And then a third ſet, nearly equal to theſe,
Sat down to the cabbage, the beef, and the peas;
Beſides about fifty remaining behind,
Who ſtuck to the tankard, for none of them din'd.

And now an old diſh open'd wide at each ſinner,
As if it would ſay—"Pay a ſhilling for dinner."

Eight ſtrike of brown malt, which Caernarvon had ſeen,
And coſt the bride's father two pounds and fourteen,
Was brew'd into drink, that would make one man mad,
But given a ſecond would make his heart glad.
Each quart brought back ſixpence, and that pretty ſoon,
His *cot* was a public-houſe that afternoon.

The

The glaſs going round—no—the mug I would ſay,
The lads and the laſſes began to look gay,
To ſmile on each other, to toy and to joke;
I *was* an obſerver, but not a word ſpoke.

The *bard*, in a rapture, his harp handled ſoon,
And twang'd with his fingers, to try if in tune;
The people ſelected and pairing began,
Each laſs was indulg'd with the choice of her man;
Than *Amazons* more than like fairies were ſeen,
Full thirty gay couple to dance on the green.
Joy held his firm ſtation till morning was come;
When each ſwain had the pleaſure to lead his nymph home.

In South Wales, previous to the weddings of the peaſantry, a herald with a crook or wand, adorned with ribands, ſometimes makes the circuit of the neighbourhood, and proclaims his *bidding*, or invitation, in a preſcribed form; but the knight-errant cavalcade on horſeback,—the carrying off the bride,—the reſcue,—the wordy war in rhyme between the parties, which once formed a ſingular ſpectacle of mock conteſt at the celebration of nuptials, is now almoſt, if not altogether laid aſide, throughout every part of the principality *.

The *funerals* are attended by greater crowds of people than even their weddings. In the funeral that I attended at Llanberis, which has been deſcribed in the preceding volume †, there were at leaſt a hundred attendants.—A cuſtom prevails in

* Cam. Reg. vol. ii. † See page 241.

this

this country of each individual of the congrega tion making ſome *offering* in money on theſe occaſions, which, if done in the church, is paid as a mark of reſpect to the clergyman. This cuſtom, which is at preſent confined to North Wales, has doubtleſs been retained from the Romiſh religion, where the money was intended as a recompence to the prieſts for their trouble in ſinging maſs for the ſoul of the deceaſed. In ſome caſes, where the clergyman is not reſpected by his pariſhioners, the *offerings* are made on the coffin at the door of the houſe where the deceaſed reſided, and are diſtributed amongſt the poor relatives. When, however, the offerings are made in the church, and the other mode very rarely occurs. The whole of the morning or evening prayers for the day, and the uſual part of the burial ſervice in the church, are firſt read: the next of kin to the deceaſed then comes forward to the altar table, and if it is a poor perſon, puts down ſixpence or a ſhilling, but if he is ſufficiently opulent, half a crown or a crown, and ſometimes even ſo much as a guinea. This example is followed by the other relatives, and afterwards by the reſt of the congregation whoſe ſituation in life will afford it, who advance in turns, and offer. When the offering of ſilver is ended, a ſhort pauſe enſues, after which, thoſe who cannot ſpare any larger ſum, come forward, and put down each a penny (a half-penny not being admitted). Collections on theſe occaſions have been known to amount to ten or fifteen pounds, but where the relatives

latives are indigent, they do not often exceed three or four ſhillings. In caſes where families are left in diſtreſs, this money is uſually given by the clergyman to them. When the collection is entirely finiſhed, the body is taken to the grave, the remainder of the burial-ſervice is read, and the awful ceremony is there cloſed.—The offerings at Llanbublic, the pariſh church of Caernarvon, ſometimes amount to fifty or ſixty pounds a year.

It is uſual in ſeveral parts of North Wales, for the neareſt female relation to the deceaſed, be ſhe widow, mother, ſiſter, or daughter, to pay ſome poor perſon, of the ſame ſex, and nearly of the ſame age with the deceaſed, for procuring ſlips of yew, box, and other evergreens, to ſtrew over and ornament the grave for ſome weeks after interment; and in ſome inſtances for weeding and adorning it, on the eves of Eaſter, Whitſuntide, and the other great feſtivals, for a year or two afterwards. This gift is called *Diodlys*, and it is made on a plate at the door of the houſe, where at the ſame time the body is ſtanding on a bier. It had its name from the cuſtom, which is now diſcontinued, of the female relative giving to the perſon a piece of cheeſe with the money ſtuck in it, ſome white bread, and afterwards a cup of ale.—When this previous ceremony is over, the clergyman, or, in his abſence, the pariſh clerk, repeats the Lord's prayer; after which they proceed with the body to the church. Four of the next of kin take the bier upon their ſhoulders; a cuſtom which

which is conſidered as expreſſive of the higheſt mark that even filial piety can pay to the deceaſed. If the diſtance from the houſe to the church be conſiderable, they are relieved by ſome of the congregation; but they always take it again before they arrive at the church.—I have been informed that in ſome parts of the country it is uſual to ſet the bier down at every croſs-way, and again when they enter the church-yard, and at each of theſe places to repeat the Lord's prayer.

In ſome parts of Wales it was formerly cuſtomary for the friends of the dead to kneel on the grave, and there to ſay the Lord's prayer for ſeveral Sundays ſubſequent to the interment, and then to dreſs the grave with flowers.—It was alſo reckoned fortunate for the deceaſed if a ſhower of rain came on while they were carrying the body to church, that his coffin might be moiſtened with the tears of heaven.

I have obſerved that in moſt parts of North Wales, the ſame practice prevails which is common in England, of crowding all the bodies into that part of the church-yard which is ſouth of the church. The only reaſon that I have heard the Welſh people give for this cuſtom is, that the north is the *wrong ſide*. The true reaſon, however, is, that formerly it was cuſtomary for perſons, on entering a church-yard, and ſeeing the grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up to heaven a prayer for the peace of their ſoul; and ſince the entrances to churches were

uſually either on the weſt or ſouth ſide, thoſe perſons who were interred on the north eſcaped the common notice of their friends, and thereby loſt the beneſit of their prayers. Thus the north ſide becoming a kind of refuſe ſpot, only paupers, ſtillborn infants, or perſons guilty of ſome crime, were buried there *.

In Mr. Pratt's Gleanings through Wales I obſerve a charmingly animated deſcription of the neatneſs and elegance of the Welſh church-yards, and of the attention that is beſtowed by the ſurviving relatives, to the graves of their kindred: but I am ſorry to ſay, if this gentleman has ſtated facts, that the cuſtom is not general, as he has aſſerted; it muſt be completely local. During the ſeven months that I ſpent in viſiting and examining North Wales, I never ſaw, nor could I ever hear, of an inſtance of the graves being weeded every Saturday; "of their being every week planted with the choiceſt flowers of the ſeaſon," or that, if a nettle or weed were ſeen on the Sunday morning, the living party to whom the grave belonged, "would be hooted, after divine ſervice, by the whole congregation."

* Groſe's Olio, 222.

CHAP. XXIV.

Essay on the Origin and Character of the Welsh Language *.

The Character of the Language.—Of the Poetry.—Other Languages Dialects of the Welsh.—Analogy betwixt the Hebrew and Welsh. Betwixt the Greek and Welsh.—The Welsh Letters, and their Force.—List and Explanation of several of the primitive Words.—List of Welsh Words in common Use.—The Saxon Alphabet most probably belonging to the Welsh.—Present State of the Welsh Language.

The Welsh is a rich and copious language, which (however harsh and unpleasant it may sound to foreign ears) has numerous elegancies, and many beautiful forms of expression. Its copiousness is without rival, principally arising from the various combina-

* For the principal part of this essay, (which is intended only for the instruction of the English traveller,) I am indebted to the following works:—Commentarioli Britanniæ descriptionis fragmentum, auctore Humfredo Lhwyd;—Powel's History of Wales;—Edward Lhwyd's Notes in Gibson's Camden;—Rowland's Mona Antiqua reḍaurata;—Owen's Translation of the Elegies of Llywarch Hên;—Owen's Welsh Dictionary;—Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards;—the Monthly Magazine;—and the Cambrian Register, vols. i. and ii. I have also to acknowledge, in addition to the above authorities, the correspondence and corrections of my valuable friend, the reverend Peter Williams of Llanrûg, in Caernarvonshire.

tions

tions of its verbs. Each of theſe has about twenty modifications, by means of qualifying preſixes; and in every form they can each be conjugated, either by inflexions like the Latin, or by auxiliaries, as in the Engliſh language. The author of Letters from Snowdon has juſtly remarked, that the Welſh language, at the ſame time that it boaſts "the ſoftneſs and harmony of the Italian, has all the majeſty and expreſſion of the Greek." Of this I ſhall tranſcribe two ſingular inſtances: the one in an *englyn*, or kind of epigram, on the Silk-Worm, compoſed entirely of vowels; and the other in a diſtich on Thunder, the grandeur of which is ſcarcely ſurpaſſed in any language:

O'i wiw ŵy i weu ê â, a'i weuau
O'i ŵyau y weua;
E' weua ei ŵe aia',
A'i, weuau yw ieuau iâ.

I periſh by my art;
Dig my own grave:
I ſpin my thread of life;
My death I weave.

Tân a dŵr yn ymwriaw,
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.

The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
Its water warring with aërial fire*.

The metre of the poetry is very artificial and alliterative. The language abounds with conſonants

* Jones's Welſh Bards.

and monoſyllables, which, as they are incompatible with quantity, the bards were not able to reduce into concord by any other means than by placing its harſher conſonants at ſuch intervals, ſo intermixing them with the vowels, and ſo adapting, repeating, and dividing the ſeveral ſounds, as to produce an agreeable effect from their ſtructure. To the ears of the natives the Welſh metre is extremely pleaſing; and it does not ſubject the bard to more reſtraint than the different ſorts of feet occaſioned to the Greek and Roman poets. The laws of alliteration were preſcribed and obſerved with ſuch ſcrupulous exactneſs, that for many centuries a line, not perfectly alliterative, was condemned as much by the Welſh grammarians, as a falſe quantity was by the Greeks or Romans.

The Welſh, the Corniſh, and the Armoric * languages, agree in their grammar, ſtructure, and nomenclature; and the Iriſh, and Erſe or Gaelic, are fundamentally the ſame with the Welſh, though they differ much, in conſequence of the long ſeparation of the inhabitants, in dialect and pronunciation. They all proceeded from one common ſource, the ancient Celtic, or Britiſh tongue.

* Armorica, or Bretagne, in France, was colonized by the Britons about the year 384. Its name is properly *Ar y-môr-ucha*, "On the upper Sea." The natives of Cornwall began to loſe their ancient language in the reign of queen Elizabeth. I believe the latter is now extinct.

There

There is alſo a very ſtriking analogy betwixt the Hebrew and the Welſh languages. The primitive and derivative words have, in many inſtances (allowing for the different modes of pronunciation) ſo exact a reſemblance, that it is evident ſeveral of the Welſh words muſt have had their origin in this, the moſt ancient language of mankind. Even the Welſh now ſpoken has more ſounds agreeing with the Hebrew, than with all the other languages together. The following are inſtances of their agreement in ſingle words:

Hebrew.	*Welſh.*	*Engliſh.*
Bagad	Bagad	A great many.
Bareh	Bara	Meat or victuals.
Cir	Caer	A fortified place.
Cis	Ciſt *	A cheſt.
Denah	Dyna	This or that.
Gad	Câd	An army.
Gadah	Gadaw	To paſs by.
Gavel	Gafael †	Tenure, or lands bounded.
Geven	Cefyn	A ridge, or back.
Hanes	Hanes	To ſignify, or account.
Jiſſal	Iſel, or Iſelu	To throw down.
Mah?	Mae?	What? where? how?
Maguur	Magwyr	A habitation, or dwelling.
Malas	Melys	Sweet, or to ſweeten.
Mar	Maer	A lord.
Me-ab	Mâb	A ſon.
Mohal	Moel	A hill.

* The word *kiſt* for cheſt, uſed in many parts of Yorkſhire, may have had its origin in this Britiſh word.

† Hence the peculiar tenure called *Gavelkind*.

Hebrew.	*Welſh.*	*Engliſh.*
Nadu	Nadu	They moan, or lament.
Nafe	Nef	Joyful.
Path	Peth	A part, or portion.
Reïth	Rhîth	Appearance.
Sac	Sâch	A ſack.
Sethar	Sathru	To throw under the feet.

But it is not in ſingle words merely that the Welſh and Hebrew languages agree: they are likewiſe ſo nearly allied in their grammatical forms, that it would be difficult to adduce even a ſingle article from the Hebrew which is not alſo to be found in the Welſh grammar: and there are many whole ſentences to be found in both languages which in the words are exactly alike:

Hebrew. Byllang adonai-eth cal nêoth Jangeob.
Welſh. By-llwng adon-ydh holl neuodh Jago.
Engliſh. The lord has ſwallowed up all the tabernacles of Jacob.

Hebrew. Derech bethah iitsengad,
Welſh. Dyrac buth-hi ai-i-fengyd.
1. The road of her houſe he would tread.
2. The avenue of her dwelling he would go to tread.

Hebrew. Me huaze malec hacâvodh Jehovah tſebâoth hua malec hacâvodh. Selah!
Welſh. Py yw-o ſy maeloc y-cavad I-a-ywoo ſavwyod yw-o maeloc y-cavad. Sela!
1. Who is the king of Glory? The Lord of Hoſts, he is the king of Glory. Selah?
2. Who is he that is poſſeſſor of attainment? "*I that am he of hoſts,*" he is poſſeſſor of attainment? Behold *.

* Literal tranſlation.

Hebrew.

Hebrew. Mageni ngal elöim.
Welſh. Meigen-i hwyl elyv.
1. My ſhield is from God.
2. My protection is from the Intelligences.

Beſides this ſingular conformity in the Hebrew and Welſh languages, the latter has alſo in many reſpects a near reſemblance to the Greek. Many of the words that have the ſame ſignification, have the ſame, or nearly the ſame, ſound in each. Their articles, pronouns, prepoſitions, and affixes, are frequently alike. The verbs generally agree in the form of their inflexions, and often in the identity of ſound. It is conjectured that with more than half the words contained in Parkhurſt's Lexicon, there are words in the Welſh language that have the ſame ſound and ſignification. The following are a few of the inſtances:

Greek.	*Welſh.*	*Engliſh.*
Αρω	Aru	To plow.
Δακρυ	Dagyr, deigyr	A tear.
Δακρυω	Dagru, deigro, and deigraw	To ſhed tears.
Δασκω	Dyſcu, from dyſc, learning	To teach.
Διδασκω	Dyddſcu	To teach, to inſtruct.
Δυω	Deuo	To come.
Δη	De	Truly, in truth.
Δευρω	Dyre	Hither.
Ελεεω	Aelu, aclëu, eulïu	To pity.
Εμι	Imi	To me.
Εξω	Echw, uchw	Out, without.
Ινα	Yna	That, to the end that
Κατα	Kyd, kyda	Againſt, along, by reaſon of.

Greek.	*Welſh.*	*Engliſh.*
Λαος	Lios, Liaws	A people, a number of men, a multitude.
Μαραινω	Merwino	To cauſe to decay.
Μη	Mo	Leſt, that not, not
Νυξ	Nôs	Night.
Νωι, νω	Ni, nyni	We, us two.
Νωιν, νων	Nyein, nyn	Of us two.
Οιω	Oio	To think, or bear in mind.
Ῥακυ	'Raca	A rake.

If the Welſh language had its origin in the Hebrew, of which, all circumſtances conſidered, there can be little doubt, this analogy betwixt the Welſh and Greek is only what might be expected.

The ancient Welſh manuſcripts contain as many as thirty-eight different letters, or characters. Theſe, ſince the invention of printing, and the conſequent introduction of the Roman letters, have neceſſarily been reduced in number. Two, and even three letters, are now, in ſome inſtances, adopted to expreſs what had before a ſingle appropriate character. —The uncompounded letters are A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U, W, and Y: the compounds are, Ch, Dd, Ff, Ng, Ll, Ph, and Th. The vowels are ſometimes lengthened by an accent, marked thus, â, ê, î, ô, û, ŵ *.

* V is ſometimes uſed inſtead of F: B and P, C and G, U and Y, are alſo occaſionally uſed for each other; as were alſo formerly V and M.

The

The following is an account of thoſe letters that, in their powers, differ from ſimilar ones in the Engliſh language:

A has only the ſound of our open *a* in the word *hard:* as *caſtell*, a caſtle.

C, invariably, is hard, as the Engliſh *k:* thus *cader*, a fort, is pronounced *kader*. C joined with w, and having a vowel ſucceeding, ſupplies the place of our Qu.

Ch (marked ç in Mr. Owen's Welſh Dictionary) is a guttural, of the ſame power as the Greek χ.

Dd, or, as it is ſometimes written, *dh*, is an aſpirated *d*. It has nearly the ſound of *th* in the word *this*: *dda*, good, is pronounced *tha*.

F has the ſound of our *v:* thus *felen*, yellow, is pronounced *velen*.

Ff ſupplies the place of our ſingle *f*.

G is invariably hard, as the *g* in *gain*.

I has the ſame ſound as it has in the Italian language, of *ee*, as in our word *ſeen:* thus *cil*, a retreat, is pronounced *keel*.

Ll is an aſpirated *l*, having much the ſound of *thl:* thus *llan*, a church or village, is pronounced much like *thlan*.

R, when it begins a word, is always aſpirated.

U has the ſound of *i* in the word *ſin:* thus *pump*, five, is pronounced *pimp*.

W is a vowel, and has the power of our *oo* in *ſoon*: thus *rhiw*, an aſcent, is pronounced *rhioo*.

Y, in ſome words, has the ſound of the Engliſh *i* in *ſin:* thus *ffynnon*, a well, is pronounced *finnon*. It has alſo ſometimes the ſound of *o* in the word *honey;* and ſometimes of *u* in *mud*.

Primitive

Primitive Words that frequently occur in the Names of Places, &c.

Aber, a confluence; the fall of a leſſer water into a greater, as of a brook into a river, or a river into the ſea: thus *Aberdovey* ſignifies the place where the Dovey joins the ſea.

Avon, what flows; and thence a ſtream or river. The river *Mawddach*, near Barmouth, is uſually called *Avon vawr*, 'the great river.'

Allt, a cliff, the ſteep of a hill. *Penallt*, 'the head of the ſteep,' near Machynlleth.

Ar, upon, bordering or joining upon. *Harlech*, 'on the cliff,' in Merionethſhire.

Bach, and *bychan*, little: the feminine genders are *vach* and *vychan*, or *vechan*. Glyder bach, "the little Glyder,' a mountain near Llanberis.

Bôd, a dwelling or ſtation. *Bôdeiniol*, 'the dwelling of Daniel.'

Bron, the breaſt: feminine *fron*. *Cader Fronwen*, 'the mountain of Fronwen,' or 'the white breaſt,' is one of the Berwyn mountains.

Bryn, a hill. *Bryn y Croes*, 'the hill of the croſs.'

Bwlch, a gap or paſs betwixt rocks or mountains.

Cader, a fortreſs, or ſtrong hold; ſometimes a ſeat, or place, of obſervation.

Caer, a fortified place, uſually conſtructed with ſtones and mortar; thus diſtinguiſhed from *Dinas*, which generally implied a rampart of looſe ſtones and earth.

Caſtell, a caſtle. *Caſtell Dolbadarn*, 'Dolbadarn caſtle.'

Cefyn, the back; a ridge. *Cefyn Creini*, 'the rock, or mountain of worſhip,' near Corwen.

Carnedd, a heap of ſtones, a huge rock. *Carnedd Llewelyn*, 'Llewelyn's mountain.'

Cil, a retreat. *Llan y Cil*, 'the church in the retreat near Bala.'

Clawd, a dike; ſometimes a fence, wall, or ridge. *Clawd Offa*, 'Offa's dike,' and *Clawd coch*, 'the red ridge,' a part of Snowdon.

Clogwyn, a precipice. *Clogwyn du'r Arddu*, 'the black precipice,' part of Snowdon.

Coed, a wood. *Coed Euloe*, 'Euloe wood,' near Hawarden, in Flintſhire.

Cors, a marſh, or bog: the word, in its uſual acceptation, ſignifies 'reeds.' *Cors y Gaſſeg*, 'the mare's bog,' in Denbighſhire.

Craig, a rock. *Craig Eglwyſeg*, 'the eagle's rock,' near Llangollen. From this word the Engliſh *crag*, of the ſame ſignification, is derived.

Cwm, a great hollow, or glen. *Cwm Idwel*, 'the hollow of Idwel,' near Llanberis.

Dinas, a fort, or fortified place, conſtructed in general with a rampart of looſe ſtones and earth, without any cement.

Dôl, a meadow, or dale, in the bend of a river.

Draws, a door, paſs, or opening. *Draws Ardudwy*, 'the paſs of Ardudwy,' near Harlech, Merionethſhire.

Dû, black. *Cefyn dû*, 'the black ridge,' betwixt Caernarvon and Snowdon.

Dyffryn, a wide cultivated valley. *Dyffryn Clwyd*, 'the vale of Clwyd.'

Ffynnon, though generally ſignifying a ſpring or well, is ſometimes uſed for the ſmall lakes on the higheſt parts of the mountains; as *Ffynnon frech*, 'the ſpotted pool,' *Ffynnon felen*, 'the yellow pool,' &c. near Llanberis.

Garth, a mountain that bends round, or that incloſes.

Glan, a bank, or ſhore: in compoſition *lan*, as *Rhyddlan*, 'the red ſhore,' Flintſhire.

Glyn, a deep vale, through which a river runs; a glen. *Pont y Glyn*, 'the bridge of the glen,' near Corwen.

Gwern, a watery meadow. *Gwern Einion*, 'Einion's meadow,' a farm not far from Harlech.

Gwydd, a wood, woody, or wild.

Gwyn,

Gwyn, white: feminine *gwen*.

Goch, or *coch*, red. *Clawdd coch*, 'the red ridge,' a part of Snowdon.

Llan, a ſmooth plot, a place of meeting, the church-place or village, and, figuratively, the church.

Llech, a flat ſtone, or crag, a ſmooth cliff. *Harlech*, 'upon the cliff,' in Merionethſhire.

Llwyn, a grove, or copſe. *Llwyn on*, 'the aſh grove.'

Llyn, a pool, pond, or mere: plural *Llyniau*.

Maen, a ſtone. *Maentwrog*, 'the ſtone of Twrog,' a church in the vale of Ffeſtiniog.

Maes, an open field. *Maes Porth*, 'the field of the port,' in Angleſea, nearly oppoſite to Caernarvon.

Mawr, great: feminine *vawr*. *Mynydd mawr*, 'the great mountain,' betwixt Caernarvon and Beddgelert.

Morfa, a marſh. *Morfa Rhyddlan*, 'Rhyddlan marſh,' Flintſhire.

Mynydd, a mountain. *Mynydd mawr*, 'the great mountain.'

Nant, a narrow hollow, or ravine. *Nant Frangon*, 'the beaver's hollow,' near Bangor.

Pen, a head, top, or end. *Penrhyn*, 'the head of the promontory,' near Bangor.

Piſtyll, a narrow ſtream, or ſpout of water. *Piſtyll y Cain*, 'the ſpout of the Cain,' near Dolgelle.

Plâs, a hall, or manſion. *Plâs Newydd*, 'the new manſion,' in Angleſea, near Moel y Don ferry.

Pont, a bridge. *Pont Seiont*, 'the bridge over the Seiont,' near Caernarvon.

Porth, a port, or harbour. *Porth yn Llŷn*, 'the harbour in the promontory of Llyn.

Rhaiadr, a cataract. *Rhaiadr mawr*, 'the great cataract,' near Aber, Caernarvonſhire.

Rhiw, an aſcent. *Rhiwedog*, 'the abrupt aſcent,' near Bala.

Rhôs, a moiſt plain, or meadow. *Penrhôs*, 'the head of the plain,' a village in Angleſea.

Rhyn,

Rhyn, a noſe, generally uſed with the word *Pen*, and then ſignifying a promontory.

Rhyd, a ford, *Rhyd Elen*, 'Helen's ford.'

Sarn, a cauſeway. *Trum y Sarn*, 'the cauſeway of the ridge,' not far from Bala.

Tal, the front, head, or end. *Tal y Llyn*, 'the head of the pool,' near Cader Idris, Merionethſhire.

Traeth, a ſand on the ſea-ſhore. *Traeth mawr*, near Beddgelert, Caernarvonſhire.

Tref, or *Tre*, a town or townſhip. *Trefdraeth*, 'the town on the ſand,' near Newborough, Angleſea.

Ty, a houſe. *Ty dû*, 'the black houſe,' a farm betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis.

Ynys, an iſland. *Ynys Seiriol*, 'Seriol's iſland,' or Prieſtholme iſland, off the coaſt of Angleſea.

Welſh Words in common Uſe.

Air,	Awel.	Body,	Corph.
Ale,	Cwrw.	Boot,	Botas, *plural*, botau.
Ale houſe,	Tafarn.		
Apple,	Afal, *plural* afalau.	Braſs,	Pres.
		Bread,	Bara.
Arm,	Braich.	———, oaten,	Bara ceirch.
Aſs,	Aſyn.	———, wheaten,	Bara gwenith.
Axe,	Bwyell.	Bridge,	Pont.
		Bull,	Tarw.
Bacon,	Bacwn.	Butter,	Menin.
Barber,	Barfwr.		
Bard,	Bardd.	Candle,	Canwyll.
Bed,	Gwely.	Cat,	Cath.
Beef,	Cig eidion.	Cataract,	Rhaiadr.
Bell,	Cloch, *plural*, clych.	Chair,	Cadair.
		Chapel,	Capel.
Blackſmith,	Gof-dû.	Cheeſe,	Caws.
Blue,	Glâs.	Child,	Plentyn.

Church,

Church,	Llan, eglwys.
Coal,	Glo.
Coaſt,	Glan, y-môr.
Cook,	Cog.
Cow,	Buwch, *plural*, gwartheg.
Cream,	Hufen.
Croes,	Croes.
Crow,	Brân.
Cup,	Cwpan.
Dinner,	Ciniaw *.
Diſh.	Diſgyl.
Doctor,	Meddyg.
Dog,	Ci, *pl.* cwn.
Door,	Drws.
Drink,	Diawd.
Earth,	Daiar.
Eaſt,	Dwyrain.
Egg,	Wy.
Eye,	Llygad.
Father,	Tad.
Feet,	Traed.
Finger,	Bys, *pl.* byſedd.
Fire,	Tân.
Fiſh,	Pyſg.
Fleſh,	Cig.
Foot,	Troed, *pl.* traed.
Fork,	Fforch.
Goat,	Gafr.
Gooſe,	Gwydd.
Grave,	Bedd.
Gun,	Gwn.
Guide,	Fforddwr.
Hand,	Llaw.
Harp,	Telyn.
Harper,	Telynwr.
Hat,	Het.
Head,	Pen.
Heath	Grûg.
Hedge,	Cae.
Hill,	Bryn.
Hog,	Mochyn.
Horſe,	Ceffyl.
Houſe,	Ty, *pl.* tai.
Inn,	Tafarn.
Iron,	Haiarn.
Iſland,	Ynys.
King,	Brenin.
Kniſe,	Cyllell.
Lake,	Llyn, *pl.* Llynnau.
Land,	Dacar.
Leather,	Lledr.
Leg,	Coes.
Loaf,	Torth.
Man,	Dyn, *pl.* dynion, or gwyr,

* This word ſignifies properly a meal, and is occaſionally uſed for breakfaſt as well as dinner.

Mare,

Mare,	Caſeg.
Marſh,	Morfa,
Meat,	Bwyd.
Milk,	Llaeth.
Mill,	Melyn.
Money,	Arian.
Moon,	Lleuad.
Mother,	Mam.
Mountain,	Mynydd.
Mutton,	Cig llwdn dafad.
Net,	Rhwyd.
Night,	Nôs.
Noiſe,	Trooſt.
Noſe,	Trwyn.
Oak,	Derwen, *ſingular*, derw.
Oats,	Ceirch.
Oſtler,	Marchwas.
Oven,	Ffwrn.
Ox,	Eidion, *plural*, ychen.
Paper,	Papur.
Paſture,	Porfa.
Path,	Llw y br.
Pie,	Paſtai.
Pig,	Mochyn.
Pigeon,	Colomen.
Pin,	Pin.
Poſt-office,	Llythyrdy.
Pot,	Crochan.
Potatoe.	Cloronen, *pl.* cloron.
Prieſt,	Offeiriad.
Quill,	Aſgell.
Razor,	Ellyn.
River,	Afon.
Road,	Ffordd.
Room,	Yſtafell, lle.
Saddle,	Cyfrwy.
Salt,	Halen.
Sand,	Tyfod.
School,	Yſgol.
Sea,	Môr.
Seaman,	Morwr.
Sheet,	Llen, *pl.* lleni.
Shilling,	Swllt.
Ship,	Llong.
Shirt,	Crys.
Shoe,	Eſgid.
Shoemaker,	Crydd.
Silver,	Arian.
Sky,	Awyr.
Sleep,	Cwſg.
Smith,	Gôf.
Smoke,	Mwg.
Soap,	Sebon.
Son,	Mab.
Stocking,	Hoſan, *pl.* hoſanau.
Stone,	Carreg, maen.
Straw,	Gwellt.
Street,	Heol.
Sugar,	Siwgr.
Summer,	Haf.
Sun,	Haul.

Table,

Table,	Bwrdd, llech.	Vale,	Dyffryn.
Tailor,	Taeliwr.	Veal,	Cig llo.
Teeth,	Daint.	Wall,	Mur.
Thread,	Edau, edef	Waſherwoman,	Golchyddes.
Towel,	Llaw-liain.	Water,	Dwr.
Town,	Tre.	Well,	Ffynnon.
Tree,	Pren.	Wheat,	Gwenith.
Trout,	Brithyl.	Wine,	Gwin.

The preſent Welſh letters are the ſame that are uſed in England, but there appears ſufficient proof that the alphabet, now called the Saxon alphabet, really belonged to the Britons, and was uſed in their writings many centuries previous to the Saxon invaſion. When the Britons were driven out of Mercia, a few of the moſt learned were ſuffered to remain, and from theſe, it has been conjectured, the Saxons were firſt inſtructed in the uſe of letters. It is deſerving of remark that Aſſerus and Scotus, the inſtructors of Alfred, were both Welſhmen.

When the Saxons firſt came into Britain, about the middle of the fifth century, they appear, ſays Dr. Johnſon, who examined every record extant on the ſubject, "to have been a people without learning, and very probably *without an alphabet*."

It has been juſtly remarked by the learned and indefatigable Rowlands, that if they had brought the uſe of letters with them from Saxony, or whereever they came from, there would have been *ſome* remains either of inſcriptions or manuſcripts in that country, unleſs they had all come over, to a man, and

brought

brought with them all their books, and their tombſtones alſo. In no part of Germany is there ſuch a character as the Saxon to be found.—That they invented the letters after their arrival in Britain, is altogether improbable; for, at all events, there was at that time the Roman character ready to their hands, and in common uſe.—The Iriſh hiſtorians ſay that they borrowed them from that country. It is probable that the Iriſh had the letters, as well as their language, in common with the Britons; but there was little neceſſity for the Saxons to go over into Ireland to borrow what they would find in their own iſland and neighbourhood.

That the Britons uſed this alphabet in the moſt remote periods, ſeems alſo extremely probable, even from an expreſſion of Cæſar, in his deſcription of the Druids, "*Græcis literis utuntur*," 'they uſe the Greek letters:'—ſeveral of thoſe, now called the Saxon characters, have a great reſemblance to the letters of the old Greek alphabet.—Many of the ancient Britiſh manuſcripts are alſo written in the Saxon character, as part of the Liber Landavenſis, and ſeveral depoſited in the libraries in North Wales.—In one of the prefaces to Lhwyd's Archæologia, there are three ſtanzas of the ancient Pictiſh poetry, which the author diſcovered in the Highlands of Scotland. They were written on vellum, in this old character, or in one very nearly reſembling it, and he believed them to be above a thouſand years old.—There is yet to be ſeen on a ſtone over the ſouth door of the

church of Llangadwaladr, in Angleſea, this inſcription, in the old character: "*Catamanus rex ſapientiſſimus, opinatiſſimus omnium regum.*" Catamanus, or Cadvan, died in the beginning of the ſeventh century. The church was founded by his grandſon.—About the reign of Charles II., the ſexton of Llanbabo, in Angleſea, was digging a grave, when he by chance diſcovered, at the depth of ſeveral feet, an ancient tombſtone. It was taken out and depoſited in the chancel, where it is yet to be ſeen. It has on it the figure of a man, in long robes, with a coronet on his head, and a ſceptre in his hand. Round the edge there is a Latin inſcription in theſe old characters, mixed with the Roman. It was deſigned to commemorate Pabo poſt Prydain, *Pabo, the ſupport of Britain*, who lived about the period when the Saxons firſt entered Britain. He has been celebrated for his valour in the contentions, with the Britons, againſt the Picts and Scots:—he was the founder of the church of Llanbabo.—There are many other monumental inſcriptions in North Wales in this ancient character.

Another evidence that the Britons had an alphabet previouſly to the arrival of the Saxons, is adduced from inſcriptions on Britiſh coins ſtruck ſome centuries before. In Dr. Stukeley's impreſſions from the coins of the ancient Welſh kings, there is one from a coin of Bleiddyd, or Bladud, king of Britain, about nine hundred years before Chriſt. This is now lodged in the Cotton muſeum. There are

others

others of Manogan, about a hundred and thirty years before Chriſt; of Cynvelyn, or Cunobelin, king of the Caſſivellauni, at the commencement of the Chriſtian æra, &c.

In the reign of Henry VIII., a table of metal, apparently of lead and tin mixed, was diſcovered at Ambreſbury in Wiltſhire, inſcribed with many letters, but in a character ſo uncommon, that neither ſir Thomas Eliot, nor Mr. Lily, the maſter of St. Paul's ſchool, were able to underſtand them. It was in conſequence neglected; it might otherwiſe have led to ſome important diſcovery.

Previouſly to the arrival of the Romans into theſe iſlands, the Welſh, then the Britiſh language, was the only language in uſe. From the Romans ſome new words were added to its dictionary. After the expulſion of the inhabitants by the Saxons, it fled with them to the mountains, receiving, however, a few additions from this people. In the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and Cornwall, it continued to be uſed for many centuries, in excluſion of every other language. In many parts of North Wales it continues yet to be ſpoken in its original purity. The Engliſh have, indeed, for a few centuries, been ſo much encroaching upon this country, as to have rendered their own the faſhionable language, and in general the only language ſpoken by the higher orders of the people. Attempts have

alſo been made to introduce the Engliſh tongue into general uſe among the lower claſſes, but hitherto with no great ſucceſs. Engliſh charity-ſchools have for many years been inſtituted in various parts of the principality, but theſe ſeem to threaten nothing ſerious againſt the language of the country. The little that the children learn from inſtructors who themſelves know but little, is ſoon afterwards loſt in the natural preference they have to their own tongue, and the little occaſion that they have to ſpeak any other. To ſay that the majority of the Welſh are entirely ignorant of the Engliſh language would be wrong, for in thoſe parts of Flintſhire, Denbighſhire, and Montgomeryſhire, adjacent to the Engliſh counties, they ſpeak it very fluently. It is in Angleſea, and the mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, where the greateſt ignorance of it is to be obſerved; but here, in the great roads, I had commonly Engliſh anſwers to my queſtions; and even in more obſcure ſituations, by a little perſeverance, or by the exhibition of money, I have obtained the anſwers I ſought for.

A late Welſh writer has remarked that "ſome advocates for the abolition of the Welſh tongue are vain enough to prognoſticate a near approaching day, when it will be numbered with the dead languages. They ſee ſome few families on the borders, and about a dozen innkeepers upon the poſt-roads, who ſpeak Engliſh only; but there are thouſands,

and

and tens of thouſands in the wilds of Wales, who have learned the language of their parents, and of their country, as naturally and as innocently as they ſucked their mother's breaſts, or breathed the common air: theſe have neither opportunity nor inclination to learn any other tongue. This is the impregnable fortreſs of the Welſh language, where *a rivetted, cordial antipathy againſt the Engliſh tongue, cauſed by the cruelties of Edward I., and of the Lancaſtrian family*, dwells as commander in chief. Storm this garriſon, and overturn Snowdon from its baſe*!"

* Of the truth of the *cruelties* ſaid to have been inflicted by Edward I. on the bards, further than proſcribing the profeſſion of bardiſm, there ſeems great doubt. Allowing, however, all that have been alleged to him, in their fulleſt extent, to be true, theſe cruelties cannot ſurely be adduced as juſt cauſe for obſervations ſo illiberal as the above againſt the preſent Engliſh, living five hundred years after the ſuppoſed date of theſe events. In the lower orders of the Welſh, ſuch prejudices might be overlooked, from their ignorance, and the want of knowing better: but from an intelligent writer, and a *clergyman*, theſe, and remarks like the following, though too illiberal to wound our feelings, are certainly inexcuſable:—"This mode of burleſquing the Welſh (for the wrong pronunciation of ſome Engliſh words) originated in the ridicule with which the Saxon victors treated their conquered vaſſals; and which is ſtill carried on, in ſpite of reaſon and liberality, by the *folly and ignorance of the deſcendants of our once inſulting foes*."

The "booriſhneſs" of the Engliſh peaſantry "has no rival, and of their ignorance a clergyman of their own gives us SATISFACTION, who, a few years ago, on coming to his pariſh,

within twenty miles of the metropolis, could get no anſwer from ſeveral of his pariſhioners, to a very plain queſtion, viz. 'Who was Chriſt?' Can we find ſuch ignorance in Wales,—the wilds of Ireland,—or the Highlands of Scotland?"—See a ſtatiſtical account of the pariſh of Llanymynech, in Montgomeryſhire, by the reverend Walter Davies of Meivod, inſerted in the Cambrian Regiſter, i 280.

CHAP. XXV.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE WELSH BARDS AND MUSIC *.

Account of the Druids, their Functions, Manners, and Cuſtoms.—Their Extermination by the Romans.—The ſubſequent State of Poetry and Muſic.—The Reformation effected by Griffith ap Cynan, in the Twelfth Century.—The Claſſes of the Bards.—The Eiſteddfod, or Triennial Aſſembly.—The Degrees in Poetry and Muſic.—The Privileges and Revenues of the Bards.—Their ſuppoſed Maſſacre by Order of Edward I.—Their Hiſtory continued from thence to the preſent Time.—Account of the Welſh Muſical Inſtruments.—The Harp.—The Crwth.—The Pibcorn.—Obſervations on the Welſh Muſic.—Objections to the Laws of Counterpoint being known among the ancient Bards; and the generally ſuppoſed Antiquity of the preſent national Tunes.—Character of the preſent Welſh Muſic.

FROM all the authentic memorials extant reſpecting the ancient Britiſh bards, it appears that in the early periods they conſtituted that order of men denominated by the Latin writers *Druids*. They were divided into three principal claſſes of *druid*, *bard*, and *ovate* †.

They

* This ſubject will be found more extenſively illuſtrated in Mr. Jones's two works, "The Muſical and Poetical Relics of the Welſh Bards," and "The Bardic Muſeum."

† Denominated in Welſh derwydd, bardd, and ovydd.—Derwydd ſignifies the body of the oak, and, figuratively, the

They had one chief, or arch-druid, to whom the whole order paid implicit obedience; and under whoſe directions their moſt important affairs were conducted *. He held an annual tribunal, to which the people were regularly aſſembled, and in all cauſes ſubmitted to his judgment, his determination was concluſive, and from it the parties could have no appeal. After the death of the arch-druid, the next in dignity and reputation, decided by a majority of votes of the inferior orders, ſucceeded to his high office †.

The employment in which the *druids* were chiefly occupied, was the exerciſe of religious functions, for it was their ſole prerogative to preſide over the various rites and myſteries of their worſhip.—It was conſidered the office of the *bards* to ſing their religious precepts to the people: to ſing to the harp at nuptials, obſequies, games, and other ſolemnities; and at the head of the armies to chant the praiſes of thoſe perſons who had ſignalized themſelves by virtuous or heroic actions. To the *ovate* the conduct of the moſt trivial duties appertaining to their

---

man of the oak, from *derw* an oak, and *ydd*, a Welſh termination of nouns.—*Bardd* ſignifies the branching, or what ſprings from, derived from *bâr*, a branch, or top.—*Ovydd* implies a diſciple, from *ôv*, raw, and *ydd*, the termination above explained. Jones's Bards, p. 2.

* His omnibus Druidibus præeſt unus, qui ſummam inter eos habet auctoritatem. Cæſar, lib. vi. ſ. 13.

† Ibid.

religion

religion devolved. The perſons who filled this claſs were in a kind of noviciate to the higher and more important offices of bard and druid. They had the care of the ſacrifices, and principally occupied their time in the ſtudy of natural philoſophy.—In the tragedy of Caractacus all theſe orders are recognized: Vellinus, having ſpoken of the arch-druid, ſays,

> His brotherhood
> Poſſeſs the neighbouring cliffs.
>
> On the left
> Reſide the ſages ſkilled in nature's lore:
> The changeful univerſe, its numbers, powers,
> Studious they meaſure, ſave when meditation
> Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
> Each has his rank and function.—Yonder grots
> Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
> Robed in their flowing veſts of innocent white,
> Deſcend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
> Hymning immortal ſtrains.

The druids and the bards were the divines, the legiſlators, and the phyſicians of the ancient inhabitants of this country. They compoſed hymns for their ſacred temples, and theſe they accompanied with their harps. In later periods, when the druidical orders had ſuffered from the encroachments of the Roman power, they were employed in recording the deſcent of families, in emblazoning their arms, and compoſing ſongs on the valiant actions of illuſtrious warriors, which they chanted to the muſic of their harps. Thus, conſequently,

ſequently, they became the national hiſtorians. On important occaſions, the bards were made ambaſſadors between contending chiefs; but at all times their perſons were held ſacred. "Cairbar (ſays Oſſian) feared to ſtretch his ſword to the bards, though his ſoul was dark. Looſe (ſaid the noble Cathmor) the bards. They are the ſons of other times. Their voice ſhall be heard in other years, when the kings of Temora have failed." They were exempted from all military ſervices, even in times of the greateſt danger; and whenever they attended their patrons into the field of battle, to ſing their heroic actions, a guard was aſſigned for their protection.

The druids certainly worſhipped either a multiplicity of deities, or one God under ſeveral different appellations *. To them they offered human victims: thieves, robbers, and other malefactors, were preferred; but if theſe were not to be had, they ſacrificed innocent perſons. Diodorus Siculus aſſerts that condemned criminals were reſerved, and at the end of every five years were all ſacrificed at once. Captives of war were alſo immolated in the ſame manner †.

I have been informed that one relic of druidical ſacrifice is yet obſerved in ſome parts of North

* Among theſe were Teutates, or Mercury, and Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, under different Britiſh names. Cæſar, lib. vi. ſ. 17.

† Strabo, vi. 198. v. 32. Cæſar, vi. 16.

Wales.

Wales. When any contagious diſeaſe breaks out amongſt the horned cattle, the neighbouring farmers each contribute towards the purchaſe of a bullock, which is led to the verge of ſome precipice, and caſt headlong down. This act they call *bwrw caeth i gythraul*, "caſting a captive to the devil."

It has been ſaid that the druids taught the Pythagorean doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls; Lucan and Marcellinus, however, each repreſent them as teaching, that after death the ſoul retired into ſome higher orb, where it enjoyed a ſtate of perfect happineſs*.—They performed all their acts of worſhip in the open air; and in places appropriated to the purpoſe, ſurrounded with groves of oak†. In theſe they had their mounts and hillocks, which were denominated *gorſeddau*, from their ſitting aloft upon them when they pronounced their decrees and ſentences, and made their ſolemn orations to the people; and in theſe they erected thoſe ſingle upright ſtones to which ſome writers think they yielded divine honours, as the memorials of their deified warriors.

The druids placed a very high myſtery in the miſletoe that grew on the oak. At the cloſe of their year they marched in ſolemn proceſſion to gather this plant, in order to preſent it to their Gods. They invited all to aſſiſt in this ceremony, by proclaiming to the world—"*The* NEW YEAR *is at hand*,

* Lucan, i. 455. Marcell. xv. 9.

† Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvi. c. 44.

gather

gather the miſletoe." As ſoon as all the ſacrifices were ready, the prieſt aſcended the tree, and with a golden hook cut off the miſletoe, which was received on white linen ſpread on the ground for that purpoſe. Two white bulls, that had never been yoked, were now brought out and offered in ſacrifice, and prayers were made for the proſperity of thoſe on whom ſo precious a boon had been beſtowed. The miſtletoe thus gathered was deemed a certain antidote to all kinds of poiſon; and it was uſed as a ſpecific in various diſeaſes.

The ſixth day of the moon commenced the druid's month, and on this day it was that their moſt ſacred ſolemnities were performed. It appears probable that, with the generality of mankind, they ſet apart alſo one day in ſeven for religious worſhip. They had other feſtivals and ſolemnities, but at preſent we know not what they were.

In all the orders of druidiſm the hair was worn very ſhort, and the beards extremely long. All wore long habits; and the druids, when performing their religious rites, were clad in robes of white, emblems (they taught) of their truth and piety. The bards on theſe occaſions wore azure garments, with cowls to them, as ſymbols of heaven, peace, and fidelity. The garments of the ovates were green, emblems of learning and truth.

The candidates for the rank of druid underwent a noviciate of twenty years. During this time they had to learn thoſe almoſt innumerable verſes in which

which the principles of their religious and civil polity had been preſerved by uninterrupted tradition through many centuries. They were, indeed, acquainted with the uſe of letters, but they did not deem it lawful to commit theſe verſes to writing, in order that their intellectual faculties might be ſtrengthened, and alſo that their myſteries ſhould be withheld from the contemplation of the vulgar.—The metre in which theſe oracular inſtructions were communicated to the people, was a kind of triplet ſtanza. The Engliſh reader will have a tolerable idea of their conſtruction from the following tranſlation of five of them, inſerted (with ſeveral others) in Jones's Relics of the Welſh Bards. Theſe have the ſame number of lines and feet as the originals; and the ſenſe is preſerved as nearly as the limits of the metre would allow. The two firſt lines do not ſeem to have much connexion with the laſt; there, appears, however, to have been no ſmall degree of art employed in their compoſition. In the firſt lines the druid deſcribes either actions that are familiar to every one, or the appearance of viſible objects. He then concludes with a moral precept, or a proverbial ſentence; and by annexing to it *undoubted fact*, artfully implies that the truth of the maxim is as clear and well eſtabliſhed as the identity of material objects:

In the oak's high towering grove,
Dwells the liberty I love.—
Babblers from your truſt remove.

Liberty

Liberty I ſeek and have,
Where the green birchen branches wave.—
Keep a ſecret from a knave.

Snow a robe o'er hamlets flings;
In the wood the raven ſings.—
Too much ſleep no profit brings.

When the mountain ſnow is ſpread,
Stags love ſunny vales to tread.—
Vain is ſorrow for the dead.

Fair the moon's reſplendent bow,
Shining on the mountain ſnow.—
Peace the wicked never know.

The immenſe power that the druids had acquired, drew on their heads the vengeance of the Romans, who in other inſtances were not often intolerant. The pretext for firſt attacking them was the cruelties committed in conſequence of the horrid rites of their religion: the true reaſon appears, however, to have been the great influence that they had obtained over the minds of the people. In Gaul they are ſaid to have been entirely deſtroyed under the reign of the emperor Claudius, before the year 45: and, in Britain, Suetonius Paulinus, the governor of the country under Nero, having taken the iſland of Angleſea, not only cut down the ſacred groves of the druids, and overturned their altars, but alſo conſumed many of the druids in their own fires *. All who eſcaped this maſſacre fled immediately from the country, and ſought for refuge in Ireland, the iſlands of Man and Bardſey, where the Roman ſword had not then reached.

* Tacit. Ann. xiv. 30.

From

From the deſtruction of the druids by the Romans to the commencement of the ſixth century, we have but few accounts (and theſe very obſcure and imperfect) of the actions of the bards; but at this period they began to reſume the harp with an energy that for many centuries had been unexampled, to animate their country to reſiſt the Saxon yoke. From the ninth to the eleventh century, if we are to judge from the few pieces ſaid to have been compoſed during that time, their muſe ſeems again to have received a check.

The hiatus continues till the time of Griffith ap Cynan, who reigned in Wales in the beginning of the twelfth century. This prince effected a very eſſential reformation in the diſorders which had prevailed among the bards. He had been educated in Ireland: and either from having imbibed a partiality for the muſic of that country, or from the ſuperior excellence of the Iriſh to the Welſh muſicians, he invited ſeveral of the moſt eminent of them into Wales, under promiſes of great reward; and with their concurrence and advice formed a complete body of inſtitutes for the amendment of their manners, and the correction of their art and practice *.

To effect this reformation it was firſt neceſſary to divide them into claſſes, and to aſſign to each claſs a diſtinct profeſſion and employment. The qualifications neceſſary for a bard were declared to be

* Powel.

learning

learning and genius, a ſkill in pedigrees, an acquaintance with the laws and metres of poetry, *a knowledge of harmony*, a fine voice, and ability to play on an inſtrument. It was made their office to applaud the living, and to record the memorable actions of the dead. They were divided into three grand orders of *poets*, *heralds*, and *muſicians;* and each of theſe again branched into ſubordinate diſtinctions.

Of the *poets*, the firſt and principal claſs conſiſted of hiſtorical or antiquarian bards, who occaſionally pretended to inſpiration, and the conſequent powers of propheſy. They were critics and teachers, and to them belonged the praiſe of virtue and the cenſure of vice. From their great practice and ſuperior qualifications, their poetry, and the powers of their genius, were conſidered ſupereminent.—The ſecond claſs was formed of the domeſtic bards. Theſe reſided in the manſions of the great, to celebrate their warlike actions, and their amiable qualities. They ſang the praiſes of generoſity, contentment, domeſtic happineſs, and all the ſocial virtues; and thus contributed to enliven the leiſure of their patrons.

The *herald bards* were conſidered as the national chroniclers. They were well verſed in pedigrees, and the blazonry of arms; and in the works of the primary bards. They could trace back the pedigrees of their princes and nobles not only as far as the Trojan refugees, but even to the *creation of the world.* Their poetry was of a more humble kind than that of the firſt order of bards: it was uſually

con-

confined to ſubjects of jocularity, mimickry, invective or reproach.

Of the *muſical bards*, the firſt claſs was appropriated to performers on the harp. The ſecond contained performers on the ſix-ſtringed crwth. The third conſiſted of ſingers, whoſe employment it was to ſing to the harps of others the compoſitions of the poetical bards: but in all theſe a variety of other qualifications was expected.

A triennial meeting of the bards, called the *eiſteddfod*, was alſo appointed by Griffith ap Cynan for the regulation of poetry and muſic. By this aſſembly the honorary degrees were conferred. Its preſident was the bard, who, after a muſical and poetical conteſt, was declared ſuperior to all the reſt. It was uſually held at Aberffraw, in Angleſea, the royal ſeat of the ancient princes of North Wales; but ſometimes at Dine Vawr, in Caermarthenſhire, the reſidence of the princes of South Wales; and ſometimes at Mathraval, in Montgomeryſhire, the palace of the princes of Powys.

It was neceſſary for every perſon who wiſhed to be enrolled in the eiſteddfod, in order to proceed to degrees in poetry, firſt to obtain permiſſion of the prince, or lord, within whoſe juriſdiction he reſided *. On his preſentation at the enſuing aſſembly he was required to explain the five Welſh metres of ſong; and to ſing them in ſuch a manner, that one of the

* The reaſon for this was, that a vaſſal, on his admiſſion into the practice of poetry and muſic, acquired the privileges of a freeman, and an honourable rank in ſociety.

principal bards would declare upon his conſcience, that the perſon was competent to be admitted. He then became a pupil to ſome one of the principal bards, whom he annually attended in Lent, and without whoſe approbation he could make no compoſition public. During three years, till the next eiſteddfod, he remained an under-graduate, or "probationary ſtudent of poetry*."—At this eiſteddfod he was examined for the degree of "bachelor of the art of poetry."—After another like interval, he took the degree of "maſter of the art of poetry." For the latter it was required that he ſhould underſtand the rules of grammar and rhetoric; that he ſhould analyſe and explain the alliterative concatenations of the language, and ſing melodiouſly, in parts, twenty-one of the metres.—To the *pencerdd*, or "profeſſor of poetry," who attained his degree at the next enſuing eiſteddfod, belonged the whole myſtery of the art. It was neceſſary that his qualifications ſhould be much ſuperior to thoſe of all the perſons who were admitted to the other degrees; and it was declared particularly requiſite that he ſhould have a facility in compoſing, in praiſe of the great, what would be heard with moſt delight, and longeſt retained in memory.

The degrees in muſic appear to have been very ſimilar in their nature to thoſe in poetry. The higheſt was *pencerdd athraw*, or "doctor of muſic."

* The Welſh appellation was *diſgybl yſpas cerdd davod:* for the firſt degree, or that of bachelor, it was *diſgybl diſg y blaidd*; and for the next *diſgybl penceirddiaidd.*

The

The eiſteddfod was a rigid ſchool. The poetical, or muſical diſciple, who, at the expiration of his triennial term, was not able to attain a higher degree, was always condemned to loſe that which had been previouſly conferred upon him.—The laws of the eiſteddfod alſo ordained, that if a diſciple was ſeen in taverns, or other places, playing at any game for money, any perſon preſent ſhould be authorized to take from him all the money he had in his purſe. For mockery and deriſion, or the invention or propagation of falſehood, the diſciples were puniſhed by fine and impriſonment: the laws ſay that the bards ſhall be peaceful in their manners, friendly in their diſpoſitions, and humble in their ſervices to the prince and all his adherents.

The bards were at all times held in the higheſt repute, not only by the nobles, but even by the princes of Wales. The court bard was, in rank, the eighth officer of the king's houſehold, and was very often of his council. Whoever committed only a ſlight injury to his perſon was fined ſix cows, and a hundred and twenty pence. The murderer of a bard was ſubject to the penalty of a hundred and twenty-ſix cows. He attended the prince's army to battle, and, in caſe of conqueſt, was rewarded with the moſt valuable beaſt that remained after the prince's ſhare in the ſpoils had been taken away. Nothing can diſplay more forcibly the eſtimation and influence which the bards enjoyed in the early periods, than their remarkable prerogative of peti-

tioning for preſents by occaſional poems. This cuſtom they carried to ſuch lengths, and ſuch reſpect was conſtantly paid to their requeſts, that at the remodeling of their laws by prince Griffith ap Cynan, it became neceſſary to lay this privilege under ſome reſtraint. From this period they could not aſk for the prince's horſes, hawks, or greyhounds, nor any other poſſeſſion beyond a certain value; nor for any thing that the owner particularly eſteemed, or which could not be replaced.

Their revenues aroſe from preſents that they received at nuptial ſolemnities, and from the fees that were paid to them during their circuits at Chriſtmas, Eaſter, Whitſuntide, and in their triennial *clera*, or grand circuit. On theſe occaſions they were received into the houſes of the great, and remained there as long as any feaſting laſted. They were alſo allowed a certain ſum out of every plough-land within their diſtrict. Their payments were proportioned to their degrees.

Beſides the regular, or graduated bards, there were four claſſes of inferior and *unlicenſed bards*. Theſe were a meaner and more unſkilful ſort of muſicians and poets. They were pipers, players on the three-ſtringed crwth, taborers, and buffoons. They had no connexion whatever with the eiſteddfod; and their eſtimation and emoluments were equally inconſiderable.

The period that intervened betwixt the beginning of the twelfth, and the end of the thirteenth centuries,

turies, or betwixt the reign of Griffith ap Cynan, and that of the laſt prince Llewelyn, is the brighteſt for talent in the bards that the Welſh annals can boaſt. During this interval ſome of the nobleſt monuments of their genius were produced. Unfortunately, however, at the preſent day little elſe is extant than the names of the bards.

By the cruel policy of Edward I., who, although he had conquered the country, did not think himſelf ſecure in his triumph, whilſt the warm and energetic ſongs of a race of men, deemed almoſt inſpired, were permitted to overawe the vulgar, was effected, if we are to believe the aſſertion of ſir John Wynne, a *total maſſacre* of the Welſh bards. Whether Edward proceeded to this inhuman extremity or not, is at preſent a matter of little importance, it appears certain that he adopted modes of preventing the bards from exerciſing their function. By this means they were reduced thenceforth to employ their ſacred art in obſcurity and ſorrow.

In the inſurrection under Owen Glyndwr, at the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., the martial ſpirit of the Britiſh muſe was once more revived to celebrate the enterprizes of the Welſh hero. Like himſelf, the bards of his time were "irregular and wild;" and as the taper, glimmering in its ſocket, gives a ſudden blaze before it is extinguiſhed, ſo did they make one great effort of their original and daring genius, which ſoon afterwards was buried, with their hero, in the grave.

Under the patronage of king Henry VII., the Cambro-britiſh muſe was once again reſtored. This monarch re-eſtabliſhed the eiſteddfods, which for many years had been diſcontinued; and the firſt employment given to the bards was that of making out from their authentic records the pedigree of the king.

A long interval of anarchy enſued, which was in ſome meaſure cloſed by queen Elizabeth, who appointed commiſſioners to aſſemble an eiſteddfod at Caerwys in the year 1568. The perſons thus empowered by her had inſtructions to advance, at this meeting, the ingenious and ſkilful to the accuſtomed degrees, and to reſtore to the graduates their ancient excluſive privilege of exerciſing their profeſſion. The reſt were by this commiſſion commanded to employ themſelves in ſome other labour, to which they were equal, on pain of being apprehended and puniſhed as vagabonds.

Soon after this time the bardic meetings again dwindled, till at length they almoſt ceaſed to exiſt. A ſociety inſtituted in London, called the *gwyneddigion*, or North Wales men, have within theſe few years attempted to raiſe the art once more from oblivion. To this end they convened annual meetings in ſome village or town in North Wales, and aſſigned ſubjects for candidates to write upon, with honorary medals to ſuch as were ſucceſsful. One of the firſt of theſe meetings was held about eight years ago at Corwen, in Merionethſhire. In an eiſtedd-

eiſteddfod aſſembled at Caerwys, in May 1798, there were preſent twenty bards, eighteen vocal performers, and twelve harpers.

In the early periods of the Britiſh hiſtory, the bards were conſidered as the national hiſtorians. During their triennial perambulation they collected and recorded all the memorable tranſactions reſpecting the country that came to their knowledge. They were allowed for this labour a regular ſtipend, and the bardic laws rendered them liable to impriſonment, loſs of place, and great diſgrace, if they either ſet down falſities, or wilfully miſrepreſented facts. No man was allowed to deſcribe a battle, unleſs he had himſelf been on the ſcene of action. Some of the chief bards were the marſhals: they ſat in council in the field, and were the informers of the prince or generals of the ſtate of the combat. Thoſe men could not be ignorant of any circumſtances of importance that were there tranſacted.

The Welsh Musical Instruments.

The muſical inſtruments known to the ancient Welſh were only three in number, namely, the *harp*, the *crwth*, and the *pibcorn*, or, as it is ſometimes called, hornpipe.

The *harp* was in ſuch eſtimation in Wales, that to play upon it with ſome degree of ſkill, was, in the early centuries, conſidered an accompliſhment indiſpenſibly requiſite for every gentleman. It was

alſo on this inſtrument that the harpers were accuſtomed to play in the manſions of the Welſh princes and nobility.—For many centuries it had only a ſingle row of ſtrings, and it was ſo ſmall as to be much confined in the compaſs of its notes. In this ſtate it was neceſſary to tune it entirely afreſh whenever the performer wiſhed to change the key he was playing in. When, however, an accidental ſharp or flat was requiſite in the middle of a tune, the performer was able to produce this by running up his hand cloſe to the uppermoſt bar, and ſtopping the ſtring with his thumb, whilſt at the ſame time he dexterouſly played the note with his finger. This piece of dexterity is now entirely loſt.—By the bardic laws, the under-graduates were only allowed to uſe harps ſtrung with horſes hair, curiouſly plaited, and not with cat-gut, like the harps of the preſent day. The bodies of ſome of theſe were covered with leather, over the wood, which was ſewed at the back extremely tight. The pegs with which the ſtrings were ſcrewed were made of bone or ivory. It appears that ſome of theſe inſtruments were remaining even ſo lately as in the beginning of the fifteenth century; for a minſtrel of this period thus deſcribes himſelf and his harp:

If I have my harp, I care for no more,
It is my treaſure, I keep it in ſtore;
For my harp is made of a good mare's ſkin,
The ſtrings be of horſehair, it maketh good din.
My ſong, and my voice, and my harp do agree,
Much like the buzzing of an humble bee;

Yet

Yet in my country I do make paſtime,
In telling of prophefy which be not in rhyme.

With reſpect to ſtrings of cat-gut to the harps, as at preſent univerſally adopted, they were anciently much diſliked by the bards. Dafydd ap Gwilym, who died about the year 1398, thus ſpeaks of them: "David had not one ſtring from dead ſheep. The minſtrels of the ſerious prophet David, with all the cunning of their divination, never formed one harp exquiſitely pleaſing, but of ſhining hair. Wiſe is the eaſy and ſprightly deſcription of the harp ſtrung with black gloſſy hair.—There is none who would wiſh for life amongſt us, ſhould he be ſkilled in muſic; for there is nothing but the din of this leathern harp; (fie on the office!) proſperous it ſhall not be, played on with a horny nail of unpleaſant form*; only the graceleſs bears it.—I love not its guts ſounding eventful diſguſt,—its trunk, and its hoarſe ſound, were but formed for an age-worn Saxon.—Let every muſical profeſſor, from the Engliſh marches as far as Mona's iſle, learn to play on a fair harp, with jetty hair; and to impart inſtructions as was uſual in the time of our old forefathers; as for the other giftleſs twanging one, let no diſciple bear it in the face of day!"—Some time elapſed before the double harp, or harp with two rows of

* Galileo, in his dialogue on ancient and modern muſic, ſays that the performer on the harp ſuffered his nails to grow to a conſiderable length, trimming them with great care, and forming them ſomewhat like the quills on the jacks of a harpſicord.

ſtrings

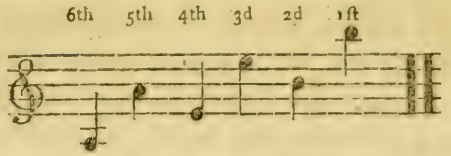
ſtrings was invented. This ſupplied the deficiency, and in ſome degree obviated that difficulty of playing the flats and ſharps, which in all the preceding inſtruments had for ſome centuries been found almoſt inſurmountable.—The next improvement was in the invention of the triple harp. This, which is the harp now in common uſe in Wales, had its origin about the fourteenth century. Its compaſs extends to five octaves and one note, namely, from A in alt, to double B in the baſs. The three rows contain in the whole ninety-eight ſtrings. The two outer rows are diatonics, and both tuned in uniſon; and the middle row conſtitutes the ſharps and flats.—The lateſt improvement that the harp has undergone, is in the invention of pedals for producing the ſemitones. For this we are indebted to a perſon of the name of Simon, who reſided in Bruſſels ſomewhat more than forty years ago. To this inſtrument there are but thirty-three ſtrings, which are merely the natural notes of the diatonic ſcale, the reſt being made by the feet. It is an ingenious and uſeful contrivance, and has thus not only rendered the inſtrument capable of infinitely greater expreſſion than it ever had before, but any paſſage can be executed on it that can be played on the harpſichord.

The *crwth*, which is another of the Welſh inſtruments, is now ſo nearly out of uſe, that even its name is ſcarcely known to ſome of the preſent harp-

ers.—In its conſtruction it is nearly allied to the violin, having ſix ſtrings, and being played by means of a bow. Its length is near two feet, its breadth at the bottom ten inches, and thickneſs an inch and a half. Its ſides are continued in a ſtraight line through the whole length, and, as well as the finger-board, are joined at the top to a croſs-bar on which the tuning pegs are fixed; the upper part by this means forms a kind of frame round the hand.

Four of the ſtrings are conducted down the finger-board, and the remaining two leave it about an inch to the right. The former only are played with the bow; the latter are ſtruck with the thumb, and form a kind of accompaniment to the others. Theſe are all ſupported by a bridge flat at the top, (and not, as in the violin, convex,) by which it follows that in drawing the bow acroſs them the ſtrings muſt all be ſtruck at once, and thus produce, with proper fingering, not a ſucceſſion of notes merely, but of concords. The bridge alſo is not placed at right angles to the ſides of the inſtrument, but in an oblique direction, one end entering the ſound hole and reſting on the back (ſerving by that means the purpoſe of a ſound-poſt), and the other end placed on the belly juſt above the other hole. It is tuned by pegs with a key or wreſt, in a manner ſimilar to the guittar. The following are the notes of each of the ſtrings.

6th



I diſcovered by chance an old man at Caernarvon, who had a crwth, and was able to play a few of the old tunes upon it. The tone was far from agreeable, being altogether exceedingly harſh. In the preſent caſe this might however be in a great meaſure owing to the want of talent in the performer, and to an inſtrument in itſelf ill conſtructed. This old man was perhaps the only perſon in the principality, then living, who retained any practical knowledge of the inſtrument.—We have no authentic information reſpecting the crwth of more ancient date than the fifteenth century. There was however the figure of an inſtrument very much reſembling it, among the outſide ornaments of the abbey of Melroſs, in Scotland, built about the time of Edward II. The crwth is ſuppoſed by ſome writers to have been the original or prototype of the whole fidicinal ſpecies of muſical inſtruments. It ſeems to be mentioned as ſuch in Hudibras:

> His fiddle is your proper purchaſe
> Won in the ſervice of the churches;
> And by your doom muſt be allow'd
> To be, or be no more a *crowd*.

It ſeems, from a paſſage in Spencer, to have been, at leaſt ſometimes, played in concert with other muſical inſtruments:

Hark

Hark how the minſtrels 'gin to ſhrill aloud,
Their merry muſic that reſounds from far;
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling *croud*,
That well agree, withouten breach or jar.

A player on the crwth was denominated a *crwther* or crowther, and hence originated not only Butler's name of Crowdero, in Hudibras, but the ſurname, common in many parts of England, of Crowther*.

The *Pibcorn* or Hornpipe was another inſtrument anciently uſed in Wales, and in ſome parts of Cornwall. It received its name from both the extremities being made of horn, the one to collect the wind blown into it, and the other to carry off the ſounds. Its length was about nineteen inches and in blowing, the air ſounded the tongue of a reed concealed within. In front there were ſix holes for ſix of the fingers, and there was one behind for the thumb. The tone is ſaid in ſome meaſure to have reſembled that of an oboe. It was a rural pipe, and uſed by the ancient ſhepherds for amuſement while tending their flocks. It is now very ſeldom to be met with, nor was I, in either of my journeys, able to hear of any perſon who poſſeſſed one of them. This inſtrument very probably gave name to that kind of dance now called *horn-pipe*.

* The Welſh had another inſtrument of this kind with only three ſtrings, it was in conſequence denominated *crwth trithant*. The performers on this were held in very low eſtimation by the bards on account of its want of harmony, and the ſmall degree of ſkill requiſite to the playing of it.

In

In the concluſion of this chapter, it may be proper to ſay ſomething reſpecting the generally ſuppoſed antiquity of the preſent national tunes of the Welſh. Thoſe writers who wiſh it to be underſtood that the *laws of counterpoint* were known amongſt the bards, reſt a conſiderable portion of their argument on the account given by Giraldus Cambrenſis, of the ſinging of the Britons, about the year 1188. "The Britons do not ſing in uniſon like the inhabitants of other countries; but in many different *parts*: ſo that when a company of ſingers among the common people meet to ſing, as is uſual in this country, as many different parts are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite in conſonance with *organic ſweetneſs*. In the northen parts of Britain, beyond the Humber, on the borders of Yorkſhire, the inhabitants uſe the ſame kind of ſymphonious harmony, except that they only ſing in two parts, the one murmuring in the baſs, and the other warbling in the acute or treble. Nor do theſe two nations practice this kind of ſinging ſo much by art as *by habit*, which has rendered it ſo natural to them, that neither in Wales, where they ſing in many parts, nor in the North of England where they ſing only in two parts, is a ſimple melody ever well ſung. And what is ſtill more wonderful, their children as ſoon as they attempt uſing their voices ſing in the ſame manner*."

* Cambriæ deſcriptio.

The

The glaring improbabilities in this account, as applying to the preſent laws of muſic, tend to prove that Giraldus could know very little of the ſubject of which he treats. Any one acquainted with the firſt difficulties attending the practice of ſinging in parts, can have no very exalted idea of the harmony of an *untaught crowd*, or ſuppoſe it little better than the diſſonant pæans of a good humoured mob; in which the parts would be as various as the pitch of voices of which their chorus was compoſed. How all theſe could however have united at laſt in the conſonance of *organic ſweetneſs* can never be explained without ſuppoſing their taſte for muſic of a more barbarous caſt than ours. As to children naturally ſinging in harmony as ſoon as they were out of the cradle, the idea is too ridiculous to require a moment's heſitation in pronouncing it altogether abſurd. If however, incredulity can be vanquiſhed with reſpect to this account of the early perfection of Welſh muſic, it would be by a manuſcript lodged in the library of the Welſh ſchool, near London, that was formerly the property of Mr. Lewis Morris. It contains ſeveral pieces for the harp, that are in full harmony or counterpoint: they are written in a peculiar notation, and ſuppoſed to be as old as the year 1100; at leaſt ſuch is the known antiquity of many of the ſongs here mentioned. But whether the tunes, and their notation are coeval with the words, cannot eaſily be proved. The title is

MUSICA

MUSICA NEU BERORIÆTH."

" The following manuſcript is the muſic of the Britains, as " ſettled by a congreſs or meeting of the maſters of mūſic by " order of Gryffydd ap Cynan, prince of Wales, about A. D. " 1100, with ſome of the moſt ancient pieces of the Britains, " ſuppoſed to have been handed to us from the Britiſh Druids.

" In two parts (that is, baſs and treble) for the harp.

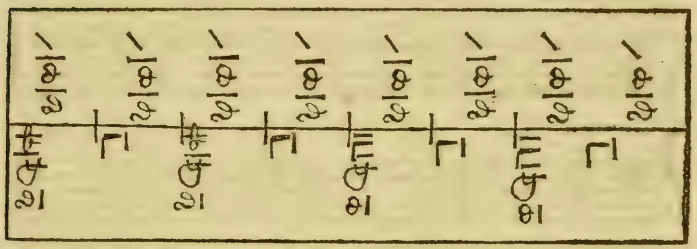
" This manuſcript was wrote by Robert ap Haw of Bodwigan, " in Angleſey, in Charles the Firſt's time.

" Some part of it copied then out of Wm. Penllyn's book."

If the Welſh people expect to prove the antiquity of thoſe ſweet melodies ſo well known in the preſent day, from this book of acknowledged authority, they will be greatly diſappointed. Theſe rude leſſons are ſuch in their *melody* as might be expected in ages when not muſic only, but when all the arts, in our countries, were in a ſtate of infancy. Having had the peruſal of this manuſcript, I found the muſic expreſſed by letters of the alphabet, with certain other marks which cannot perhaps at this day be explained. Double ff appears to be the loweſt note, after which the firſt ſeries ſeems to be gi, ai, bi, ci, di, ei, fi, and the next f̄, ḡ, ā, b̄, c̄, d̄, ē, written in characters ſimilar to the following fac-ſimiles. It is impoſſible to ſay that theſe letters ſtand for the ſame ſounds as the like letters in the modern muſic: this is however of little conſequence in the proof that I would inſtitute. If they do, we find ſome of the chords that are admitted into our harmony, but others occur that are mere jargon. The melodies whether theſe repreſent our ſounds or not, are extremely uncouth

couth and barbarous. In proof of this I ſhall ſelect a few of thoſe that appear moſt ſimple, and eaſy of comprehenſion, firſt giveing a fac-ſimile of the original, and afterwards what appears to me an illuſtration of it, in our notes.

Caniadd y Gwyn Bibydd, from p. 36.



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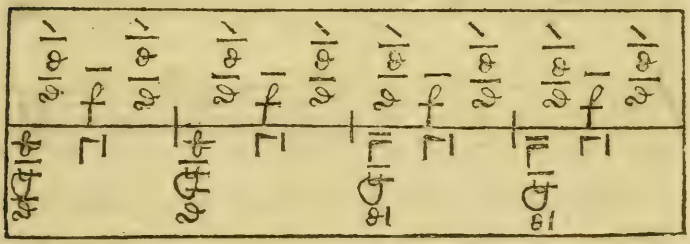
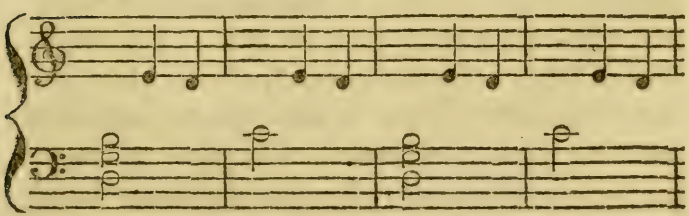
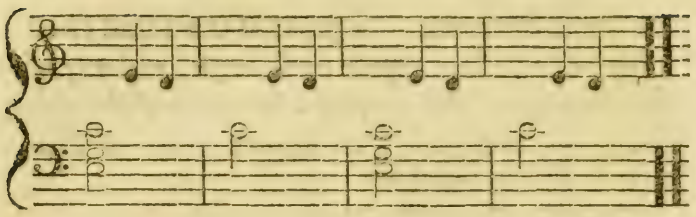


The ſame in modern notes.





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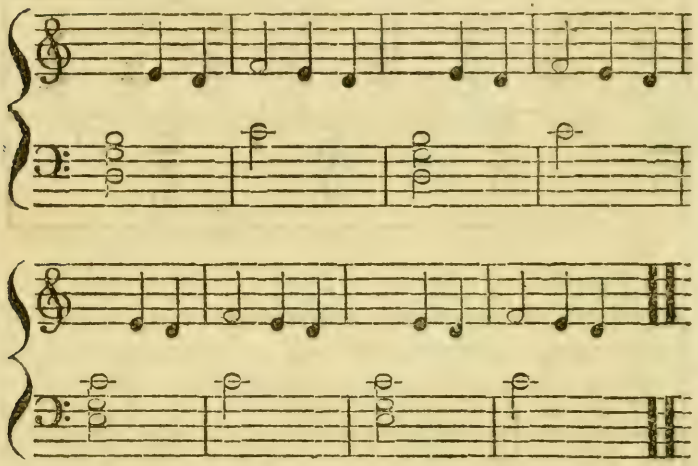
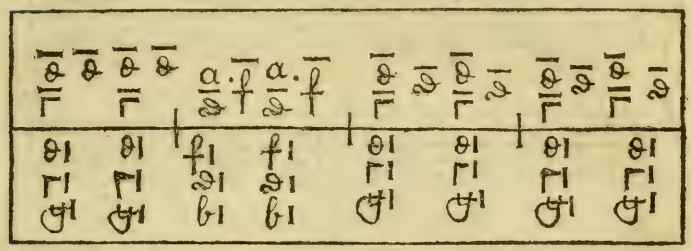


The piece I have here ſelected is an air, with one of its variations. In the treble of the former we obſerve a conſtant recurrence of two notes (be thoſe what they may) preciſely in the ſame order throughout. The variation is produced merely by the ſingle note $\overline{f}$ being inſerted alternately, in the place of a reſt. The oblique mark \ above the letters implies that the notes muſt come in ſucceſſion, the upper one firſt, as this mark / ſignifies a contrary ſucceſſion.

I ſhall

I ſhall next quote a ſubject, and its firſt variation, from page 28 of this manuſcript:



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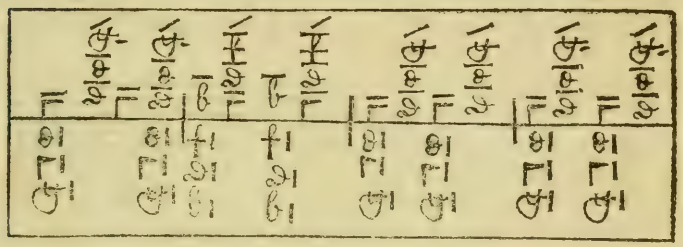
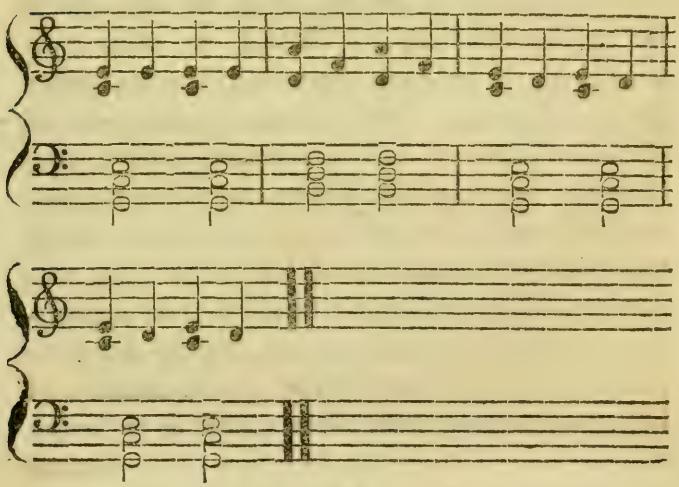
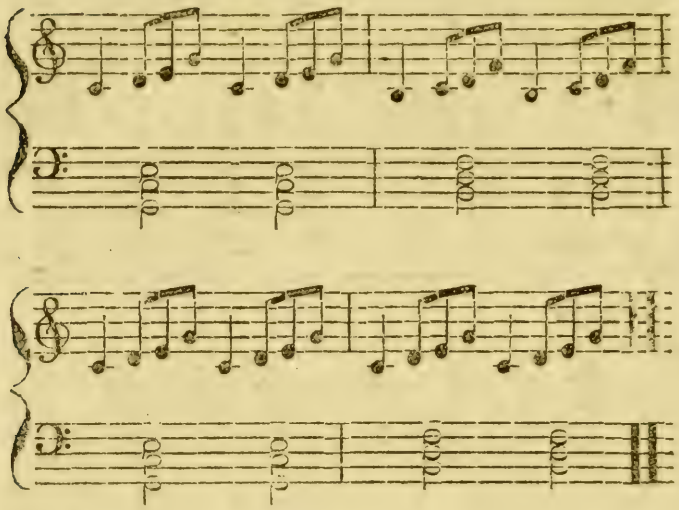


The ſame in modern notes.

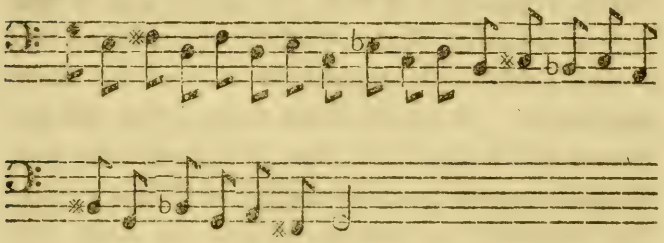


Var. I.



Here we have a recurrence of notes (for whatever the characters may ſignify, they are evidently the ſame) nearly as frequent as in the laſt, and if the explanation may be allowed, we obſerve an abominable jargon in the harmony. The dot • after ſome of the upper notes I cannot explain.—In all the other muſic of this manuſcript, which I have examined with conſiderable care, there ſeems a great ſameneſs, and a conſtant recurrence of notes, totally unlike the varied and beautiful melodies of the preſent day.—We muſt not refuſe aſſent to the explanations, *becauſe* the muſic would not be ſuited to modern ears. We are in every reſpect creatures of habit, and as our muſic from cuſtom is at length become

become familiar to us, ſo might theſe Welſh melodies be agreeable to the ears of the Welſh people of the early periods, and ſo is the uncouth muſic of ſavage tribes to their own people at the preſent day. As ſingular an inſtance as can perhaps be adduced in proof of this, is related in Kepler's celebrated work "*Harmonices Mundi.*" He ſays, that whilſt he was at the houſe of the Turkiſh ambaſſador at Prague, he one day attended the prayers. One of the prieſts ſang ſome part of the ſolemnity in the following notes, which, when he retired, Kepler wrote down:



This kind of melody, Kepler ſays, appeared by no means fortuitous, but was evidently derived from a depraved ſyſtem.

Dr. Burney doubts the antiquity of the counterpoint of this Welſh manuſcript. He ſays further; "That the ancient inhabitants of Wales were great encouragers of poetry and muſic, cannot be diſputed, as many ſpecimens of Cambro-Britiſh verſification of undoubted antiquity ſtill ſubſiſt; and that theſe

poems, as well as of thoſe of ancient Greece and Rome, were originally *ſung* and accompanied with inſtruments, is very natural and reaſonable to believe; but that a rude and uncivilized people, driven into a mountainous and barren country, without commerce, or communication with the reſt of Europe, ſhould *invent counterpoint*, and cultivate harmony, at a period when it was unknown to the moſt poliſhed and refined inhabitants of the earth, ſtill remains a problem difficult of ſolution."

With the foregoing ſpecimens and remarks, it is no very eaſy taſk to reconcile the accounts which the Welſh writers give of their own muſic, and of their preſent melodies, many of which are referred to a period conſiderably anterior to that of the above manuſcript. We muſt either ſuppoſe that the accounts which the bards have left us of their own proceedings, are much enveloped in fiction, or that this manuſcript contains muſic compoſed many centuries previous to its date, and when the ſcience was yet in its infancy. In this caſe we are ſuprized at the counterpoint: by the former ſuppoſition we ſhall be led to conjecture, that moſt of the muſic at preſent in uſe, is that of modern times, of which, indeed, its regularity, and the artfulneſs of its contexture, ſeem to afford ſufficient proof.

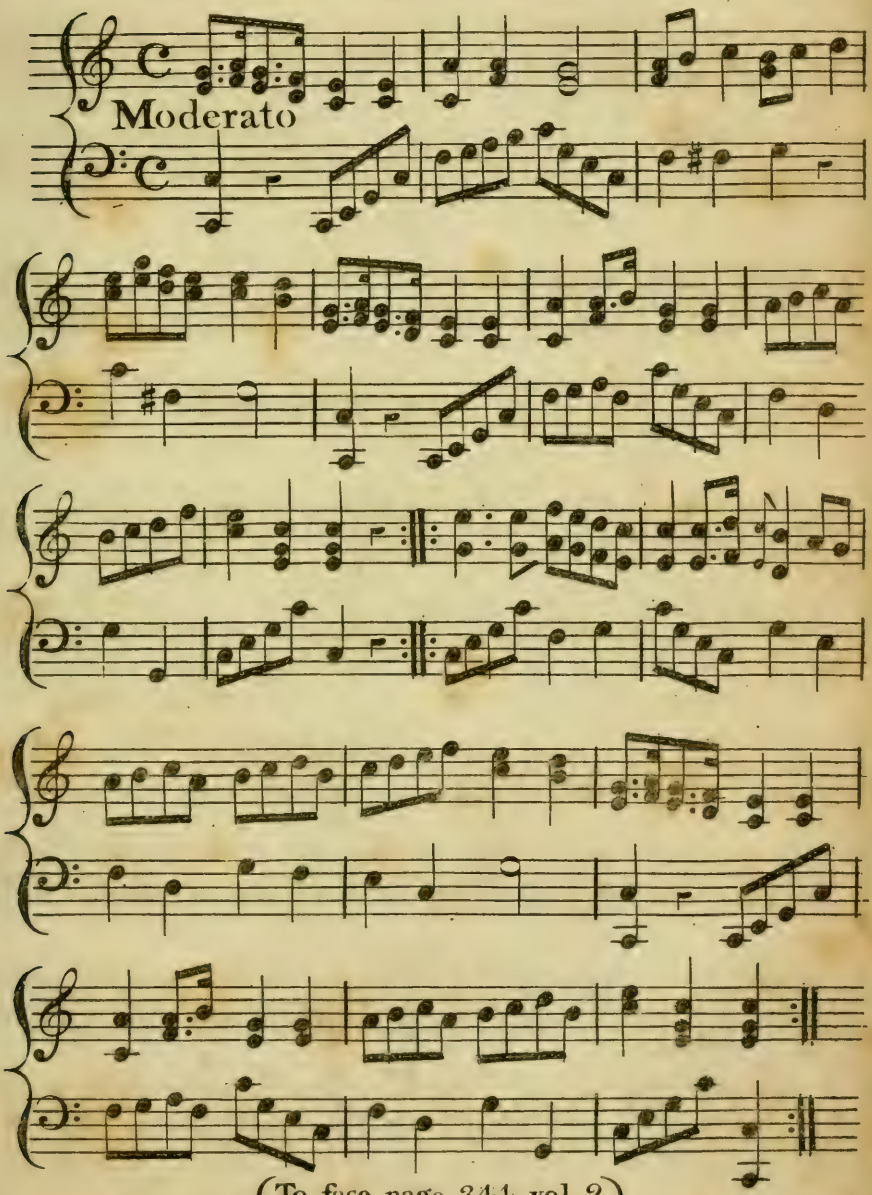
The preſent Welſh muſic, in its characteriſtic wildneſs and irregularity, bears a conſiderable reſemblance to that of Ireland, but in the ſweetneſs of

its modulation it approaches, though it is much inferior to, the Scotch muſic. The airs that bear marks of greateſt antiquity are grave and ſolemn: the plaintive airs are ſtriking and pathetic; whilſt the dances and jigs, on the contrary, are extremely lively and cheerful.

Sixteen Admired

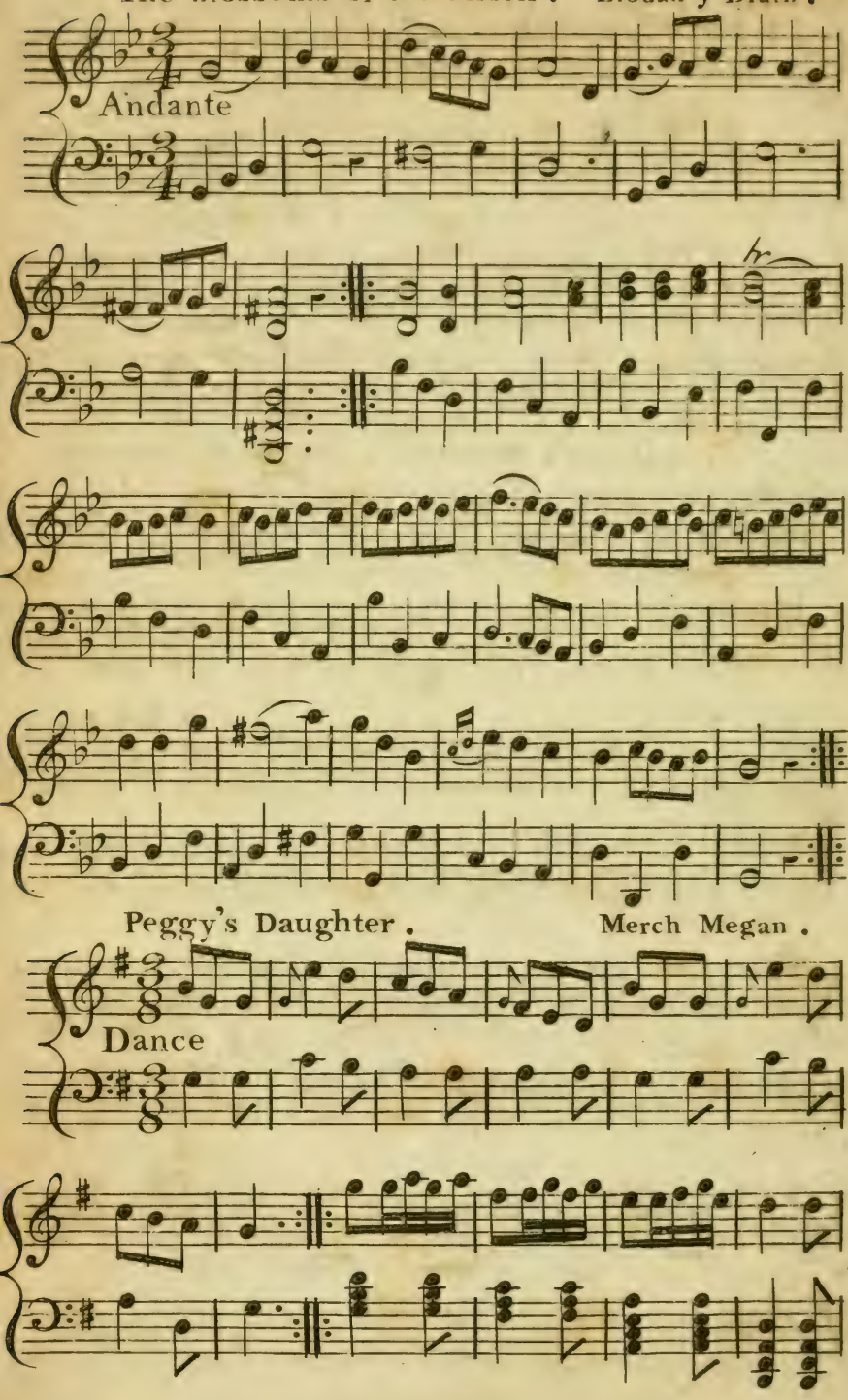
Welsh Airs.

The first of August. Y Dydd Cyntav o Aust.

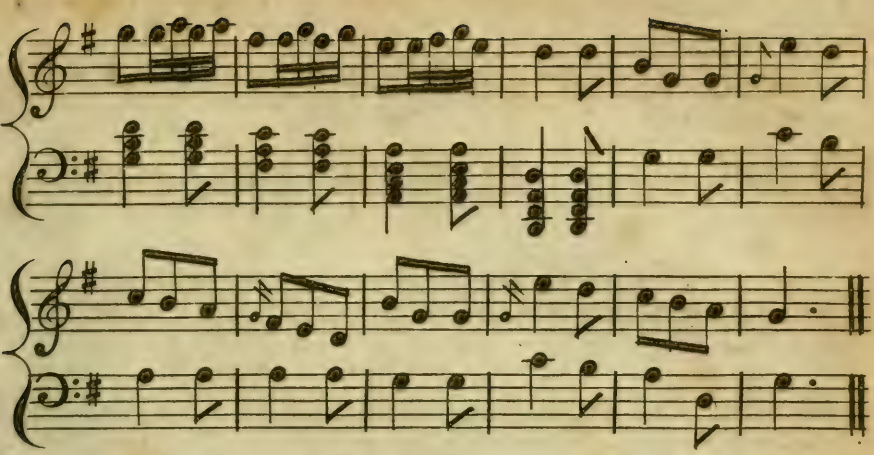


(To face page 344 vol. 2)

The Blossoms of the Thorn . Blodau y Drain .

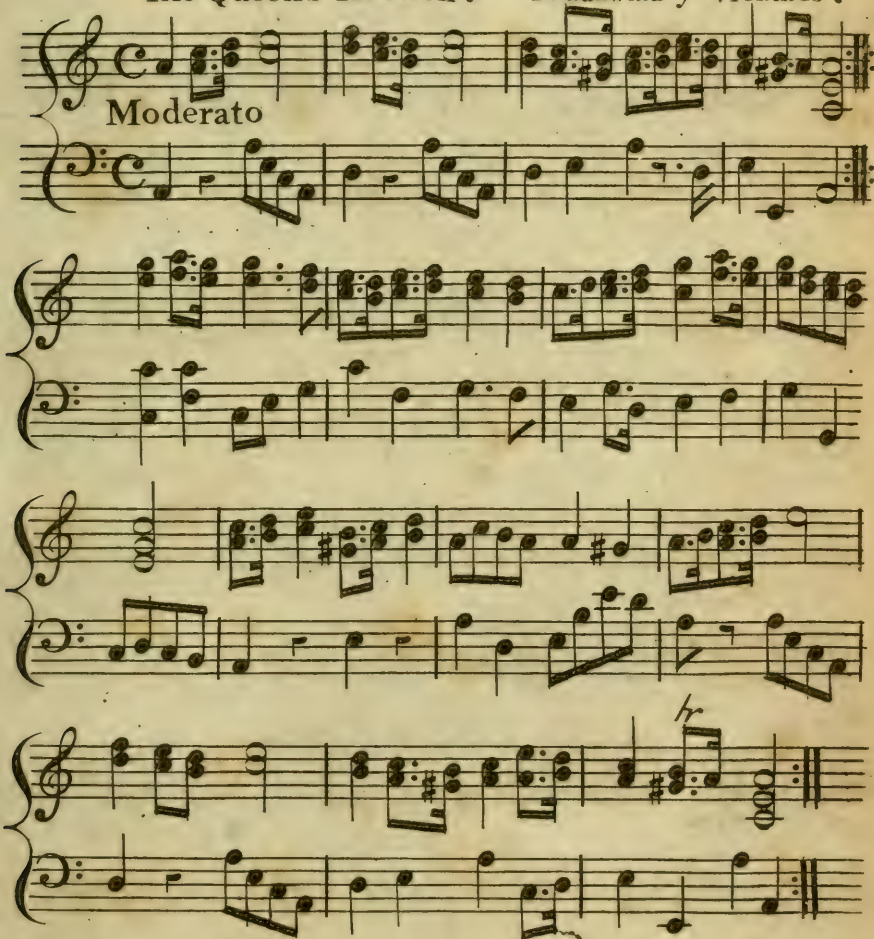


Peggy's Daughter . Merch Megan .



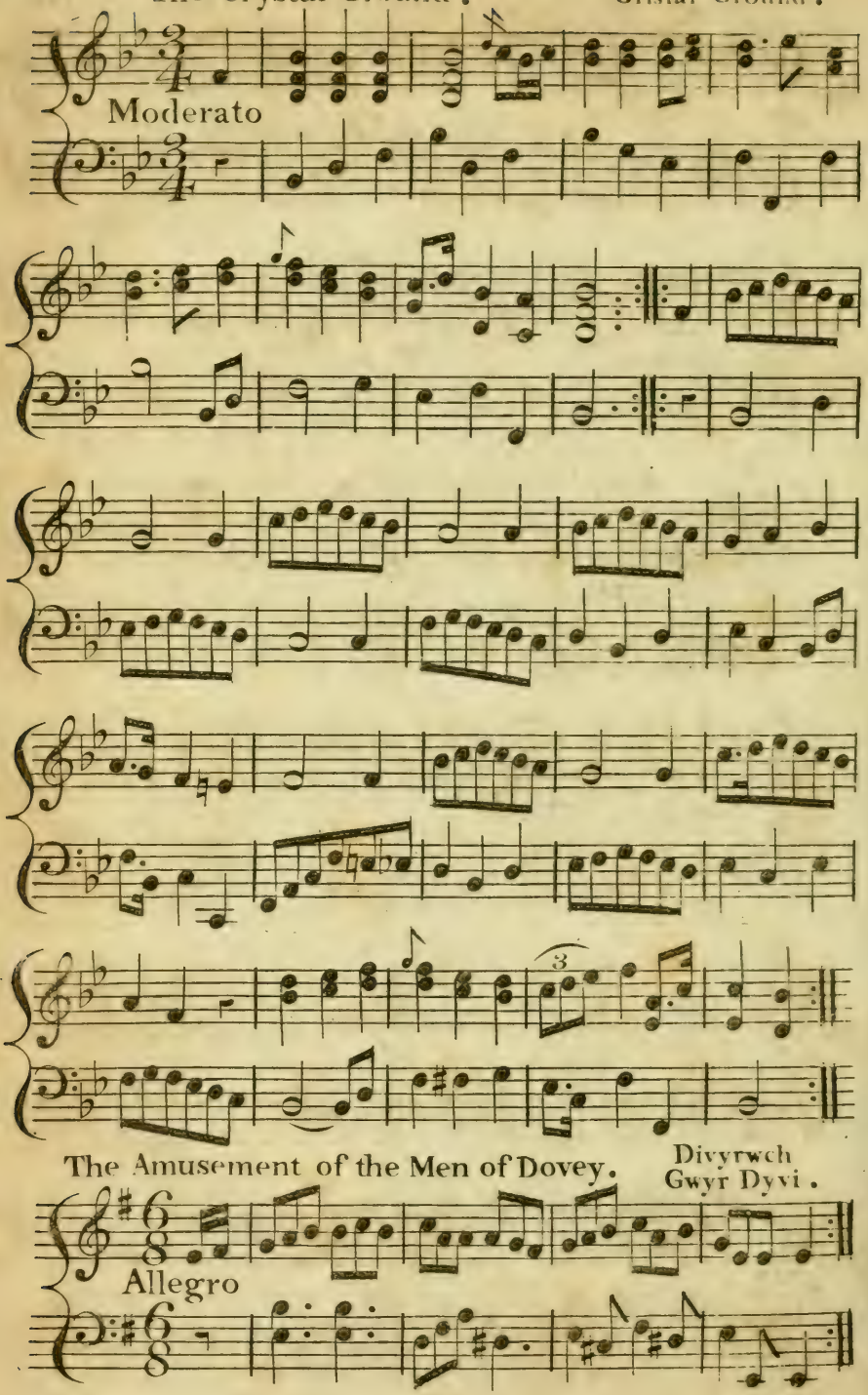
The Queen's Farewell. Ymadawiad y Vrenines.

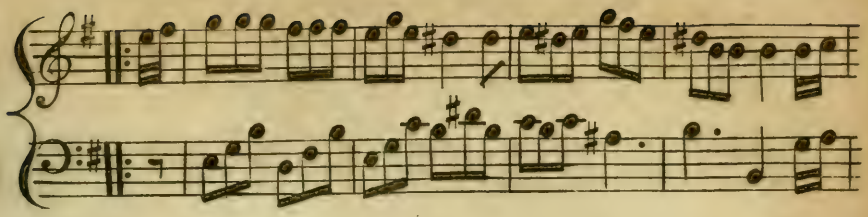
Moderato

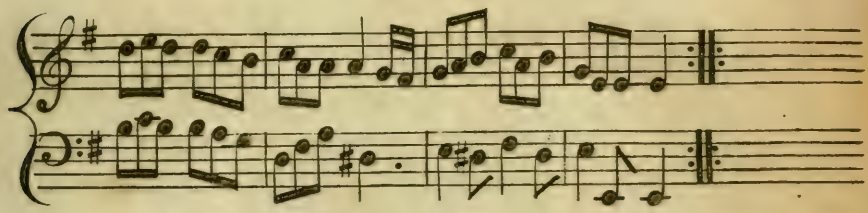


The Crystal Ground.

Grisial Ground.

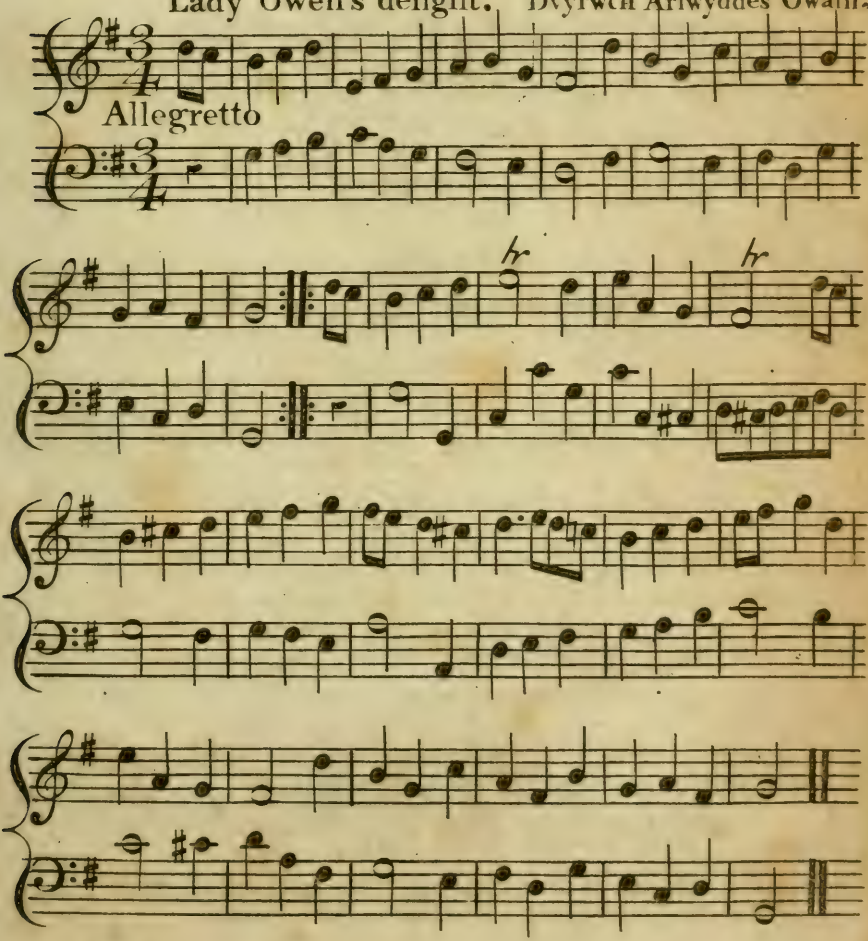




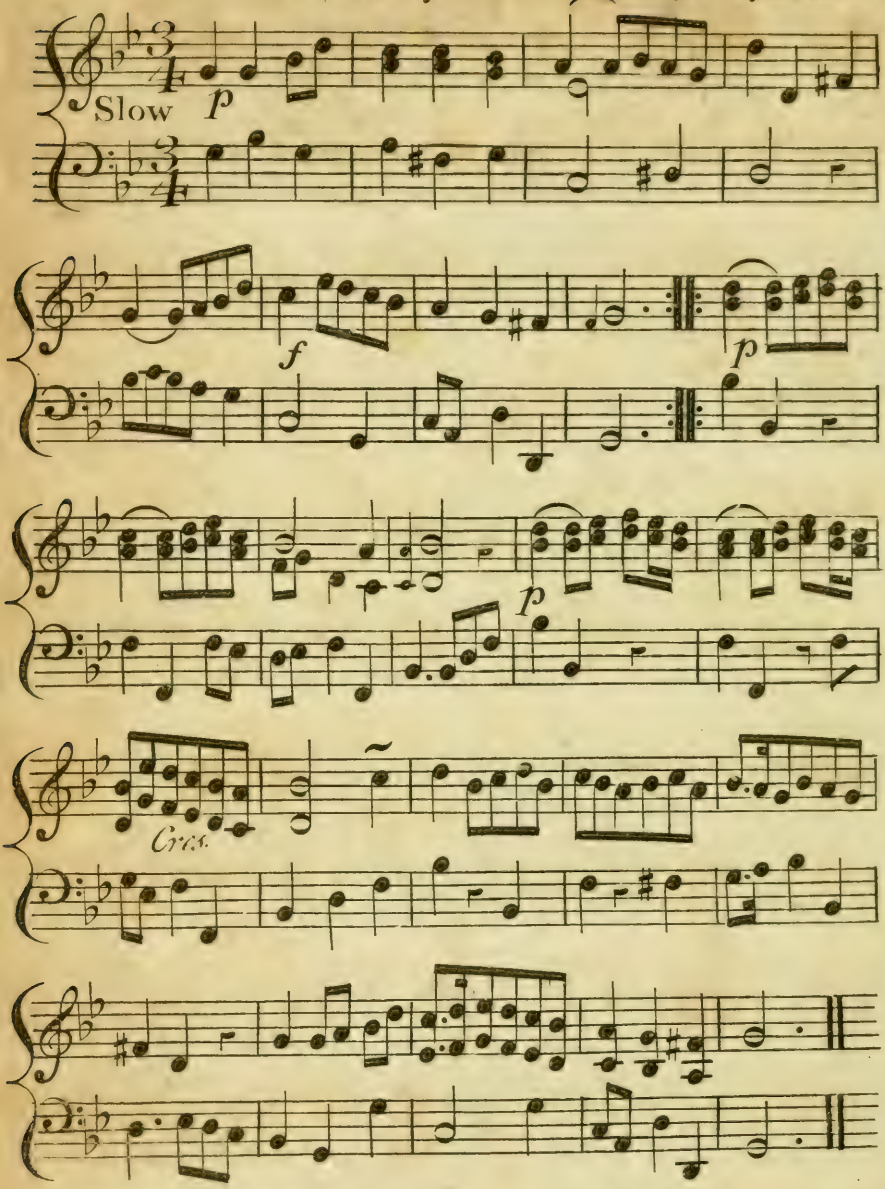


Lady Owen's delight. Dyrwch Arlwyddes Owain.

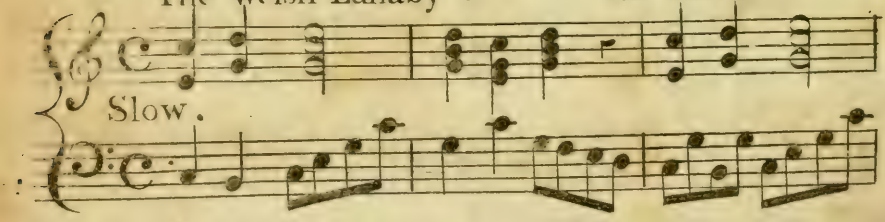
Allegretto

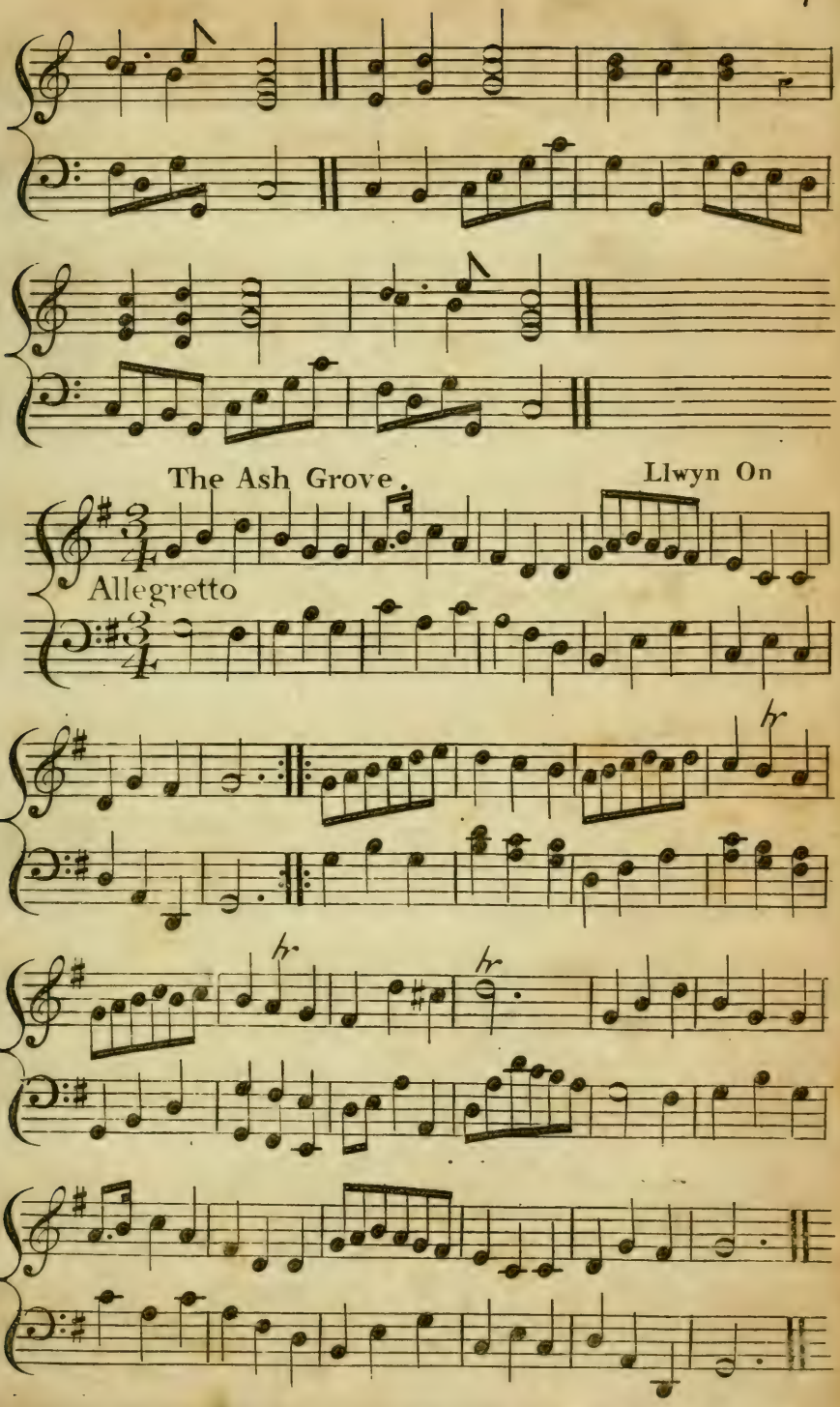


The Marsh of Rhyddlan. Morfa Rhyddlan.

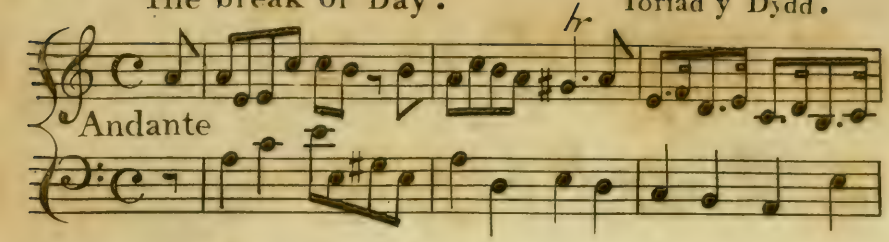


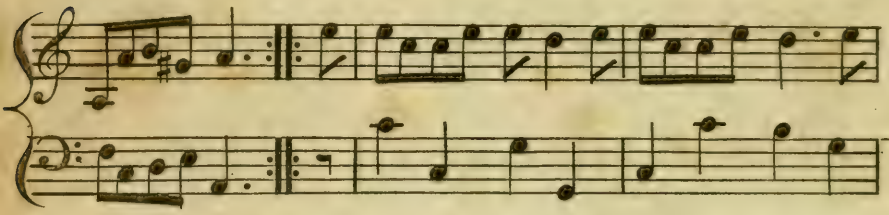
The Welsh Lullaby. Hai Lwli.

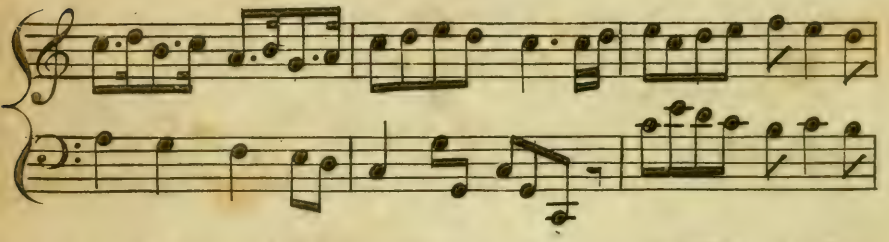


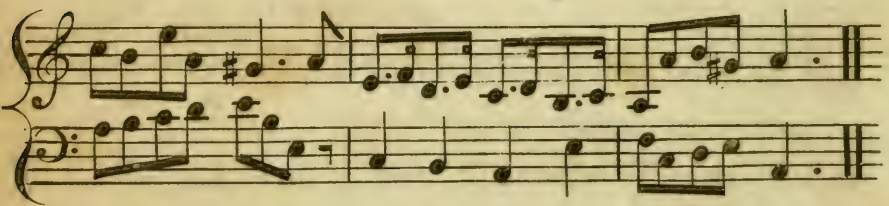

The Ash Grove.
Llwyn On
Allegretto

The break of Day. Toriad y Dydd.

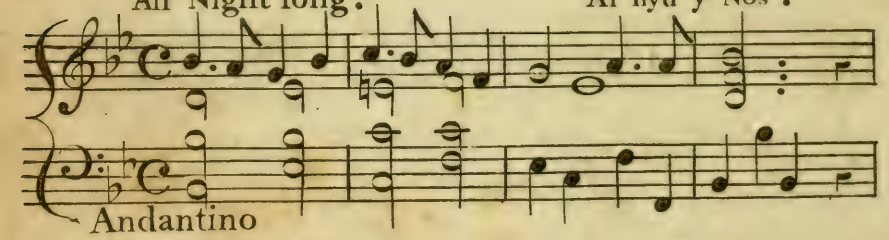


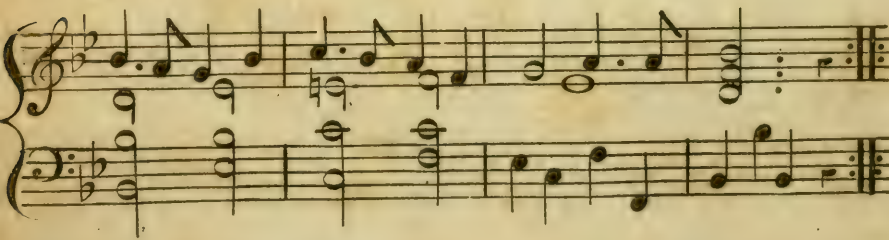


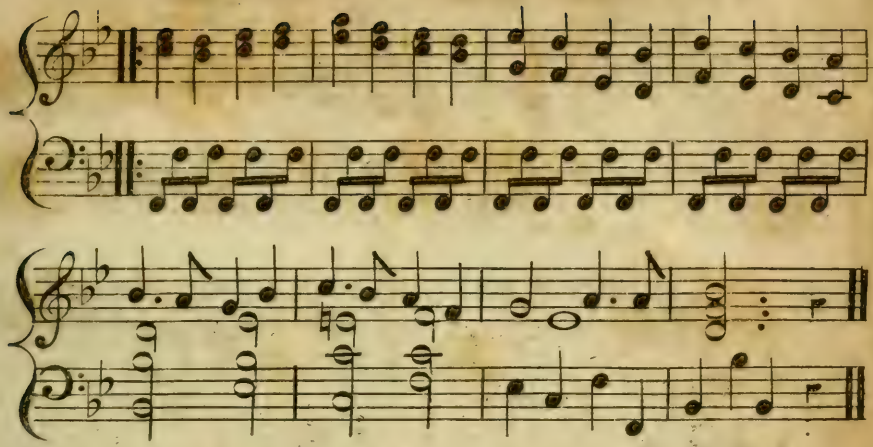




All Night long. Ar hŷd y Nôs.



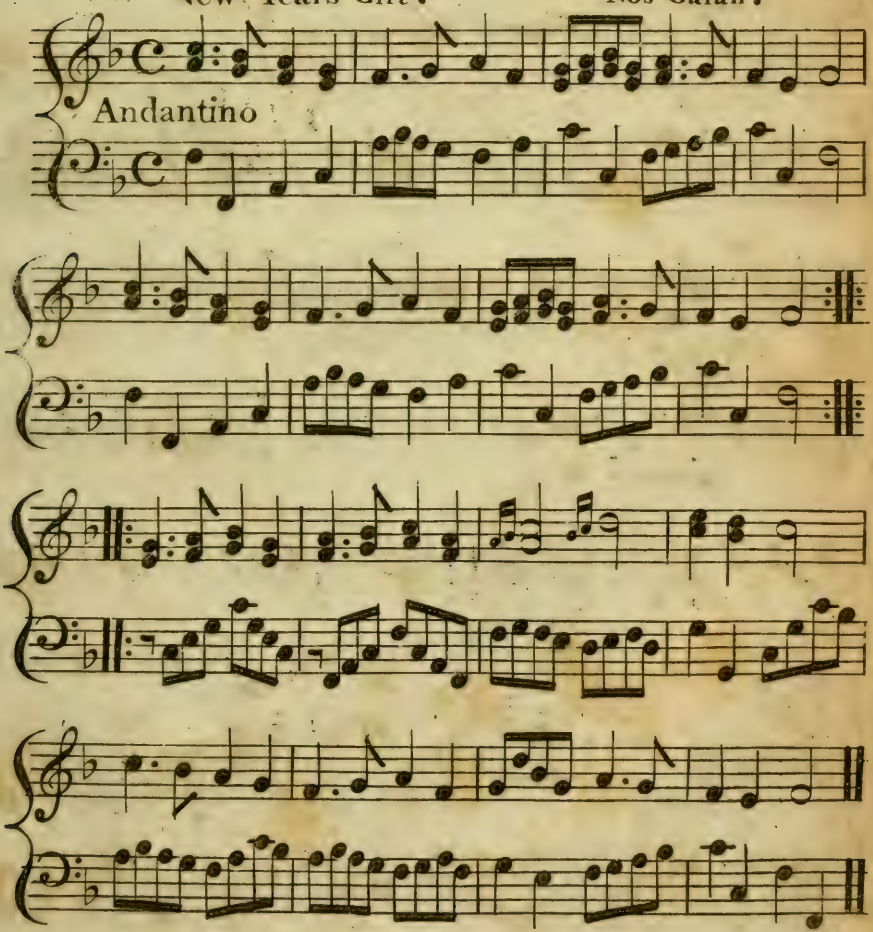




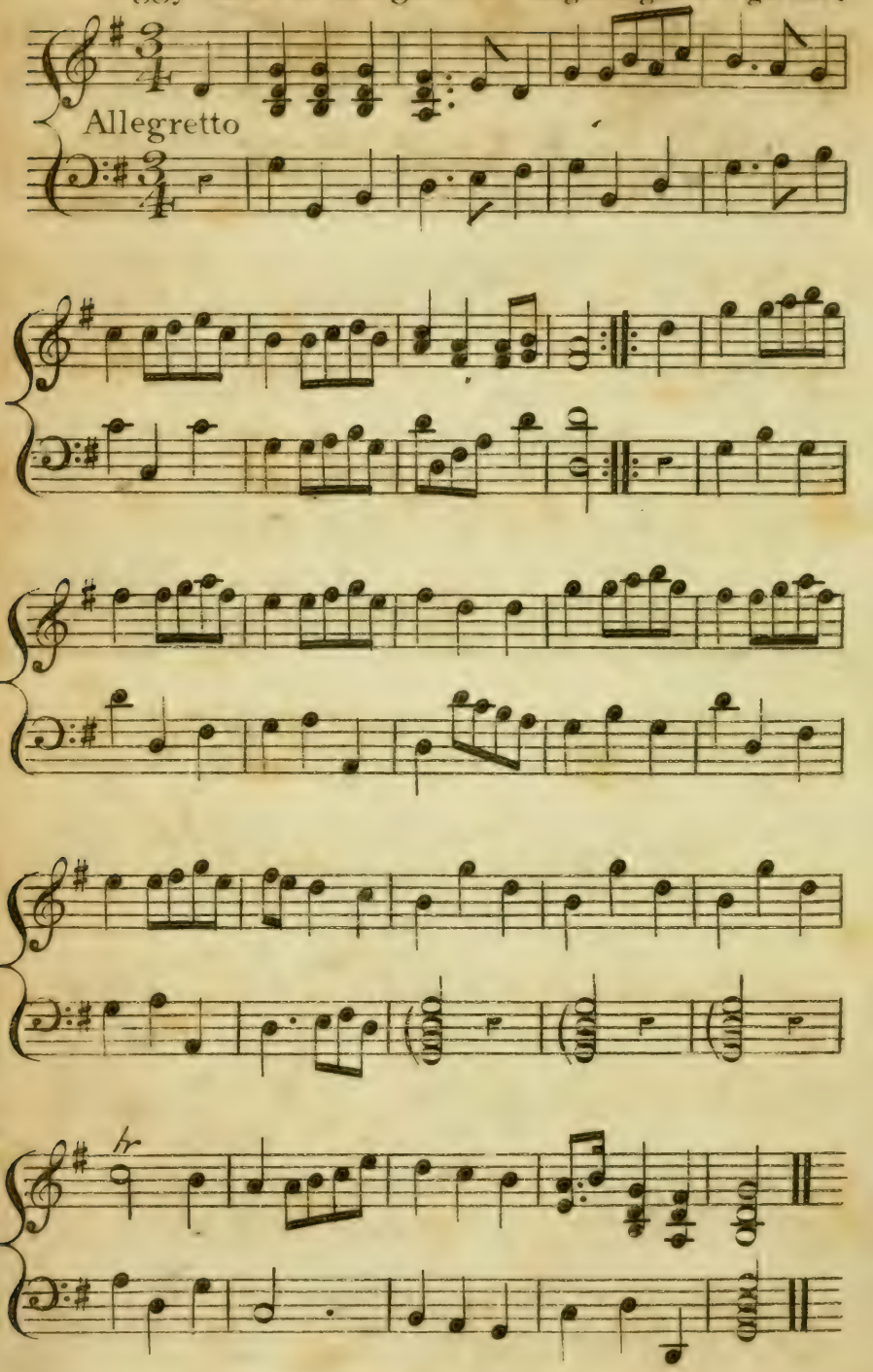
New Years Gift.

Nôs Galan.

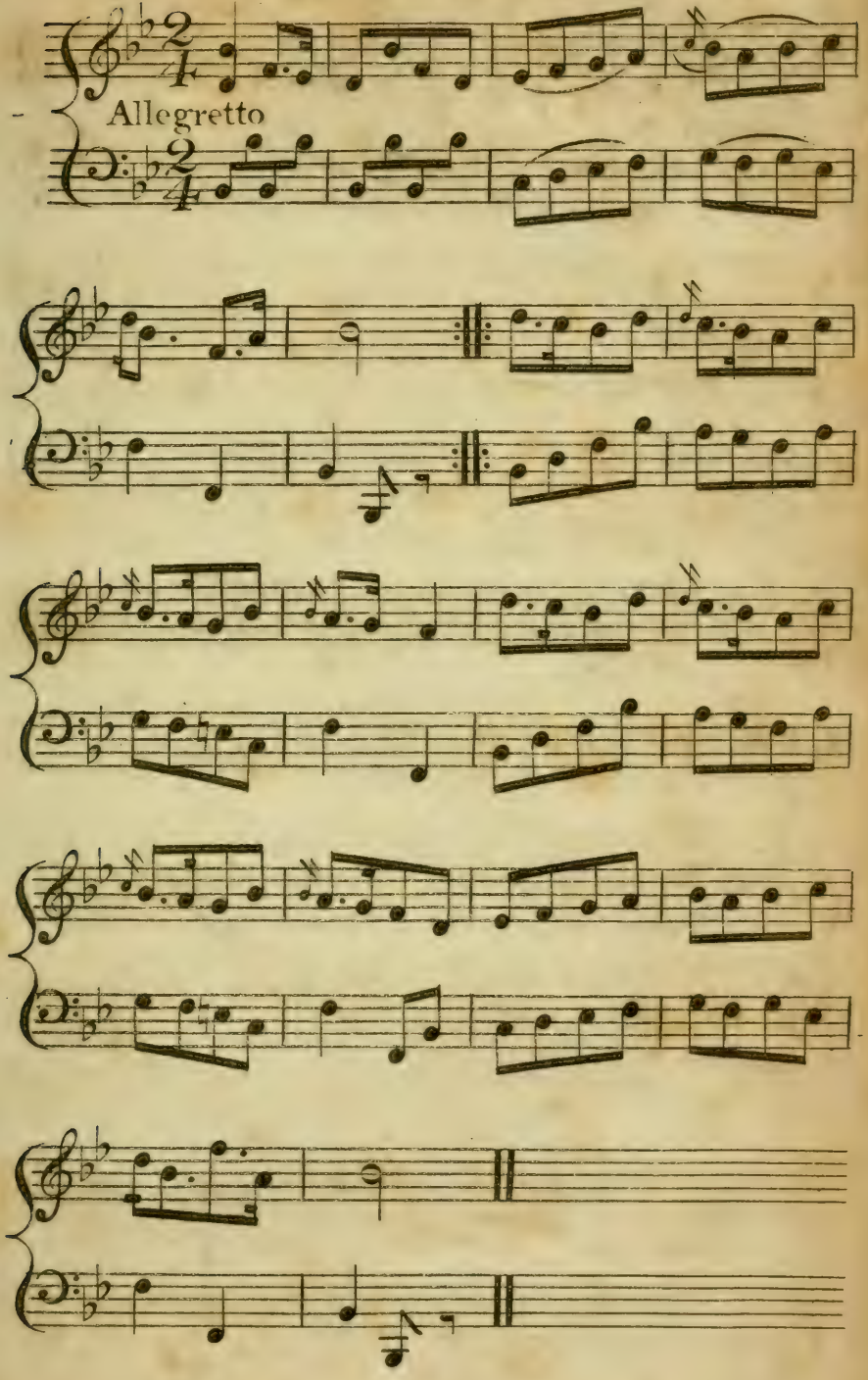
Andantino



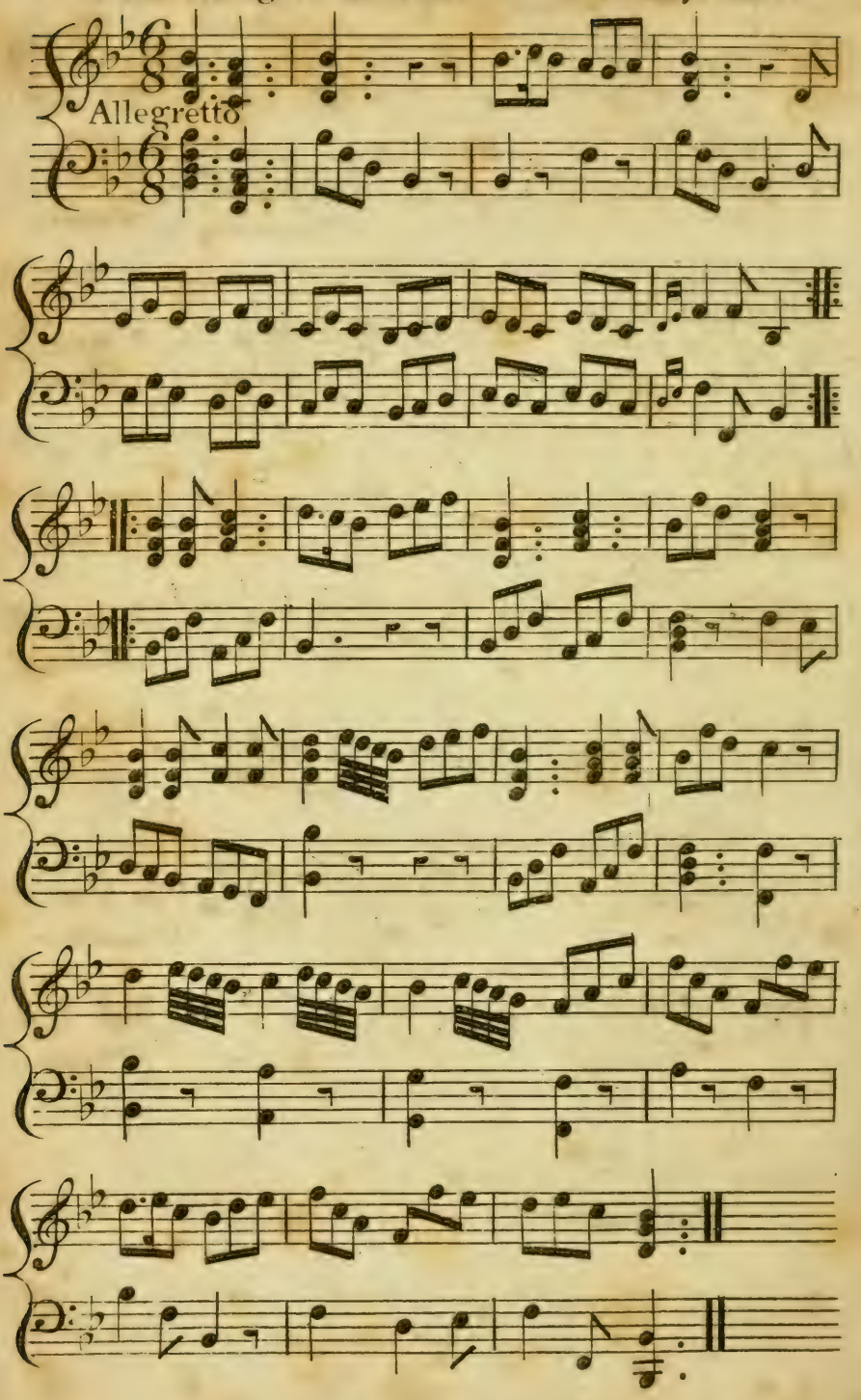
Peggy hast lost her garter. Megen a golles ei gardas.



The rising of the Lark. Codiad yr Hedydd.



The rising of the Sun. Codiad yr Haul.



GUIDE

THROUGH

NORTH WALES

IN THE ROUTE OF THE PRECEDING TOUR.

*** At the inns marked with an aſteriſk *, poſt-chaiſes and horſes are kept.

THE DISTANCE FROM CHESTER TO CAERNARVON, ALONG THE USUAL ROAD, (NOT GOING BY FLINT,) IS ABOUT 72 MILES.

At Cheſter the touriſt may find it worth his while to viſit and examine the caſtle and walls, with the courts of juſtice, the cathedral, St. John's church, and the rows. If he is an antiquarian, he will derive entertainment from examining the remains of the hypocauſt, near the Feather's inn; and ſome other relics of antiquity in the neighbourhood.

From Chester to Flint, the Distance is 15 Miles.

About 2 miles from Cheſter croſs the Elleſmere canal, and ſoon afterwards enter the county of Flint.—At 4½ miles paſs the little village of Bretton.—The mountain on the left is called Warren mountain.—At 7½ miles, paſs Hawarden caſtle, by the road ſide, and then enter Hawarden,

den, a village containing a neat church, but little elſe deſerving of notice.—2 miles beyond Hawarden, croſs New Inn bridge. In a copſe about a quarter of a mile to the right of this bridge, are the poor remains of Euloe caſtle, not viſible from the road.—10½ miles from Cheſter, croſs Pentre bridge; and 12 miles, enter the village of Northop. In Northop church there are two or three ancient monuments.—At this place the touriſt who is deſirous of viſiting Flint, muſt leave the great Iriſh road, and proceed along a road in a direction nearly north, for about three miles †.

At Flint there is little worth ſeeing beſides the remains of its caſtle, the county gaol, and a large ſmelting-houſe for the lead ore obtained in the neighbourhood. The inn is the Royal Oak, by no means good. No poſt-horſes are kept here.

From Flint to Holywell, 5½ Miles.

Two miles from Flint is Bagillt;—3½, Wallwine turnpike;—and 5½, Holywell. This is a very unpleaſant road, notwithſtanding its lying along the bank of the river Dee, here almoſt three miles acroſs.

At Holywell the touriſt will of courſe viſit St. Wenefred's well, from which the place derives its name. In ſeveral mills on the ſtream that proceeds from this well, he may ſee the different proceſſes in the preparation and manufacture of lead, calamine, copper, braſs, and cotton. About a mile and a quarter north of the town, are the ruins of Baſingwerk abbey.—The principal inn at Holywell is the White Horſe: * this is a good, but very extravagant

† On the regular road, the following are the diſtances:—12 miles from Cheſter, paſs the hamlet of Halkin;—and 18½, enter the town of Holywell.

houſe.

houſe. Poſt-chaiſes and horſes may be had here, as this town is made the firſt ſtage-town from Cheſter.

From Holywell to St. Asaph, 10 Miles.

About a mile beyond Holywell, on an extenſive common, are the lead mines.—At 2½ miles ſee on an eminence, at a diſtance towards the right, a high circular tower, ſomewhat like an old windmill; this is ſuppoſed to have been a Roman pharos.—About 7, or 7½ miles, deſcend into the *vale of Clwyd*. From the ſide of the hill there is a very extenſive and beautiful proſpect;—Denbigh, at a diſtance on the left, St. Aſaph in front, and Rhyddlan caſtle on the right, with all the varied ſcenery of the vale.—10 miles, St. Aſaph.

At St. Aſaph are a cathedral, biſhop's palace, and deanry.——The tower of the cathedral commands an extenſive view along the vale. The inn is the White Lion *, a good houſe.

If the touriſt wiſhes it, he may make the two following excurſions from this place; in the latter, however, he will have but little amuſement.

1. *Excurſion from St. Aſaph to Denbigh, 6 Miles.*—The road lies entirely along the vale of Clwyd, but it is ſo low, as to afford few good proſpects.—At three miles paſs a woody dell that preſents a pictureſque ſcene on the right of the road.—6 miles, Denbigh.

See the caſtle, a fine ruin.—The antiquarian would viſit Whitchurch, the pariſh church, about a mile diſtant, to ſee the monuments of Humphrey Llwyd, the antiquary, and ſome of other celebrated perſonages.—There are two principal inns at Denbigh, the Crown and the Black Bull *. The latter is by much the moſt comfortable houſe of the two.

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2. *Excurſion from St. Aſaph to Rhyddlan*, 3 *Miles*.—This road lies alſo along the vale of Clwyd, and, about a mile from St. Aſaph, affords a good view of the little city.

At Rhyddlan there is the ſhell of a caſtle. No accommodations are to be had at this place, but what a very paltry public-houſe can afford.

From St. Asaph to Conway, 18½ Miles.

Four miles from St. Aſaph, on the right of the road, is Kinmael, the ſeat of the reverend Edward Hughes, one of the proprietors of the Angleſea copper mines.—At 4¾ miles paſs the village of Llan St. Siôr, or St. George's; and 6¼, Abergeley. At Abergeley there is a tolerably good inn, at which poſt-horſes are kept.—At 9¼ miles paſs Llandulas; and at 18 miles arrive at Conwy ferry-houſe*. The river is ſomewhat more than half a mile acroſs, and muſt be paſſed in a boat.

At Conwy the touriſt may examine the caſtle, an ancient manſion, called Plâs Mawr,—the poor remains of the abbey,—and the church. The moſt comfortable inn is the Harp*.

From Conwy the two following very pleaſant excurſions may be made.

1. *Excurſion from Conwy round the Creiddin, in the whole about* 18 *Miles*.—This excurſion cannot be performed any way ſo well as on foot. Croſs the ferry, and proceed to Teganwy, the ſeat of Mrs. Williams, near which are the poor remains of Diganwy caſtle, about a mile and half north of the ferry-houſe.—Continue the route along the weſt ſide of the promontory to Gogarth, a ruined palace of the biſhops of Bangor, about 6 miles from the ferry.—Examine the high rocks that form the northern extremity of the Great Ormes Head,—and return by Gloddaeth and Bodſ-

Bodſcallon, two elegant ſeats belonging to ſir Thomas Moſtyn, bart.

2. *Excurſion along the Vale of Conwy to Caer Rhûn, and the Waterfall, about* 8 *Miles.*—A mile from Conwy paſs the village of Kyſſin.—At 5½ miles is Caer Rhûn, where there are conſiderable remains of the *Conovium* of the Romans. In a mountain weſt of the road, and viſible from thence, 13 miles beyond Caer Rhûn, is the grandeſt cataract perhaps in Great Britain. It is near a bridge called Pont Dolgarrog, under which its waters flow, and it is called by the country people Rhaiadr Mawr.

From Conway to Bangor Ferry, 16½ Miles.

About 3 miles from Conwy, deſcend along the tremendous hollow of Sychnant; and about 5 miles, paſs the mountain Penmaen Mawr.—At 7 miles is the village of Llanfair Vechan; and 9 miles, that of Aber. Near the bridge at Aber there is a mound on which once ſtood a houſe belonging to the princes of Wales; and, at the diſtance of about two miles, at the extremity of a highly romantic vale, is a cataract well worth viſiting. At Aber there is a ſmall, but comfortable inn.—13 miles from Conwy is the village of Llandygai. The church contains a monument to the memory of archbiſhop Williams.—13½ miles is Penrhyn caſtle, the ſeat of lord Penrhyn.—15 miles is the city of Bangor;—and 16½, Bangor Ferry.

At Bangor the cathedral is worth viſiting.

The inn at Bangor Ferry * is a very good one.

From Bangor Ferry a very pleaſant *excurſion may be made to lord Penrhyn's ſlate quarries;* the romantic vale called Nant Frangon; the waterfalls of Benglog; Llyn Ogwen, and Llyn Idwel. The whole route would be about 26 or 28 miles, but the greateſt part of it may be performed in carriages,

carriages, or on horſeback.—There is through Nant Frangon a carriage road through the village of Capel Curig to Llanrwſt.

From Bangor to Caernarvon, 9 Miles.

The road affords ſome fine views of the ſtraits of Menai, and the ſurrounding country.

At Caernarvon the touriſt will of courſe viſit the caſtle. —From the rock behind the hotel, and from the Eagle tower of the caſtle, are very extenſive views.—Half a mile ſouth of Caernarvon is Llanbublic, the pariſh church, near which are to be ſeen ſome remains of the Roman *Segontium*. —The Hotel † at Caernarvon is, without any exception, the beſt and moſt comfortable inn in North Wales.

From Caernarvon, as a centre, various excurſions may be made.

1. *To the village and lakes of Llanberis*, about 10 miles diſtant *. Here is one of the moſt romantic vales in the kingdom; and about three miles beyond it, one of the rudeſt mountain paſſes that imagination can paint. Near Llanberis are the old tower of Dolbadarn caſtle, and a fine cataract called Caunant Mawr; and, on the bank of the upper lake, a copper mine. On the left of the village are the mountains Glyder Vawr and Glyder Bach, in whoſe vicinity nearly all the Welſh alpine plants are found. On the right of the vale (and the ſummit about 4½ miles

† This excurſion cannot be performed in carriages further than Cwm y Clo, the foot of the lower lake, whence a boat may be had to take the touriſt up the lakes. This boat ſhould be ordered the preceding day.—A pedeſtrian may perform the journey without the aid of a boat, as may alſo a perſon on horſeback.

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diſtant from Dolbadarn caſtle), is Snowdon. From hence the aſcent is ſo gradual, that a perſon, mounted on a ſtrong Welſh poney, may ride very nearly to the ſummit.

From Llanberis the excurſion may be varied by going through the above romantic paſs called Cwm Glâs, into the beautiful vale of Nant Hwynan, and thence to Beddgelert; but, as this excurſion would occupy in the whole near 30 miles, it could not conveniently be performed in one day on foot; on horſeback, however, there would be little difficulty. This excurſion, in its ſeries of grand and romantic ſcenery, is ſcarcely exceeded in any other parts of Great Britain.

From Llanberis there is a horſepath to Capel Curig, whence the touriſt will find a tolerably good carriage-road to Llanrwſt.

2. *From Caernarvon to the Summit of Snowdon,* by Dolbadarn caſtle, the diſtance is about 12 miles. The chief part of this excurſion may be performed on horſeback.—There is another track ſomewhat nearer by Llyn Cwellyn, in the road to Beddgelert.

3. *From Caernarvon to Llanrwſt, returning by the Vale of Ffeſtiniog, Tanybwlch, and Beddgelert; the Diſtance in the whole about* 70 *Miles.* This excurſion cannot be conveniently performed except on horſeback. The touriſt may go either by Llanberis, or the vale called Nant Frangon, to Capel Curig, where he will find another beautiful vale, and two lakes. The inn at this place affords excellent accommodation, conſidering that it is ſituated in the interior of the mountains. Many perſons remain here a few days to enjoy the fine ſcenery of the neighbourhood, and to amuſe themſelves in angling for trout, with which the lakes and all the ſtreams of the vallies abound. In his journey from Capel Curig to Llanrwſt, the antiquarian would probably

probably chooſe to viſit Dolwyddelan caſtle, a Britiſh ruin, three miles on the left of the road.—About 5 miles from Llanrwſt is the celebrated cataract of the Llugwy, *Rhaiadr y Wenol*. A mile beyond this is the picturesque bridge called *Pont y Pair*, near the village of Bettws y Coed.

Near Llanrwſt is the ancient manſion of Gwydir, once the family ſeat of the Wynnes, and now the property of the right honourable lord Gwydir.—Llanrwſt is chiefly celebrated for its fine bridge, built under the ſuperintendance of Inigo Jones. The church, or rather the chapel adjoining to the church, is well worth a viſit from the touriſt. The inn is the Eagles *, a good houſe.

In his return to Caernarvon, on the preſcribed route, the touriſt, at 3½ miles from Llanrwſt, will repaſs the village of Bettws, from whence leaving the former road, for that leading to Penmachno, he will at 5 and 6 miles paſs two cataracts of the river Conwy, the former, however, not a very conſiderable one: the latter, which is called *Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd*, is a little to the left of the road, near a ſmall fulling mill, *Pandy*, in Welſh.—8 miles from Llanrwſt he will paſs through the village of Penmachno, and 8 miles farther, after a very unintereſting ride over mountainous moors, will enter the village of Ffeſtiniog. Here there is a very uncomfortable public houſe. Near Ffeſtiniog are the cataracts of the Cynfael. A mile from the village he will enter the vale of Ffeſtiniog, and paſs along it nearly to Tanybwlch, which is about 20 miles from Llanrwſt. From Tanybwlch to Caernarvon, the diſtance is 22 miles farther. The inn at Tanybwlch * is a very comfortable houſe.—8 miles, croſs Pont Aberglâsllyn:—10 miles, enter Beddgelert:—14, paſs Llyn Cwellyn:—17, Bettws Garmon: and 22, enter Caernarvon.

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4. *An excurſion* may be made on foot or on horſeback, about 23 miles, *from Caernarvon to the Pools called Llyniau Nantlle*, and the ſlate quarries near Llanllyfni. This part of the country is very fine.

5. Or *from Caernarvon to Pwllheli*, diſtant 20 miles, returning by Criccieth and Beddgelert, in the whole about 58 miles. This, however, may not be intereſting to many touriſts; and very few would think their trouble repaid in viſiting the extreme parts of the promontory.

6. *Excurſions on the water* may be made, with a fair wind, to any of the adjacent parts of Angleſea. The ſail up the ſtraits of Menai, to Prieſtholme iſland, is extremely pleaſant in fine weather. A ſmall decked cutter, capable of accommodating ten or twelve perſons, may be had of the innkeeper of the hotel. The charge, with two perſons to manage it, is a guinea a day.

7. *Excurſion from Caernarvon to Holyhead, the copper mines, and Beaumaris, in the whole about* 90 *Miles.*—Croſs the Menai at Moel y Don ferry, 5 miles from Caernarvon.—About a mile from the ferry-houſe, on the Angleſea ſide, is Plâs Newydd, the beautiful ſeat of the earl of Uxbridge. Near the houſe are two cromlechs, and an ancient tumulus.—At 8 miles from Caernarvon paſs the village of Llandaniel;—11, Llanvihangel;—14½, Llangefni; and 20, arrive at Gwyndy *. Here there is a good inn, the end of the firſt ſtage from Bangor to Holyhead.—From Gwyndy it is 3¾ miles to Bodedern;—5 to Llanygenedl;—8¾ to the Holyhead iſland;—and 12 to Holyhead.

There is little remarkable in Holyhead, except the ſituation of the church and church-yard.

The diſtance from Holyhead to Amlwch is about 20 miles. The copper mines are about a mile from Amlwch.

There is no good inn at this place. Ty mawr, appeared the beſt, but the accommodations were only tolerable.—Two miles eaſt of Amlwch is the ſingular church of Llanellian.

From Amlwch to Beaumaris the diſtance is about 20 miles. Six miles from Amlwch paſs the extremity of Dulas bay.—At 12 miles paſs Red Wharf bay.—And 13, the village of Pentraeth. The church of this village Mr. Groſe thought ſo pictureſque as to deſerve a place in his work on the Antiquities of Britain. Near Pentraeth is Plâs Gwynn, the reſidence of Paul Panton, eſq. but chiefly known for its excellent library of Welſh MSS.

The only object worth notice in Beaumaris, is the caſtle. Three quarters of a mile weſtward is Baron hill, the ſeat of the right hon. lord Bulkeley.—About a mile north is Friars, the ſeat of ſir Robert Williams bart.; and near it a barn built from the ruins of Llanvaes abbey.—Three miles beyond Friars, are the remains of Penmon priory; and juſt off this corner of Angleſea, is the iſland of Prieſtholme, celebrated as the reſort of various ſpecies of ſea fowl.—The principal inn at Beaumaris is the Bull's Head, a comfortable houſe.

In his return to Caernarvon, the touriſt may either croſs from Beaumaris immediately over to the village of Aber, in Caernarvonſhire, or he may croſs the Menai at Bangor ferry. The latter is preferable.

From Caernarvon to Beddgelert, the Distance is 12 Miles.

Half a mile from Caernarvon, paſs the remains of Segontium, and Llanbublic church.—Three miles on the left the woods of Glangwnna, the houſe of T. Lloyd eſq. Five miles the village of Bettws.—Six and a quarter

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on the left Plâs y Nant, a houſe belonging to ſir Robert Williams, bart.; and on the right a ſmall caſcade at Nant mill. The high mountain on the right is called Mynydd Mawr, and that on the left, Moel Aelir.—Seven miles, Llyn Cwellyn. See Snowdon on the left; its ſummit may be aſcended from hence. The touriſt who wiſhes to viſit Llyn y Dywarchen, the pool containing a ſmall floating iſland, muſt aſcend to the mountain hollow on the right, ſoon after he has paſſed Llyn Cwellyn.

At Beddgelert there has been lately erected a very comfortable inn called the Beddgelert Hotel. The diſtance from Beddgelert to Pont Aberglâſllyn (the devil's bridge) is about a mile and a half.—From Beddgelert the touriſt may aſcend to the ſummit of Snowdon: the diſtance about 6 miles. He ſhould by all means viſit the vale called *Nant Hwynan*, one of the moſt beautiful in Wales. In this vale, one mile and a half on the left, is Dinas Emrys, the place from whence the propheſies of Merlin are ſuppoſed to have been delivered. Two miles, Llyn y Dinas.—Four and a half Llyn Gwynant: in a mountain on the left of the path a little beyond this pool, is a cataract called *Rhaiadr y Cwm Dyli*. There is a horſe-path through this vale to Capel Curig, and Llanrwſt.

From Beddgelert to Tanybwlch, 10 Miles.

One mile and a half, Pont Aberglâſllyn.—The new road from hence is exceedingly good, and affords many very beautiful proſpects.

The inn * at Tanybwlch, is a ſmall but comfortable houſe, ſtanding on an eminence that overlooks the vale of Ffeſtiniog.—Not far from the inn is Tanybwlch hall, the ſeat of —— Oakley, eſq.—The village of Ffeſtiniog is about 3 miles diſtant, near which are the cataracts of the Cynfael: the road to the village lies along the vale.

From Tanybwlch to Harlech, 10 Miles.

Croſs the vale of Ffeſtinog.—One mile the village of Maentwrog.—One mile and a half, having croſſed a ſmall bridge, there is, about a mile and a half on the left of the road, a cataract called *Rhaiadr dû*.—4 miles Llyn Tecwyn ucha.—5 miles Llantecwyn.—5½ Llyn Tecwyn iſa.—7, Pont y Crudd;—and 10 Harlech.

At Harlech are the remains of a caſtle. The public houſe is very ſmall. It is kept by a civil man called Anwyl.

From Harlech a guide (John Richards) may be had to the romantic hollow, 4 miles diſtant, called Cwm Bychan; and from thence round the ſtill more romantic Bwlch Tyddiad, and Drws Ardudwy, in the whole about 18 miles.

From Harlech to Barmouth, 10 Miles.

One mile and a half, the village of Llanfair.—2½ miles Llanbedir. In a field on the right, near this village there are two upright ſtones, probably what the Welſh of former times erected in memory of ſome celebrated warriors. 5¾ Llanddwye.—8¾ miles, Llanaber, the pariſh church of Barmouth;—and 10 miles, Barmouth.

There is a charming walk along the beach of the river near Barmouth. This place is ſingular on account of many of its houſes being built up the ſide of a lofty rock. The Corſygedol arms* is an excellent inn.

From Barmouth to Dolgelle, 10 Miles.

The 2 firſt miles are along the beach, one of the moſt beautiful rides in Great Britain.—8 miles, Llanellid turnpike.—10 miles, Dolgelle.

The

The Golden Lion * at Dolgelle, is a tolerably good inn. From Dolgelle a guide may be had to aſcend Cader Idris, whoſe ſummit is about 6 miles diſtant.—2 miles north of Dolgelle, are the remains of y Vaner or Kemmer abbey; and 4 miles beyond, on the left of the road leading to Tanybwlch, is Dolmelynllyn, the ſeat of W. A. Madocks eſq. and near it the cataract of the ſame name.—3 miles beyond Dolmelynllyn, are the cataracts, *Piſtyll y Cain*, and *Rhaiadr y Mawddach*. It will be neceſſary to take a guide in order to find the latter cataracts.

From Dolgelle to Machynlleth, 15 Miles.

Five miles, Llyn Trigrainwyn, 'the pool of three pebbles,' celebrated for a ſingular tradition reſpecting it.—7 miles, a ſmall public houſe, the Blue Lion, from whence a guide may be had to the ſummit of Cader Idris, 4 miles diſtant. The pool viſible from the houſe is Llyn Mwyngil. 14 miles croſs the river Dovey.

At Machynlleth, there is an old building, in which Owen Glyndwr, is ſaid to have aſſembled a parliament. The Eagles * is the beſt inn.

From Machynlleth to Llanydloes, 19 Miles.

About half way betwixt theſe towns, and near one mile and a half on the right, there is a cataract called *Frwd y Pennant*.—Plinlimmon is viſible at a diſtance on the right. 19 miles, croſs the Severn and enter Llanydloes.

The new inn * here is a very comfortable houſe.

From Llanydloes to Newtown, 13 Miles.

6 ¾ miles Llandinam.—13, Newtown.

The Bear* is the principal inn.—Dolforwyn caſtle is about 4 miles north-eaſt of Newtown.—1½ mile from Newtown,

near the road leading to Builth, is a cataract, but not worth viſiting.

From Newtown to Montgomery, 9 Miles.

At Montgomery the touriſt will probably viſit the caſtle and the church.—The Dragon * is a good inn.

From Montgomery to Welsh Pool, 9 Miles.

7½ miles paſs on the left Powys Caſtle.

The Oak * is the principal inn at Welſh Pool.

From Welsh Pool to Oswestry, 15 Miles.

6 miles, paſs the Breiddin hills, on the right.—9 miles, croſs the river Virnwy in a boat.—9½ enter the village of Llanymynech. The Croſs keys, a ſmall inn in this village, is kept by Mr. Robert Baugh, a very ingenious man, the engraver of both the copies of Mr. Evans's map of North Wales.—13½ miles, a houſe of Induſtry.

At Oſweſtry the touriſt may viſit the church, St. Oſwald's Well, and the mount on which the caſtle ſtood. The principal inn is the Croſs keys *.

From Oswestry to Wrexham, 15½ Miles.

5½ miles the village of Chirk. The touriſt may viſit the church, containing ſome tolerably good monuments in memory of the Middleton family; the aqueduct over the vale of Ceirog; and 2 miles diſtant, Chirk caſtle.—8 miles, New Bridge, near which the ſcene is remarkably picturesque.—10 miles the village of Ruabon. Near this place is Wynnſtay, the ſeat of ſir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. (5½ miles eaſt of Ruabon, is the village of Overton, and 9 miles Bangor Iſcoed, where there was formerly the largeſt monaſtery

monaſtery in Britain) 13½ miles from Oſweſtry, on the right of the road to Wrexham, is Erddig, the ſeat of Philip Yorke, eſq.

See the church at Wrexham; and in it a moſt beautiful monument, in memory of Mrs. Mary Middleton.—5½ miles N. E. of Wrexham is Holt, where are the poor remains of a caſtle.—There are two good inns at Wrexham, the Eagles * and the Red Lion, * the former however is uſually thought the beſt houſe.

From Wrexham to Mold, 12½ Miles.

4½ miles Cegidog bridge.—5½ the village of Caergwrle, near which are the remains of a caſtle.—6, Hope.—12, Mold.

The touriſt may viſit Bayley hill, on which the caſtle ſtood, and the church.—1½ mile, north-weſt of Mold, is Rhual, the ſeat of the Griffith family, near which is *Maes Garmon*, where in 448, the famous Alleluia victory was obtained by the Britons over the Picts and Scots.—The inn at Mold is the Dragon, a bad and extravagant houſe.

From Mold to Ruthin, 8½ Miles.

At Ruthin are the remains of a caſtle.—I forget the ſign of the inn *.

From Ruthin to Llangollen, 13½ Miles.

About 10½ miles enter the vale of Crucis.—11½ paſs the pillar of Eliſeg, in a meadow on the left of the road; and ¼ of a mile beyond it, on the ſame ſide, the remains of Valle Crucis abbey. Caſtell Dinas Brân is viſible on an eminence behind the abbey.

The principal objects worth viſiting about Llangollen, are, Valle Crucis abbey, and the pillar of Eliſeg, Caſtell

Dinas Brân; and the vale of Llangollen. It is a pleaſant morning's ride of about 10 miles, round the vale. Near Pont y Cyſſyllte, 4 miles from the town (at the end of this ride), the tourift will ſee an immenſe aqueduct for the Ellefmere canal, over the vale, and the river Dee.—The principal inn at Llangollen is the Hand *, where perſons in general complain of bad fare and attendance.

From Llangollen to Corwen, 10 Miles.

About the third mile-ſtone, ſee, on the oppoſite bank of the river, Llandyſilio hall.—7 miles, the ſite of Owen Glyndwr's palace.

5½ miles weſt of Corwen, on the road leading to Llanrwſt, is Pont y Glyn, with a fine cataract beneath it;—and 2½ miles ſouth, near one of the roads to Bala, and behind the village of Cynwyd, is a cataract called *Rhaiadr Cynwyd*.—On the hill oppoſite to the town, there is a great circle of ſtones, called *Y Caer Wen*.—The New Inn *, the ſign of Owen Glyndwr, is the only one in the place.

From Corwen to Bala, the Distance is 12 Miles.

Near Bala, the principal curioſities are the lake, and two mounts on different ſides of the town, on which there have been Britiſh forts.—It is a pleaſant excurſion of about 13 miles, on foot or horſeback, to go round the lake. Croſs the bridge at the north-eaſt corner, and proceed along the eaſtern bank.—4 miles, the village of Llangower.—6½ miles, croſs the river Twrch, and ſee the immenſe ſtones carried by the ſtream in a thunderſtorm in June 1781.—7½, the village of Llanwchllyn. A mile beyond this place there was an ancient Britiſh fort called Caſtell Corndochon.—8 miles on the left ſee Caer Gai.—12,

Llanycil,

Llanycil, the parish church to Bala.—The Bull * is by much the most comfortable, though not, perhaps, the head inn in this town.

From Bala to the Village of Llanrhaiadr, in Montgomeryshire, 15 Miles.

1½ miles, cross Pont Cynwyd.—2 miles, Rhiwedog.—7, a pass over the mountains, called Millter Gerrig;—10½ miles, the village and vale of Llangynog;—15 miles, Llanrhaiadr.

The celebrated cataract called *Pistyll Rhaiadr* is about 4½ miles north-west of the village.—At Llanrhaiadr there is a small public house, the Coach and Horses, where one bed may be had, and perhaps no more.

From Llanrhaiadr to Shrewsbury, 26 Miles.

About 3½ miles from Llanrhaiadr are the village of Llangedwin, and Llangedwin hall, the latter one of the seats of sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart.;—8 miles, Llanyblodwel;—10, Llanymynech;—14 miles, Knockin;—18 miles, Nesscliffe;—22, cross Montford bridge.

At Shrewsbury the tourist will find amusement in visiting the castle; the remains of the walls; the gaol; the abbey; the churches, particularly St. Alkmunds, in which there is a beautiful painting on glass, the performance of Eginton of Birmingham; the Quarry; the house of industry; the remains of the three houses of Augustine, Franciscan, and Dominican friars; the free school, and some other public buildings.

FLORA CAMBRICA:

A

SYSTEMATICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE

MORE UNCOMMON WELSH PLANTS,

WITH

THEIR PLACES OF GROWTH,

AND

TIMES OF FLOWERING.

*** Where the places in the enſuing Catalogue are not fully deſcribed, reference may be made to the Index, and thence to ſome other part of the work.

Explanation of the References.

Smith. Flora Britannica, auctore, Jacobo Edwardo Smith, M. D. 8vo. vol. 1. and 2. 1800.—*Eng. Bot.* Engliſh Botany, by Dr. Smith, and Mr. Sowerby, vol. 1—12.—*With.* Arrangement of Britiſh Plants, by William Withering, M. D. 4 vol. 8vo. 1796.—*Hudſ.* Gulielmi Hudſoni, Flora Anglica, 8vo. 1798.

CLASS I.

MONANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

SALICORNIA HERBACEA. *Marſh Samphire.*—Smith, 3.—*S. annua.* Eng. Bot. 415.—*S. europæa.* Hudſ. 1.—A or B. Auguſt, September.

On ſea-ſhores, generally in a muddy ſoil, overflowed by the high tides, common.

HIP-

HIPPURIS VULGARIS. *Mare's Tail.*—Smith, 4.—Eng. Bot. 763.—P. May.

In ſeveral ditches in the iſle of Angleſea; and in a ditch about a hundred yards north-weſt of Rhyd marſh, near Preſtatyn, on the ſea-coaſt of Flintſhire.

CHARA FLEXILIS. *Smooth Chara.*—Smith, 6.—A. July, Auguſt.

In a pool called Llyn Aled, in the pariſh of Llanſannan, Denbighſhire.

ZOSTERA MARINA. *Graſs-wrack.*—Smith, 7.—Eng. Bot. 467.—P. Aug.—Sept.

Salt water ditches, not uncommon.

CLASS II.

DIANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

LIGUSTRUM VULGARE. *Privet.*—Smith, 12.—Eng. Bot. 764.—S. June, July.

Hedges in various parts of Angleſea, and about Orme's Head.

VERONICA SPICATA. *Spiked Speedwell.*—Smith, 15.—Eng. Bot. 2.—P. June, July.

Gloddaeth, near Conwy;—the hill of Diſerth caſtle in Flintſhire;—and on Penmaen Mawr.

VERONICA HYBRIDA. *Welſh Speedwell.* Smith, 16.—Eng. Bot. 673.—P. July.

On Craig Breiddin, (or as it is ſometimes written, Craig Wreidhin,) a mountain about eight miles north-eaſt of Welſh Pool.

VERO-

VERONICA OFFICINALIS. *Common Speedwell.*—Smith, 16. Eng. Bot. 765.—P. May—Aug.

Sides of roads, and in dry ſterile ground, common.

VERONICA SCUTELLATA. *Narrow-leaved Marſh Speedwell.* Smith, 21.—Eng. Bot. 782.—P. July, Auguſt.

Marſhy ground in Angleſea, not uncommon.

VERONICA MONTANA. *Mountain Speedwell.*—Smith, 21.—Eng. Bot. 766.—P. May, June.

In the upper wood at Tower, near Mold, Flintſhire;—and near the rivulet in Garn Dingle, three miles north-weſt of Denbigh.

PINGUICULA VULGARIS. *Common Butterwort*, or *Rot-graſs.*—Smith, 27.—Eng. Bot. 70.—P. May, June.

In bogs on all the moors.

UTRICULARIA VULGARIS. *Hooded Milfoil.*—Smith, 28.—Eng. Bot. 253.—P. July.

In ditches and ſtanding waters in Angleſea, not uncommon.

SALVIA PRATENSIS. *Meadow Clary.*—Smith, 30.—Eng. Bot. 153.—P. July.

In dry meadows near Llanidan, in Angleſea.

SALVIA VERBENACA. *Wild Engliſh Clary.*—Smith, 31.—Eng. Bot. 154.—P. June—October.

In Rhyddlan church-yard, Flintſhire;—and in various places about the Great Ormes Head.

CLASS III.

TRIANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

VALERIANA RUBRA. *Red Valerian.*—Smith, 37.—P. June—September.

Near Llanidan church, Angleſea.

IRIS

IRIS FOETIDISSIMA. *Stinking Iris.*—Smith, 42.—Eng. Bot. 596.—P. June.

Near the building on Prieſtholme iſland, in plenty.

SCHOENUS COMPRESSUS. *Compreſſed Bog-ruſh.*—Smith, 44.—Eng. Bot. 791.—P. July.

In a marſh about a mile weſt of Preſtatyn, on the ſea coaſt of Flintſhire.

SCHOENUS ALBUS. *White-headed Bog-ruſh.*—Smith, 46.—P. Auguſt.

In a bog weſt of Dolbadarn caſtle, near Llanberis.

SCIRPUS CÆSPITOSUS. *Scaly-ſtalked Club-ruſh.*—Smith, 49.—P. July.

Peat-bogs in Cwm Brwynog, near Llanberis.

SCIRPUS MARITIMUS. *Salt-marſh Club-ruſh.*—Smith, 56.—Eng. Bot. 542.—P. July, Auguſt.

In Saltney marſh, and Rhyd marſh, Flintſhire.

ERIOPHORUM VAGINATUM. *Single-headed Cotton-graſs.*—Smith, 58.—P. March, April.

In peat-bogs near Llyn Idwel, in Caernarvonſhire, and Llyn Aled, Denbighſhire.

ERIOPHORUM POLYSTACHION. *Broad-leaved Cotton graſs.*—Smith, 59.—Eng. Bot. 563.—P. April, May.

In the ſame places as the laſt ſpecies, but not ſo frequently.

ERIOPHORUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM. *Common Cotton-graſs.*—Smith, 59.—Eng. Bot. 564.—P. April, May.

In peat-bogs among the mountains, ſufficiently common.

TRIAN-

TRIANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

PHALARIS ARENARIA. *Sea Canary-graſs.*—Smith, 62.—Eng. Bot. 222.—A. June.

Among the ſea-ſand near Newborough, Angleſea.

PHLEUM PRATENSE. *Common Cat's-tail-graſs.*—Smith, 68. P. June—October.

A variety of this graſs is found in Angleſea, with viviparous florets.

MILIUM LENDIGERUM. *Panick Millet-graſs.*—Smith, 76.—*Alop. ventricoſus*, Hudſ. ed. 2. 28.—A. Auguſt.

In the paſtures eaſt of Merllin farm-houſe, in the pariſh of Llanyfydd, Denbighſhire.

AGROSTIS MINIMA. *Smalleſt Bent-graſs.*—Smith, 82.—A. March, April.

In ſandy paſtures on the ſouth-weſt coaſt of Angleſea, not uncommon.

AIRA CRISTATA. *Creſted Hair-graſs.*—Smith, 83.—*Poa criſtata.* With. 145.—P. July, Auguſt.

Barren paſtures near Henllan, Denbighſhire.

AIRA FLEXUOSA. *Waved Mountain Hair-graſs.*—Smith, 85.—P. July.

On Crib y Ddeſcil, a high rock near Llanberis.

AIRA PRÆCOX. *Early Hair-graſs.*—Smith, 87.—A. May, June.

Paſtures on the lime-rocks near Henllan, three miles north-weſt of Denbigh.

MELICA NUTANS. *Mountain Melic-graſs.*—Smith, 92.—*M. montana.* Hudſ. 37.—P. June, July.

In Garn Dingle, near Denbigh.

MELICA

MELICA CÆRULEA. *Purple Melic-graſs.*—Smith, 93.—Eng. Bot. 750.—*Aira cærulea*, Hudſ. 33.—P. July, Auguſt.

In peat-bogs near Llyn Idwel, Caernarvonſhire;—and on the Paris mountain in Angleſea.

MELICA UNIFLORA. *Wood Melic graſs.*—Smith, 91.—P. May, June.

Not uncommon in woods and ſhady hedges.

POA RIGIDA. *Hard Meadow graſs.*—Smith, 99.—A. June, July.

Among the lime-rocks near Henllan, Denbighſhire.

POA ALPINA. *Alpine Meadow-graſs.*—Smith, 100.—P. July.

This plant, and alſo a variety of it, with viviparous florets, is found on the higher parts of Snowdon.

POA CÆSIA? *Sea-green Meadow-graſs.*—Smith, 103.—*P. glauca.* With. 148.—P. June, July.

High mountains about Llyn Idwel and Llanberis;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd, Snowdon.

POA MARITIMA. *Creeping Sea Meadow-graſs.*—Smith, 97.—P. July.

On part of the ſalt-marſh, a mile weſt of Preſtatyn, Flintſhire.

FESTUCA VIVIPARA. *Viviparous Feſcue-graſs.*—Smith, 114. *F. ovina, var.* 4. With. 152.—P. June, July.

On the high mountains of Caernarvonſhire, common.

FESTUCA RUBRA β. *Welſh Feſcue-graſs.*—Smith, 116.—*F. cambrica.* With. 156.—P. July, Auguſt.

On the ledges of Clogwyn y Garnedd;—and among the higheſt mountains about Llanberis.

FESTUCA

FESTUCA BROMOIDES. *Barren Feſcue-graſs.*—Smith, 117.—A. June.

About Denbigh caſtle.

AVENA PUBESCENS. *Downy Oat-graſs.*—Smith, 140.—P. June.

Very common in the hedges about Garn, near Denbigh.

ARUNDO COLORATA. *Canary Reed-graſs.*—Smith, 147.—*Calam. variegata*, With. 124.—P. July.

On the bank of the rivulet that runs by Dolbadarn caſtle, into the upper Llanberis lake.

ARUNDO ARENARIA. *Sea Mat-weed.*—Smith, 148.—*Calam. arenaria.* With. 123.—P. June, July.

On the ſand-banks on the ſea-ſhore, about Rhil marſh, near Rhyddlan; near Orme's Head; and near Towyn, in Merionethſhire.

ROTBOLLIA INCURVATA. *Sea Hard-graſs.*—Smith, 151.—P. July, Auguſt.

In Rhil marſh near Rhyddlan; but ſeldom obſervable on account of the ſheep eating it quite cloſe to the ground: it may, however, be readily detected on the turf banks in front of the cottages near the Stone houſe, which are formed of ſods that have been taken from the marſh.

ELYMUS ARENARIUS. *Upright Sea Lyme-graſs.*—Smith, 152.—P. July.

Among the ſand on the ſea-coaſt near the Orme's Head.

TRIANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

MONTIA FONTANA. *Water Chickweed.*—Smith, 161.—A. April—July.

In ſwampy ground, not uncommon.

CLASS IV.

TETRANDIA.—MONOGYNIA.

DIPSACUS PILOSUS. *Small Teaſel.*—Smith, 169.—P. Aug.

On the left of the road leading from Newtown to Montgomery, about three miles and a half from the former place;—and near the forge, betwixt Welſh Pool and Oſweſtry.

GALIUM BOREALE. *Croſs-leaved Bed-ſtraw.*—Smith, 180.—Eng. Bot. 105.—P. July.

On the ledges of the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and about half a mile from Llanberis, among the gravel by the ſide of the ſecond rivulet, in the way to Llanrwſt.

RUBIA PEREGRINA. *Wild Madder.*—Smith, 181.—Eng. Bot. 851.—*R. tinctorum.* With. 193.—P. June, July.

In the hedges at Gloddaeth, near Conwy.

PLANTAGO MARITIMA. *Sea Plaintain.*—Smith, 184.—Eng. Bot. 175.—P. June, July.

In abundance on the ſea-coaſts.—Near Caergwrle caſtle, Flintſhire;—amongſt the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and by the road-ſide from Bangor to Holyhead, about two miles from Gwyndy.

PLANTAGO CORONOPUS. *Buck's-horn Plaintain.*—Smith, 185.—A. May—November.

On all the ſea-coaſts, generally in a ſandy ſoil.

CENTUNCULUS MINIMUS. *Small Chaff-weed.*—Smith, 186.—Eng. Bot. 531.—A. June, July.

In a piece of moiſt ground about a mile from Llanrwſt, and within three or four yards of the turnpike-road leading from thence to Conwy.

ALCHE-

ALCHEMILLA ALPINA. *Alpine Lady's-mantle.*—Smith, 190. Eng. Bot. 244.—P. July.

This beautiful plant is said to grow on some of the mountains of North Wales, but I have sought for it in vain.

TETRANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

POTAMOGETON GRAMINEUM. *Grassy Pond-weed.*—Smith, 196.—P. July.

In the ditches of Rhyl marsh, near Rhyddlan.

RUPPIA MARITIMA. *Tassel Pond-weed.*—Smith, 199.—Eng. Bot. 136.—P. July, August.

In the salt-water ditches near Llanddwyn, in Anglesea;—and in those betwixt Traeth Mawr and Pont Aberglâsllyn, near Beddgelert.

CLASS. V.

PENTRANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

LITHOSPERMUM PURPURO-COERULEUM. *Creeping Gromwell.*—Smith, 214.—Eng. Bot. 117.—P. May.

On the top of a bushy hill on the north-side of the town of Denbigh. *Ray.*

ANCHUSA SEMPERVIRENS. *Evergreen Alkanet.*—Smith, 215. Eng. Bot. 45.—P. May—July.

Among the ruins of Basingwerk or Maes Glas abbey, Holywell. This plant appears to have been mistaken by Mr. Waring, in With. 228, for *Pulmonaria angustifolia.* Dr. Smith is of opinion that a leaf of it sent to him was that of *Symphytum tuberosum.*

PULMONARIA MARITIMA. *Sea Lungwort.*—Smith, 218.—Eng. Bot. 368.—P. July.

Among the ſand on the ſea-coaſt at Orme's Head;—near Trefarthen, in Angleſea, about half-way betwixt the ferry from Caernarvon and Moel y Don;—by the river Llyfni, that runs from Llyniau Nantlle into the ſea, about half-way betwixt Llandwrog and Clynog, in Caernarvonſhire.

SYMPHYTUM OFFICINALE. *Common Comfrey.*—Smith, 218. Eng. Bot. 817.—P. May, June.

On the banks of the Alyn, betwixt Wrexham and Cheſter, and about half a mile eaſt of the road.

BORAGO OFFICINALIS. *Common Borage.*—Smith, 219.—Eng. Bot. 36.—P. June, July.

Amongſt the rubbiſh at Diganwy caſtle; and on the ſummit of the rock at Llandudno, both near Conwy;—amongſt the rubbiſh on Harlech marſh, juſt below the caſtle.

HOTTONIA PALUSTRIS. *Featherfoil.*—Smith, 226.—Eng. Bot. 364.—P. June, July.

In the ditches by the road-ſide betwixt Pool quay, and the turnpike leading to Welſh Pool.

LYSIMACHIA VULGARIS. *Yellow Looſeſtrife.*—Smith, 227.—Eng. Bot. 761.—P. July.

About the ſides of ponds in Caernarvonſhire and Angleſea, not very uncommon.

LYSIMACHIA THYRSIFLORA. *Tufted Looſeſtrife.*—Smith, 228.—Eng. Bot. 136.—P. June, July.

This plant is ſaid to have been found at Llyn Llechylched, but the reverend H. Davies informs me that he has ſought for it there in vain.

ANAGALLIS TENELLA. *Bog Pimpernel.*—Smith, 230.—Eng. Bot. 530.—P. July, Auguſt.

In ſwampy meadows near Caernarvon, not uncommon.

CONVOLVULUS SOLDANELLA. *Sea Bindweed.*—Smith, 233. Engliſh Bot. 314.—P. July.

Among the ſand on the ſea coaſt near Orme's Head;—and on the ſouth-weſt of Caernarvonſhire and Angleſea.

CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA. *Round leaved Bell flower.*—Smith, 235.—P. July—September.

A ſingle-flowered variety of this plant is very common on the higher parts of all the mountains about Llanberis and Snowdon.

CAMPANULA LATIFOLIA. *Giant Bell-flower.*—Smith, 236. Eng. Bot. 302.—P. Auguſt.

Hedges near Holywell.

CAMPANULA TRACHELIUM. *Nettle-leaved Bell-flower.*—Smith, 238.—Eng. Bot. 12.—P. July.

Among the buſhes near Baſingwerk abbey;—and in the hedges of a wood near the road leading from St. Aſaph, to Denbigh.

CAMPANULA GLOMERATA. *Cluſtered Bell flower.*—Smith, 239.—Eng. Bot. 90.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the calcareous paſtures near Rhyd y Cilgwyn, betwixt Denbigh and Ruthin, about two miles from Ruthin.

CAMPANULA HEDERACEA. *Ivy-leaved Bell-flower.*—Smith, 239.—Eng. Bot. 73.—P. June—Aug.

In ſwampy places in the meadows of the vale of Llanberis, about ¼ of a mile beyond the village;—by the road ſides near Llanrwſt;—and near the cataract, Rhaiadr y Wenol, five miles from Llanrwſt.

LOBELIA DORTMANNA.—*Water Lobelia.*—Smith, 242.—Eng. Bot. 140.—P. July, Auguſt.

Plentifully in the river Seiont, betwixt the lower pool of Llanberis and Cwm y Clo;—In Llyn y Cwn;—Llyn Idwel;—and Ffynnon Frech, all near Llanberis.

IMPATIENS NOLI ME TANGERE. *Yellow Balſam.*—Smith 243.—A. Auguſt.

On the banks of the river Camlet at Marrington, in the pariſh of Chirbury, about five miles from Montgomery.

VIOLA PALUSTRIS. *Marſh violet.*—Smith, 246.—Eng. Bot. 444.—P. April, May.

Moſſy bogs near Llyn Aled, in Denbighſhire.

VIOLA LUTEA. *Yellow violet.*—Smith 248.—Eng. Bot. 721.—*V. Grandiflora.*—Hudſ. 380.—P. May—September.

By the road ſide leading from Llanrwſt to Ffeſtiniog, near the bridge about a mile from Penmachno;—and on the road from Machynlleth to Llanydloes, from the tenth mile-ſtone nearly all the way to Llanydloes.

VERBASCUM LYCHNITIS. *White Mullein.*—Smith, 250. Eng. Bot. 58.—B. July, Auguſt.

Betwixt Gresford and little Acton in Denbighſhire, about ¾ of a mile from the latter place, abundantly.

ATROPA BELLADONNA. *Deadly Nightſhade.*—Smith, 255. Eng. Bot. 592.—P. June, July.

In rough places about Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen; and by the road ſide, betwixt Hawarden and Cheſter.

SAMOLUS VALERANDI. *Brookweed.*—Smith, 259.—Eng. Bot. 703—P. June, July.

In the marſh near Caernarvon caſtle.

RHAMNUS CATHARTICUS. *Buckthorn.*—Smith, 261.—S. May, June.

Garreg wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighſhire.

EUONY-

EUONYMUS EUROPÆUS. *Spindle tree.*—Smith 262.—Eng. Bot. 362. S. May.

In the copſe by Euloe caſtle, near Hawarden, Flintſhire.

RIBES GROSSULARIA. *Rough Gooſeberry.*—Smith, 286. S. April.

Rough places about Denbigh caſtle.

RIBES UVA-CRISPA. *Smooth Gooſeberry.*—Smith, 266.—S. April.

About Denbigh caſtle, along with *R. Groſſularia*—and in the hedges by the road ſide leading from Caernarvon to Bangor.

GLAUX MARITIMA. *Black Salt-wort.*—Smith, 268.—Eng. Bot. 13.—P. June, July.

Salt marſhes near Conwy;—Dulas bay;—betwixt Amlwch and Beaumaris, Angleſea;—and in other marſhy ground on the ſea coaſts.

VINCA MINOR. *Leſſer Periwinkle.*—Smith, 270.—P. May.

In the hedges by the road ſides near Pig y Frân, in the pariſh of St. Aſaph.

PENTANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

CHENOPODIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Gooſe-foot.*—Smith, 278. Eng. Bot. 633. A. July, Auguſt.

On the ſea-coaſt near Llanfaglan church, about two miles ſouth-weſt of Caernarvon.

BETA MARITIMA. *Sea Beet.*—Smith, 279.—Eng. Bot. 285.—P. Auguſt, September.

In muddy places on the ſouth weſt coaſt of Angleſea.

SALSOLA KALI. *Prickly Salt-wort.*—Smith 280.—Eng. Bot. 634.—A. July.

Amongſt the ſand on the coaſt of Angleſea, betwixt the ferry from Caernarvon and Moel y don.

GENTIANA PNEUMONANTHE. *Marſh Gentian.*—Smith, 285. Eng. Bot. 20.—P. Auguſt, September.

In moiſt and uncultivated grounds in Angleſea, but not common.

GENTIANA AMARELLA. *Autumnal Gentian.*—Smith, 287. Eng. Bot. 236.—A. Auguſt.

In calcareous ground betwixt Holywell and Rhyddlan: ſides of banks near Denbigh.

GENTIANA CAMPESTRIS. *Field Gentian.*—Smith, 288. Eng. Bot. 237.—A. Auguſt, September.

By the road ſide leading from Holywell to Rhyddlan, about three miles from Holywell, along with the laſt ſpecies:—near Llanberis.

Umbellate Plants.

ERYNGIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Eryngo.*—Smith, 288.—Eng. Bot. 718—P. July, Auguſt.

Among the ſand on the ſea-coaſt near Gogarth, under the Llandudno rocks;—and near Harlech in Merioneth-ſhire.

HYDROCOTYLE INUNDATUM. *Floating White-rot.*—Smith, 390.—*Siſon inundatum.* Eng. Bot. 227.—With. 301.—B? May, June.

In rivulets in Angleſea, very common.

CRITHMUM MARITIMUM. *Rock Samphire.*—Smith, 306. Eng. Bot. 819.—P. Auguſt.

Rocks above the ſea near Llandudno, Caernarvonſhire;—betwixt Clynog and Nevin;—and on the coaſt of Angleſea.

MEUM ATHAMANTA. *Common ſpignel or Meu.*—Smith, 308—*Æthuſa meum.* With. 303.—P. May.

In mountainous paſtures near Dolgelle.

SIUM

SIUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM. *Narrow-leaved water parſnep.*—Smith, 313.—Eng. Bot. 139.—P. July, Auguſt.

In rivulets in Angleſea, not uncommon.

ŒNANTHE PIMPINELLOIDES. *Parſley Water-Dropwort.*—Smith, 318.—Eng. Bot. 347.—P. July.

In the ſalt marſh near Aber, Caernarvonſhire.

ŒNANTHE CROCATA. *Hemlock Water-Dropwort.*—Smith, 319.—P. July.

In watery places, in the neighbourhood of Garn, near Denbigh, too common.

SCANDIX ODORATA. *Sweet Cicely.*—Smith, 323.—Eng. Bot. 697.

Among the trees in the ruins of Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen.

SMYRNIUM OLUSATRUM. *Alexanders*—Smith, 328.—Eng. Bot. 230.—B. May.

On Prieſtholme iſland near Beaumaris, in plenty.

ANETHUM FOENICULUM. *Common Fennel*—Smith, 330. B. July, Auguſt.

Near the ruins of Diganwy caſtle, and on the Great Orme's Head.—In Rhyddlan church-yard.

APIUM GRAVEOLENS. *Wild Celery.*—Smith, 333—B. Auguſt.

Sides of ditches in Angleſea.

PENTANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

SAMBUCUS EBULUS. *Dwarf Elder.*—Smith, 336—Eng. Bot. 475.—P. July.

In a hedge on the coaſt of Angleſea, near the Moel y Don ferry houſe:—near Llanfaelog, five miles north weſt of Aberffraw, Angleſea:—In a hedge near Harlech caſtle.

PEN-

PENTANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

PARNASSIA PALUSTRIS. *Graſs of Parnaſſus.*—Smith, 340. Eng. Bot. 82.—P. Aug.—October.

In moiſt places among the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel.

PENTANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

STATICE ARMERIA. *Thrift.*—Smith, 340.—Eng. Bot. 226. —P. June—Auguſt.

In the Salt-marſh near Caernarvon caſtle;—ſea coaſt at Dulas bay, Angleſea.—On the rocks near Tull Dû, and thoſe of Snowdon.

STATICE LIMONIUM. *Sea Lavender.*—Smith, 341—Eng. Bot. 102.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the Salt-marſh at Dulas bay, Angleſea.

LINUM USITATISSIMUM. *Common Flax.*—Smith, 242.—A. July, Auguſt.

About a mile and a half from Montgomery, on the right of the road leading from thence to Newtown.

PENTANDRIA.—HEXAGYNIA.

DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA. *Round-leaved Sun-dew.*—Smith, 346.—July, Auguſt.

In almoſt all the bogs on the moors and mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

DROSERA LONGIFOLIA. *Long-leaved Sun-dew.*—Smith, 347, Eng. Bot. 868.—P. July, Auguſt.

In peaty bogs near Beddgelert, Caernarvonſhire.

CLASS

CLASS. VI.

HEXANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

ORNITHOGALUM UMBELLATUM. *Common Star of Bethlehem.*—Smith, 364.—Eng. Bot. 130.—P. April—May.

In a wood at Maes y Porth, near Newborough, Angleſea.

SCILLA VERNA. *Vernal Squill.*—Smith, 364.—Eng. Bot. 23.—P. April—June.

Meadows about Gloddaeth, near Conwy;—and on the ſand banks by the Llanddwyn rocks, in Angleſea.

ANTHERICUM SEROTINUM. *Mountain Spider-wort.*—Smith, 367.—Eng. Bot. 793.—P. June.

On the ledges of the high rock called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon;—and on the inacceſsable rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, in abundance.

NARTHECIUM OSSIFRAGUM. *Lancaſhire Aſphodel.*—Smith, 368.—P. July—Auguſt.

In all the peat bogs betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis.

ASPARAGUS OFFICINALIS.—*Common Aſparagus.*—Smith, 369.—Eng. Bot. 339.—P. Auguſt.

Sandy banks by the ſea ſide betwixt Llangwyfen and Llanfaelog, near Aberffraw, Angleſea;—and near the pool at Llanfaelog.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS. *Lily of the Valley.*—Smith, 390. P. May.

In ſhady places on the north-weſt ſide of Garreg-wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighſhire.

JUNCUS

JUNCUS ACUTUS. *Great ſharp Sea-ruſh.*—Smith, 374.—P. July.

On the ſandy coaſt near Harlech, and in various other parts of the coaſt of Merionethſhire, plentifully.

JUNCUS TRIGLUMIS. *Three-flowered Ruſh.*—Smith, 382.—P. July.

In the aſcent from Llanberis to Glyder, but only in one ſmall ſpot that lies between a ſmall eminence called Bryn Brâs, and a rivulet called Avon Lâs.

HEXANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

RUMEX MARITIMUS. *Golden Dock.*—Smith, 393.—Eng. Bot. 725.—P. July, Auguſt.

On Rhyd marſh, near Preſtatyn, Flintſhire, in abundance.

RUMEX DIGYNUS. *Mountain Sorrel.*—Smith, 395.—P. June, July.

In the cleft of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and on the higher rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

TRIGLOCHIN MARITIMUM. *Sea Arrow-graſs.*—Smith, 399.—Eng. Bot. 255.—P. May—Auguſt.

In the ſalt-marſh near Caernarvon caſtle.

HEXANDRIA.—POLYGYNIA.

ALISMA NATANS. *Floating Water Plantain.*—Smith, 402.—Eng. Bot. 375.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the lake below Dolbadarn caſtle; and in the rivulet that runs paſt the caſtle into the lake:—in the ſouth end of Bala lake, Merionethſhire.

ALISMA RANUNCULOIDES. *Small Water Plantain.*—Smith, 402.—Eng. Bot. 326.—P. July, Auguſt.

In Rhyd marſh, near Preſtatyn, Flintſhire.

CLASS

CLASS VIII.

OCTANDRIA—MONOGYNIA.

EPILOBIUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM. *Roſe-bay, Willow-herb.*—Smith, 409.—P. June—Auguſt.

Among the buſhes in ſeveral of the meadows in Cwm y Clo, at the bottom of the lower Llanberis lake.

CHLORA PERFOLIATA. *Yellow Centaury.*—Smith, 413.—Eng. Bot. 60.—A. June—September.

On the ſide of the hill by the road-ſide leading from Wenefred's well at Holywell, to the ſea-coaſt.

VACCINIUM MYRTILLUS. *Bilberry.*—Smith, 414.—Eng. Bot. 456.—S. May.

In plenty on nearly all the Welſh moors and mountains.

VACCINIUM ULIGINOSUM. *Great Bilberry.*—Smith, 415.—Eng. Bot. 581.—S. April, May.

In the moiſt high woods about Gwydir, near Llanrwſt.

VACCINIUM VITIS IDÆA. *Cow-berry.*—Smith, 415.—Eng. Bot. 598.—S. May, June.

On the mountains of Caernarvonſhire; and on Cader Idris, in Merionethſhire.

VACCINIUM OXYCOCCUS. *Cranberry.*—Smith, 416.—Eng. Bot. 319.—P. May, June.

In the peat-bogs in various parts of the mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

ERICA TETRALIX. *Croſs-leaved Heath.*—Smith, 418.—S. July, Auguſt.

On all the moors, in abundance.—Near Dulas bay, in Angleſea, I found a very beautiful white variety of this plant.

ERICA

ERICA CINEREA. *Fine-leaved Heath.*—Smith, 418.—S. July, Auguſt.

On all the moors.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA. *Spurge Laurel.*—Smith, 421.—Eng. Bot. 119.—S. March.

Woods and hedges. In Park Pierce; and in the Creſt, near Denbigh.

OCTANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

POLYGONUM BISTORTA. *Great Snakeweed.*—Smith, 427.—Eng. Bot. 509.—P. June.

In the moiſt meadow in front of Plâs On, in the pariſh of Mold.

POLYGONUM VIVIPARUM. *Alpine Biſtort.*—Smith, 428.—Eng. Bot. 669.—P. June, July.

On Crib Coch, above Ffynnon Frech, near Llanberis.

POLYGONUM FAGOPYRUM. *Buck-wheat.*—Smith, 430.—A. July, Auguſt.

By the ſide of the road that leads from Ruthin to Llangollen, though probably from ſeed ſcattered in its way from ſome adjacent fields in which this plant was cultivated.

OCTANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

PARIS QUADRIFOLIA. *Herb Paris.*—Smith, 431.—Eng. Bot. 7.—P. May.

Among the thickets on the north ſide of Garreg Wen rocks, and on the oppoſite ſide of the rivulet.

ADOXA MOSCHATELLINA. *Tuberous Moſchatell.*—Smith, 432.—Eng. Bot. 453.—P. April, May.

In

In the hedges about Garn, near Denbigh, common;—and under large fragments of the rocks above Llyn Idwel, half a mile above the pool, in great luxuriance.

CLASS IX.

ENNEANDRIA.—HEXAGYNIA.

BUTOMUS UMBELLATUS. *Flowering Rush.*—Smith, 435.—Eng. Bot. 651.—P. June, July.

In several of the rivulets in the island of Anglesea.

CLASS X.

DECANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

ANDROMEDA POLIFOLIA. *Marsh Andromeda.*—Smith, 441.—Eng. Bot. 713.—S. June.

In a morassy flat, about a mile north-east of Llyn Aled, called Gors y Casseg, or Mare's Bog;—and in another place about the same distance west of the pool.

DECANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

CHRYSOSPLENIUM OPPOSITIFOLIUM. *Opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage.*—Smith, 448.—Eng. Bot. 490.—P. May.

About the sides of rivulets among the higher mountains very common.

CHRYSOSPLENIUM ALTERNIFOLIUM. *Alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage.*—Smith, 447.—Eng. Bot. 54. P. May.

In moist places in the upper wood at Tower, near Mold.

SAXIFRAGA STELLARIS. *Hairy Saxifrage.*—Smith, 448.—Eng. Bot. 167.—P. June, July.

Among

Among the rocks near the foot of the waterfall at Aber, in Caernarvonſhire;—and in ſimilar ſituations about the waterfall, Caunant Mawr, near Dolbadarn caſtle.—In almoſt all the wet alpine ſituations in Caernarvonſhire. —On Cader Idris, in Merionethſhire.

SAXIFRAGA NIVALIS. *Cluſtered Alpine Saxifrage.*—Smith, 449.—Eng. Bot. 440.—P. May—September.

On the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, and particularly about the upper parts of the chaſm;—near the ſummit of Glyder Vawr;—on the higher parts of Clogwyn y Garnedd; and on Clogwyn du'r Arddu.

SAXIFRAGA OPPOSITIFOLIA. *Purple Saxifrage.*—Smith, 450. —Eng. Bot. 9.—P. April, May.

Among the rocks about Tull Dû and Glyder;—on Clogwyn y Garnedd;—Clogwyn du'r Arddu;—and Craig y Cae, Cader Idris.

SAXIFRAGA GRANULATA. *White Saxifrage.*—Smith, 453.—Eng. Bot. 500.—P. May.

In dry places in Garn Dingle, by the rivulet at the bottom of the glade.

SAXIFRAGA TRIDACTYLITES. *Rue-leaved Saxifrage.*—Smith, 454.—Eng. Bot. 501.—A. May.

On the walls of the church-yard of Conwy.

SAXIFRAGA CÆSPITOSA. *Tufted Alpine Saxifrage.*—Smith, 455.—Eng. Bot. 794.—P. June.

Very ſparingly on the rocks above Cwm Idwel.

SAXIFRAGA PALMATA. *Palmate Saxifrage.*—Smith, 456.—Eng. Bot. 455.—*S. petræa.* With. 890.—P. May, June.

On the rocks near the foot of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel.

SAXIFRAGA

SAXIFRAGA HYPNOIDES. *Moſſy Saxifrage.*—Smith, 457.—Eng. Bot. 454.—P. May, June.

On alpine rocks in Caernarvonſhire, ſufficiently common.

SCELERANTHUS PERENNIS. *Perennial Knawel.*—Smith, 458.—Eng. Bot. 352.—P. Aug. Sept.

In ſandy places by the road-ſide, betwixt Corwen and Bala, that paſſes through Llandrillo.

SAPONARIA OFFICINALIS. *Soapwort.*—Smith, 459.—P. Auguſt, September.

Amongſt the ruins and rubbiſh of Baſingwerk abbey, near Holywell;—and in the hedges of the lane that leads from Llanrhaiadr to the cataract of Piſtyll Rhaiadr, in Montgomeryſhire.

DECANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

CUCUBALUS BACCIFER. *Berry-bearing Chickweed.*—Smith, 464.—*C. bacciferus.* With. 411.—P. June, July.

This plant was found in a hedge near Llanidan, in Angleſea, in the ſummer of 1798, by the reverend Evan Lloyd, of Amlwch; but he afterwards ſought for it in the ſame place in vain.

SILENE ANGLICA. *Engliſh Catchfly.*—Smith, 465.—A. July.

In a corn-field near the coaſt, not far from Llanfaglan church, three miles from Caernarvon.

SILENE NUTANS. *Nottingham Catchfly.*—Smith, 466.—Eng. Bot. 465.—P. June, July.

Among the ruins of Diganwy caſtle; and near Gloddaeth, Caernarvonſhire.—On the rocks above the mine works at Dalea Gôch, Flintſhire.

SILENE MARITIMA. *Sea Catchfly.*—Smith, 468.—P. June —September.

Among the pebbles on the coaſt by the Great Orme's Head;—on the ſea-coaſt near Llanfaglan church;—near the Llanddwyn rocks, Angleſea;—along the ſide of Llyn Cwellyn, betwixt Caernarvon and Beddgelert, in plenty;—and among the high rocks of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon.

SILENE ACAULIS. *Moſs Campion.*—Smith, 472.—P. May, June.

On the higheſt rocks of Caernarvonſhire, not uncommon.

STELLARIA NEMORUM. *Wood Stitchwort.*—Smith, 473.—Eng. Bot. 92.—P. May, June.

In a hedge cloſe to the river, about 100 yards above the ford at Rhyd y Ddae Dwfr, betwixt St. Aſaph and Rhyddlan, and on the Rhyddlan ſide of the river.

STELLARIA ULIGINOSA. *Bog Stitchwort.*—Smith, 476.—A. June.

In a piece of moiſt ground about a mile from Llanrwſt, and within three or four yards of the turnpike road leading from thence to Conwy.

ARENARIA PEPLOIDES. *Sea Sandwort.*—Smith, 477.—Eng. Bot. 189.—P. June, July.

Among the ſand on the ſea-coaſt near the Great Orme's Head; Caernarvonſhire;—and near the Llanddwyn rocks, Angleſea.

ARENARIA MARINA. *Sea Spurrey.*—Smith, 480.—A. June —Auguſt.

In the ſalt-marſh near Caernarvon caſtle;—and near Dulas bay, Angleſea.

ARENARIA

ARENARIA TENUIFOLIA. *Fine-leaved Sandwort.*—Smith, 481.—Eng. Bot. 219.—A. June.

Among the ſand on an iſland in Llanddwyn, Angleſea.

ARENARIA VERNA. *Vernal Sandwort.*—Smith, 481.—Eng. Bot. 512.—P. May—Auguſt.

Near the ſide of the road leading from Holywell to St. Aſaph, common;—and in various mountainous ſituations about Llanberis and Snowdon.

Variety β. Smith, 482.—*A. juniperina.* With. 424.

Amongſt the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd.

Variety γ. Smith, 482.—*A. laricifolia.* With. 424.

Near Tull Dû, growing along with the laſt variety.

DECANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

COTYLEDON UMBILICUS. *Navelwort.*—Smith, 484.—Eng. Bot. 325.—P. June—Auguſt.

On old walls and moiſt rocks in Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, very common.

SEDUM TELEPHIUM. *Orpine.*—Smith, 485.—P. Auguſt.

In hedges near the coaſt about Caernarvon;—and among the buſhes of the rock called Tuthill, behind the hotel at Caernarvon.

SEDUM ANGLICUM. *Engliſh Stonecrop.*—Smith, 486.—Eng. Bot. 171.—P. June, July.

On the rocks of Caernarvonſhire, every where.

SEDUM SEXANGULARE. *Inſipid Stonecrop.*—Smith, 488.—*S. acre* β. Hudſ. 196.—P. June, July.

In the ſand near Rhuddgaer warren, Angleſea, nearly oppoſite to the town of Caernarvon.

SEDUM RUPESTRE. *Rock Stonecrop.*—Smith, 490.—Eng. Bot. 170.—P. July.

On the north ſide of Penmaen Mawr, amongſt the looſe ſtones above the turnpike road, very near the inacceſſible rocks:—amongſt the rocks near Tŵll Dû, called Creigiau Hyſfa Bengam;—and on a wall ſouth of Gwydir chapel, near Llanrwſt.

LYCHNIS VISCARIA. *Red German Catchfly.*—Smith, 494.—Eng. Bot. 788.—P. May, June.

On the rocks of Craig Breiddin (or Craig Wreidhin), a mountain about eight miles north-eaſt of Welſh Pool.

CERASTIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Chickweed.*—Smith, 500.—Eng. Bot. 472.—P. June, July.

Among the rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd; and on the north ſide of Yr Wyddfa, the ſummit of Snowdon;—and on the ledges of Clogwyn du'r Arddu.

CERASTIUM LATIFOLIUM. *Broad-leaved rough Chickweed.*—Smith, 501.—Eng. Bot. 473.—P. June.

On Clogwyn y Garnedd, growing along with the laſt ſpecies.

SPERGULA NODOSA. *Knotted Spurrey.*—Smith, 403.—Eng. Bot. 694.—P. July, Auguſt.

In ſwampy ground in the neighbourhood of Caernarvon, not uncommon.

SPERGULA SUBULATA. *Ciliated Awl-ſhaped Spurrey.*—Smith, 505.—*S. laricina.* Hudſ. 203.—P. July, Auguſt.

In dry paſtures about Deûnant, betwixt Llanſannan and Denbigh;—and on the firſt common on the aſcent of the hill from Nant Glyn, towards Henllan, near Denbigh.

CLASS

CLASS XI.

DODECANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

RESEDA LUTEOLA. *Dyer's-weed*, or *Weld*.—Smith, 512. Eng. Bot. 320.—A. July.

On the banks of the coaſt of Angleſea, betwixt the ferry-houſe from the town of Caernarvon, and that at Moel y Don; - among the ruins of Caſtell Dolforwyn, near Newtown.

EUPHORBIA PORTLANDICA. *Portland Spurge*.—Smith, 515.—Eng. Bot. 441.—A. July, Auguſt.

Amongſt the ſand on the coaſt near Caernarvon; - near the ruins of Llanddwyn abbey, Angleſea.

EUPHORBIA AMYGDALOIDES. *Wood Spurge*.—Smith, 520. Eng. Bot. 256.—P. April, May.

In the wood betwixt Trap Bridge and Dol Beledr, in the pariſh of Henllan, Denbighſhire, cloſe to a dangerous path called Llwybr y Gorth Goed.

CLASS XII.

ICOSANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

PRUNUS PADUS. *Bird Cherry*.—Smith, 526.—T. May.

In woods and hedges in the neighbourhood of Mold, very common.

ICOSANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

PYRUS TORMINALIS. *Wild Service Pear-tree*.—Smith, 532. —*Cratæg. torminalis*. Eng. Bot. 298.—With. 458.—T. April, May.

On the weſt ſide of Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighſhire, in abundance.

PYRUS AUCUPARIA. *Mountain Aſh.*—Smith, 533.—*Sorbus aucuparia.* Eng. Bot. 537.—With. 460.—T. May.

In woods and hedges throughout North Wales, very common.

PYRUS HYBRIDA. *Baſtard Mountain Aſh.*—Smith, 534.—*Sorbus hybrida.* With. 461.—T. May.

On the north wall of Caſtell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen.

PYRUS ARIA. *White Beam-tree.*—Smith, 534.—*Cratæg. aria.* With. 458.—T. May.

In the fiſſures of rocks of Craig Breiddin, Montgomeryſhire;—the north end of the Great Orme's Head;—and of the rocks of Penmaen Mawr, immediately above the turnpike road. This is undoubtedly the ſhrub that the Welſh call *Pren Lemwn*, or "Lemon tree." In the ſummer of 1801, I examined the very plant on Penmaen Mawr, from which all the cuttings are taken for planting in gardens. It derives this name from the fancied reſemblance of its fruit to an extremely diminutive lemon.

SPIRÆA FILIPENDULA. *Dropwort.*—Smith, 534.—Eng. Bot. 284.—P. June, July.

On the dry and elevated land, in a calcareous ſoil, of Llandudno, near Conwy.

ICOSANDRIA.—POLYGYNIA.

ROSA SPINOSISSIMA. *Burnet Roſe.*—Smith, 537.—Eng. Bot. 187.—S. July.

In dry places about the foot of Penmaen Mawr;—near Llandudno;—in the hedges betwixt Bangor and Caernarvon, and in various other places.

ROSA VILLOSA. *Apple Roſe.*—Smith, 538.—Eng. Bot. 583. S. June.

In the hedges of the road from Llanydloes to Newtown.

ROSA

ROSA TORMENTOSA. *Downy-leaved Dog-roſe.*—Smith, 539. *R. villoſa*, var. 2.—With. 466.—S. June—July.

Found in the ſame ſituations as the laſt ſpecies.

RUBUS IDÆUS. *Raſp-berry.*—Smith, 541.—S. May—June.

In thickets amongſt the mountains betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis;—and in various other parts of North Wales.

RUBUS SAXATILIS. *Stone bramble.*—Smith, 544.—P. June—July.

Amongſt looſe ſtones about the Great Ormes Head;—and near Llyn y Cwn above Llanberis.

RUBUS CHAMÆMORUS. *Cloud-berry.*—Smith, 545.—Eng. Bot. 716.—P. May—June.

In the peat bogs of the mountains of Carnarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, not uncommon.

POTENTILLA RUPESTRIS. *Strawberry-flowered Cinquefoil.* Smith, 548.—P. June—July.

On the rocks of Craig Breiddin, Montgomeryſhire.

POTENTILLA ARGENTEA. *Hoary Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 549. Eng. Bot. 89.—P. June—Auguſt.

At the foot of one of the towers of Montgomery caſtle.

POTENTILLA VERNA. *Spring Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 550 Eng. Bot. 37.—P. April—May.

Dry places about Gloddaeth near Conwy.

TORMENTILLA REPTANS. *Trailing Tormentil.*—Smith 553.—Eng. Bot. 864.—P. June—July.

On banks and about hedges in a ſandy and barren ſoil, ſufficiently common.

GEUM RIVALE. *Water Avens.*—Smith, 554.—Eng. Bot. 106.—P. June—July.

Among the rocks of the waterfall called Rhaiadr Mawr, betwixt Conwy and Llanrwſt;—and alſo on the rocks very near the ſummit of Snowdon.

COMARUM PALUSTRE. *Marſh Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 556. Eng. Bot. 172.—P. June—July.

In ditches near the river Seiont not far from the bottom of the Llanberis pools;—and in muddy and putrid marſhes in various parts of Angleſea.

CLASS XIII.

POLYANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

GLAUCIUM LUTEUM. *Yellow horned Poppy.*—Smith, 563. *Chelid. glaucium.*—Eng. Bot. 8.—With. 584.—A. July—Auguſt.

On the ſea coaſt about the Great Ormes Head;—and betwixt Caernarvon and Llanfaglan church.

PAPAVER CAMBRICUM.—*Yellow Poppy.*—Smith, 568.—Eng. Bot. 66.—P. June—July.

Near a wall by the road leading to Llanrwſt, a little beyond the village of Llanberis;—on Craig Breiddin, in Montgomeryſhire.

NYMPHÆA LUTEA. *Yellow Water lily.*—Smith, 569.—Eng. Bot. 159.—P. July—Auguſt.

In rivers and ſtagnant waters, not uncommon.

NYMPHÆA ALBA. *White Water-lily.*—Smith, 570.—Eng. Bot. 160.—P. July.

In the river Seiont near Cwm y Clo, at the bottom of the Llanberis pools;—In Llyn Tecwyn Iſa, a pool near the road

road betwixt Tanybwlch and Harlech;—and in Llyn Mwyngil, betwixt Dolgelle and Machynlleth.

CISTUS MARIFOLIUS. *Hoary dwarf Ciſtus.*—Smith, 572. Eng. Bot. 396—*C. anglicus.* With. 490.—*C. hirſutus*, Hudſ. 232.—S. May, June.

On the hill of Diſerth caſtle near Rhyddlan, Flintſhire, plentifully;—Gloddaeth;—Llandudno;—and on the weſt ſide of Burdd Arthur, near Llandonna, about five miles from Beaumaris, Angleſea.

CISTUS GUTTATUS. *Spotted-flowered Ciſtus.*—Smith, 573. Eng. Bot. 544.—A. June, July.

Sandy paſture ground on the mountain near Holyhead, called Llech Ddu.

CISTUS HELIANTHEMUM. *Dwarf Ciſtus.*—Smith, 575. S. June—Auguſt.

On Diſerth caſtle hill;—Calcareous paſtures about Llandudno, near Conwy;—and on Llanymynech hill in Montgomeryſhire.

POLYANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

AQUILEGIA VULGARIS. *Common Columbine.*—Smith, 578. Eng. Bot. 297.—P. July.

Thickets near Bangor, Caernarvonſhire.

POLYANDRIA.—POLYGYNIA.

THALICTRUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Meadow-rue.*—Smith, 584.—Eng. Bot. 262.—P. June.

On the rocks about Llyn y Cwn, above Llanberis, and Tull Dû;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd,

THALICTRUM MINUS. *Leſſer Meadow-rue.*—Smith, 584. Eng. Bot. 11.—P. June—Auguſt.

On

On Diſerth caſtle hill;—near Diganwy caſtle;—among the rocks about Tull Dû, and Snowdon;—and on Cader Idris, near Dolgelle.

RANUNCULUS LINGUA. *Great Spearwort.*—Smith, 588. Eng. Bot. 100.—P. July.

In wet paſtures about Caernarvon, common.

RANUNCULUS GRAMINEUS. *Graſſy Crowfoot.*—Smith, 588. P. April—June.

This plant grows in very dry meadows,—and is ſaid to have been found in the neighbourhood of Llanrwſt; late botaniſts have however ſought for it in vain.

RANUNCULUS PARVIFLORUS. *Small flowered Crowfoot.*—Smith, 594.—Eng. Bot. 120.—A. May, June.

In a gravelly ſoil near Holyhead, not uncommon.

TROLLIUS EUROPÆUS. *Globe Flower.*—Smith, 597.—Eng. Bot. 28.—P. May, June.

In the hollow immediately below the cataract of Caunant Mawr near Dolbadarn caſtle;—in the vale of Llanberis; and in the meadows near Llyn Cowlid,—a lake in the mountains above and nearly north of Capel Curig.

HELLEBORUS VIRIDIS. *Green Hellebore.*—Smith, 598.—Eng. Bot. 200.—P. April.

In the wood at Plâs Newydd, near Denbigh, the ſeat of Robert Watkin Wynne, eſq.

HELLEBORUS FOETIDUS. *Stinking Hellebore.*—Smith, 598. Eng. Bot. 613—P. March, April.

In Park Pierce, and the Creſt near Denbigh.

CLASS

CLASS XIV.

DIDYNAMIA.—GYMNOSPERMIA.

AJUGA ALPINA. *Alpine Bugle.*—Smith, 604.—Eng. Bot. 477.—P. June, July.

Near the ſummit of Carnedd Llewelyn, in Caernarvonſhire.

TEUCRIUM CHAMÆDRYS. *Wall Germander.*—Smith, 607.—Eng. Bot. 680.—P. July.

In the north-weſt hedge of the bowling-green on Ruthin caſtle; where it has grown for many years.

NEPETA CATARIA. *Cat-mint.*—Smith, 608.—Eng. Bot. 137.—P. July.

In the hedges of the road leading from Bangor to Caernarvon.

VERBENA OFFICINALIS. *Common Vervain.*—Smith, 608.—Eng. Bot. 767.—P. July, Auguſt.

In waſte places near Caernarvon caſtle, in abundance.

MENTHA ODORATA. *Bergamot Mint.*—Smith, 615.—P. July, Auguſt.

This uncommon ſpecies is found in a ſmall brook or ditch near Capel Curig in Caernarvonſhire.

MENTHA GENTILIS. *Buſhy red Mint.*—Smith, 621.—P. Auguſt.

In pools and brooks betwixt Mold and Llanwrſt.

GALEOPSIS VILLOSA. *Downy Hemp-nettle.*—Smith, 629.—*G. grandiflora.* With. 529.—A. July, Auguſt.

In ſandy fields about Bangor.

GALEOP-

GALEOPSIS VERSICOLOR. *Large-flowered Hemp-nettle.*—Smith, 630.—Eng. Bot. 667.—*G. cannabina.* With. 529.—*G. tetrahit.* var. β. Hudſ. 259.—A. July, Auguſt.

In cornfields about Chirk in Denbighſhire; and in many ſmall incloſures by the road ſide leading from Chirk to Llangollen.

GALEOBDOLON LUTEUM. *Yellow Dead-nettle.*—Smith, 631. Eng. Bot. 787.—P. May, June.

In the hedge on the left of the road that leads from Llangollen to Valle Crucis abbey.

LEONURUS CARDIACA. *Motherwort.*—Smith, 637.—Eng. Bot. 286.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the hedge on the right of the road leading from Hawarden to Holywell, about two miles and a half from Hawarden.

ORIGANUM VULGARE. *Common Marjorum.*—Smith, 639. P. July, Auguſt.

Amongſt the ruins of Conwy caſtle;—and in the hedges about Llanrwſt.

THYMUS ACINOS. *Baſil Thyme.*—Smith, 641.—Eng. Bot. 411.—A. July, Auguſt.

In a dry field betwixt Ty Newydd and Eriviatt, in the pariſh of Henllan, Denbighſhire.

SCUTELLARIA MINOR. *Leſſer Scull-cap.*—Smith, 646.—Eng. Bot. 524.—P. July, Auguſt.

In ſwampy meadows and paſtures about Caernarvon and Llanberis.

DIDYNAMIA—ANGIOSPERMIA.

LATHRÆA SQUAMARIA. *Greater Teethwort.*—Smith, 654. Eng. Bot. 50.—P. April, May.

In

In ſhady places cloſe to the rivulet, on the weſt ſide of Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn.

ANTIRRHINUM CYMBALARIA. *Ivy-leaved Snapdragon.*—Smith, 656.—Eng. Bot. 502.—P. May—Nov.

On an old wall before the door of a gentleman's houſe, called the Hermitage, near Beaumaris, Angleſea;—and on an old wall, near Mold.

ANTIRRHINUM ELATINE. *Sharp-pointed Fleuellin.*—Smith, 658.—A. July—September.

On hedge banks about Ty Newydd, in Rhil, in the pariſh of Rhyddlan, Flintſhire;—in the firſt field from the houſe of Plâs Meifod, on the road leading from Plâs Newydd to Henllan, Denbighſhire.

ANTIRRHINUM MINUS. *Leaſt Snapdragon.*—Smith, 660. A. June—Auguſt.

Sandy cornfields, betwixt the village of Abergeley, in Denbighſhire, and the ſea.

ANTIRRHINUM MAJUS. *Great Snapdragon.*—Smith, 661. Eng. Bot. 129.—P. July, Auguſt.

On the ruins of Baſingwerk abbey near Holywell, Flintſhire;—on the town walls of Caernarvon, near one of the doors of the Engliſh church;—and on old walls about Ruthin, Denbighſhire.

ANTIRRHINUM ORONTIUM. *Leſſer Snapdragon.*—Smith, 662.—A. July, Auguſt.

In ſandy corn fields, along the ſea coaſt betwixt Abergeley and Conwy ferry.

SCHROPHULARIA VERNALIS. *Yellow Figwort.*—Smith, 664.—Eng. Bot. 567.—B. April, May.

In watry places and hedges. Near Gloddaeth, Caernarvonſhire;—and about Llanforda, in Merionethſhire, the ſeat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart.

LIMOSELLA AQUATICA. *Mudwort.*—Smith, 668.—Eng Bot. 357.—A. July, Auguſt.

In Rhŷd marſh, near Preſtatyn, Flintſhire.

OROBANCHE MAJOR. *Greater Broom-rape.*—Smith, 669.—Eng. Bot. 441.—P. June, July.

In a ſandy ſoil on the cliffs betwixt Caernarvon caſtle and Pont Seiont;—and in ſimilar ſituations on the coaſt of Angleſea, betwixt the ferry-houſe from Caernarvon and Moel y Don ferry.

OROBANCHE MINOR. *Leſſer Broom-rape.*—Smith, 670.—Eng. Bot. 422.—A. June—Auguſt.

Among the ruins of Diganwy caſtle, near Conwy;—and in two or three places among thoſe of Conwy caſtle.

CLASS XV.

TETRADYNAMIA.—SILICULOSA.

SUBULARIA AQUATICA.—*Awl-wort.*—Smith, 676.—Eng. Bot. 732.—A. July.

In an alpine pool, not far from the village of Llanberis, called Ffynnon Frech, plentifully;—and in Llyn y Cwn.

DRABA INCANA. *Twiſted-podded Whitlow-graſs.*—Smith, 678.—Eng. Bot. 388.—B. May, June.

On the high rocks eaſt of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, called Creigiau Hysfa Bengam.

LEPIDIUM LATIFOLIUM. *Broad-leaved Pepper-wort.*—Smith, 682.—Eng. Bot. 182.—P. July.

On hedge banks near the ſtone houſe, betwixt the village of Rhyddlan and the ſea;—on a ſmall common in Denbigh caſtle, above the high gate.

THLASPI

THLASPI CAMPESTRE. *Cow-creſs.*—Smith, 684.—A. June, July.

In dry lanes near Caernarvon, not uncommon.

THLASPI ALPESTRE. *Alpine Shepherd's-purſe.*—Smith, 686.—Eng. Bot. 81.—P. June, July.

By the ſide of a rivulet in a dingle called Nant Bwlch yr Hiarn, about a mile from Llanrwſt bridge, and not more than twenty yards from the turnpike-road leading to Conwy.

COCHLEARIA OFFICINALIS. *Common Scurvy-graſs.*—Smith, 688.—Eng. Bot. 551.—A. May.

On the ſea-coaſt, near the Great Orme's Head;—and near Barmouth:—on the rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

Var. γ. Smith, 688.—*C. groenlandica.* With. 573.

This variety is found in great plenty among the moiſt rocks of all the high mountains of Llanberis and Snowdon.

COCHLEARIA ANGLICA. *Engliſh Scurvy-graſs.*—Smith, 688.—Eng. Bot. 552.—A. May.

Sea ſhores, in a muddy ſoil, on the north-eaſt coaſt of Angleſea.

COCHLEARIA DANICA. *Daniſh Scurvy-graſs.*—Smith, 689.—Eng. Bot. 696.—A. May, June.

On a wall on the ſide of the hill betwixt Caernarvon and Pont Seiont;—on the ſea-coaſt near Llanbadric church, the extreme north point of Angleſea.

IBERIS NUDICAULIS. *Naked-ſtalked Candy-tuft.*—Smith, 692.—Eng. Bot. 327.—A. May, June.

On the ſide of the hill, by the road leading from Corwen to Llangollen, about half a mile from Corwen;—on the banks of the road about midway betwixt Cerrig y Druidion and Denbigh.

BUNIAS

BUNIAS CAKILE. *Sea Rocket.*—Smith, 694.—Eng. Bot. 231.—A. June—September.

On the coaſt of Angleſea, near Abermenai ferry.

CRAMBE MARITIMA. *Sea Kale.*—Smith, 695.—P. May, June.

On the ſandy ſea-coaſt betwixt Rhuddgaer and Llanddwyn, Angleſea:—on the coaſt in various parts of the promontory of Llŷn, Caernarvonſhire.

TETRADYNAMIA.—SILIQUOSA.

SISYMBRIUM TENUIFOLIUM. *Wall Rocket.*—Smith, 703.—Eng. Bot. 525.—*Braſſica muralis*, With. 592.—Hudſ. 290.—P. June—October.

On the walls of Harlech caſtle, Merionethſhire.

SISYMBRIUM MONENSE. *Dwarf Sea Rocket.*—Smith, 704.—*Braſſica monenſis.* With. 593.—P. June, July.

In the ſand of the ſea-coaſt near the Great Orme's Head; and near the Abermenai ferry, Angleſea.

ERYSIMUM CHEIRANTHOIDES. *Treacle Hedge-muſtard.*—Smith, 708.—A. July.

In turnip and cornfields near Tan y Llan, in the pariſh of Llanyfydd, about five miles north-weſt of Denbigh.

CHEIRANTHUS SINUATUS. *Sea Stock.*—Smith, 710.—Eng. Bot. 462.—B. July, Auguſt.

Newborough ſands, Angleſea;—and on the ſea-coaſt near Penmorfa, Caernarvonſhire.

ARABIS HISPIDA. *Alpine Rock-creſs.*—Smith, 713.—*Cardamine petræa.* With. 577.—Hudſ. 293.—*Cardamine haſtulata.* Eng. Bot. 469.—P. June, July.

On the high rock betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon, called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, plentifully.

ARABIS

ARABIS THALIANA. *Common Wall-creſs.*—Smith, 712.—A. April, May.

In the neighbourhood of Henllan, Denbighſhire, in abundance.

TURRITIS HIRSUTA. *Hairy Tower-muſtard.*—Smith, 716.—Eng. Bot. 587.—P. May, June.

On Garreg Wen rocks near Garn, Denbighſhire.

BRASSICA OLERACEA. *Sea Cabbage.*—Smith, 720.—Eng. Bot. 637.—B. May, June.

On the perpendicular rocks at the extremity of the Great Ormes Head; near Aberdaron, in the promontory of Llyn;—and near Harlech caſtle, Merionethſhire.

CLASS XVI.

MONADELPHIA.—PENTANDRIA.

ERODIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Stork's-bill.*—Smith, 728.—Eng. Bot. 646.—*Ger. maritimum.* With. 606.—Hudſ. 301.—P. May—September.

On the ſea-coaſt near the Great Orme's Head;—on walls betwixt the town of Bangor, and the Penrhyn Arms;—betwixt Caernarvon, and Harry Parry's bridge, on the road leading to Llanberis;—and on walls on the ſea-coaſt near Llanfaglan church, Caernarvonſhire.

GERANIUM PHÆUM. *Duſky Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 729.—Eng. Bot. 322.—P. May, June.

In the wood above Mr. Pennant's garden at Downing, near Holywell, Flintſhire.

GERANIUM LUCIDUM. *Shining Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 733.—Eng. Bot. 75.—A. May, Auguſt.

In ſhady places about Gwydir chapel, near Llanrwſt;—and under the bridge wall at Rûg, near Corwen.

GERANIUM ROTUNDIFOLIUM. *Round-leaved Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 736.—Eng. Bot. 157.—A. June, July.

In rough places and ſterile paſtures in the neighbourhood of Garn, near Denbigh.

GERANIUM COLUMBINUM. *Long-ſtalked Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 737.—Eng. Bot. 259.—A. June, July.

In corn-fields near the Great Orme's Head; and near Caernarvon:—in the hedge near the ſecond mile ſtone, on the road from Caernarvon to Bangor.

GERANIUM SANGUINEUM. *Bloody Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 738.—Eng. Bot. 272.—P. July—September.

Near Diſerth caſtle, Flintſhire;—the Great Orme's Head;—and on the ſandy cliffs of the coaſt of Angleſea, betwixt the ferry-houſe from Caernarvon, and that at Moel y Don.

MONADELPHIA.—POLYANDRIA.

LAVATERA ARBOREA. *Sea Tree-mallow.*—Smith, 742.—Eng. Bot. 754.—B. July—October.

On the ſea-coaſt of Angleſea.

CLASS XVII.

DIADELPHIA—HEXANDRIA.

FUMARIA CLAVICULATA. *White Climbing Fumitory.*—Smith, 752.—Eng. Bot. 103.—A. June, Auguſt.

Under the walls near a farm-houſe in Gwynant, about three miles and a half from Beddgelert, at the entrance into Cwm Llan; amongſt the ruins of Caergwrle caſtle, Flint-

Flintſhire;—under Glynn bridge, near Corwen;—in a hedge in the lane at the north end of Bala pool; and in the lane leading from Llanrhaiadr to the cataract of Piſtyll Rhaiadr.

DIADELPHIA.—DECANDRIA.

GENISTA PILOSA. *Hairy Green-weed.*—Smith, 755.—Eng. Bot. 208.—S. May, June.

Betwixt Dolgelle and Llyn Arran, at the foot of Cader Idris, about half a mile from the pool.

GENISTA ANGLICA. *Needle Green-weed.*—Smith, 756.—Eng. Bot. 132.—S. May, June.

In uncultivated ground in Caernarvonſhire and Angleſea, frequent.

OROBUS TUBEROSUS. *Heath Pea.*—Smith, 761.—P. May, June.

In Garn Dingle, near Denbigh, and in the woods of that neighbourhood, very common.

OROBUS SYLVATICUS. *Bitter Vetch.*—Smith, 762.—Eng. Bot. 518.—P. May, June.

In paſtures betwixt the inn at Ffeſtiniog, and the bridge over the Cynfael, near the waterfalls; - in meadows on the bank of the river Conwy, about ſeven miles above Llanrwſt; - near the cataract at Dolmelynllyn, ſix miles ſouth of Dolgelle; and near Cerrig y Druidion, and Y Spytty Evan, in Denbighſhire.

LATHYRUS SYLVESTRIS. *Narrow-leaved Everlaſting Pea.*—Smith, 765.—Eng. Bot. 805.—P. July, Auguſt.

Woods and hedges near Conwy.

LATHYRUS LATIFOLIUS. *Broad-leaved Everlaſting Pea.*—Smith, 766.—P. July, Auguſt.

Near Gyffin mill, about half a mile from Conwy.

LATHYRUS PALUSTRIS. *Marſh Everlaſting Pea.*—Smith, 767.—Eng. Bot. 169.—P. July, Auguſt.

In moiſt paſtures near Beddgelert, Caernarvonſhire.

VICIA SYLVATICA. *Wood Vetch.*—Smith, 768.—Eng. Bot. 79.—P. July, Auguſt.

On the ſouth-weſt ſide of Garreg Wen rocks, cloſe to the wall that divides the Garn demeſne, from that of Gallt-faynan;—in the wood below Pont yr Allt Gôch, near St. Aſaph;—and in the woods at Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, Angleſea.

ORNITHOPUS PERPUSILLUS. *Common Bird's-foot.*—Smith, 777.—Eng. Bot. 369.—A. May—Auguſt.

In dry ſandy places betwixt Pont y Gwyddel and Bettws Abergele, Denbighſhire;—on the ſouth-eaſt end of Moel y Gaer, and the rocks above Llanyfydd, Denbighſhire;—on the rock called Tuthill, behind the hotel at Caernarvon.

ASTRAGALUS GLYCYPHYLLOS. *Sweet Milk-vetch.*—Smith, 779.—Eng. Bot. 203.—P. June, July.

On the hills about Y Spytty, Denbighſhire.

TRIFOLIUM GLOMERATUM. *Round-headed Trefoil.*—Smith, 789.—A. May, June.

On the hill in the front of Garn houſe; and on Henllan Hill, Denbighſhire.

TRIFOLIUM FRAGIFERUM. *Strawberry-headed Trefoil.*—Smith, 791.—P. July, Auguſt.

In moſt of the paſtures on the ſea-coaſt about Ty Newydd and Preſtatyn, near Rhyddlan, Flintſhire.

CLASS

CLASS XVIII.

POLYADELPHIA.—POLYANDRIA.

HYPERICUM ANDROSÆMUM. *Tutſan.*—Smith, 800.—P. July, Auguſt.

In a hedge near the Menai, betwixt Caernarvon and Llanfair Iſcaer;—in the woods at Glangwnna, near Caernarvon;—and amongſt the rocks at the cataract called Rhaiadr Dû, near Maentwrog, Merionethſhire.

HYPERICUM DUBIUM. *Imperforate St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 802.—Eng. Bot. 296.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the hedges about Beddgelert, Caernarvonſhire.

HYPERICUM HUMIFUSUM. *Trailing St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 802.—P. July.

On the ſides of dry banks about Caernarvon, not uncommon.

HYPERICUM MONTANUM. *Mountain St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 803.—Eng. Bot. 371.—P. July.

In thickets in mountainous ſituations, as near Penmaen Mawr;—on Burdd Arthur, above Llandonna, near Beaumaris, Angleſea.

HYPERICUM HIRSUTUM. *Hairy St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 804.—P. June, July.

In a wood below Garn coppice, near Denbigh; and in ſeveral other places in that neighbourhood.

HYPERICUM PULCHRUM. *Small upright St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 804.—P. June, July.

On heaths, and in thickets in expoſed ſituations betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis, not uncommon.

HYPERICUM ELODES. *Marſh St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 805.—Eng. Bot. 109.—P. July, Auguſt.

In bogs on the mountains betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis;—and in ſwampy places in Angleſea.

CLASS XIX.

SYNGENESIA.—POLYGAMIA EQUALIS.

TRAGOPOGON PORRIFOLIUS. *Purple Goat's-beard.*—Smith, 813.—Eng. Bot. 638.—*T. porrifolium.* With. 672.—B. May, June.

In moiſt meadows in the pariſh of Whitford, near Holywell, Flintſhire.

HEDYPNOIS TARAXICI. *Alpine Hedypnois.*—Smith, 825.—*Hieracium taraxici.* With. 684.—P. July, Auguſt.

In moiſt ſituations near Llyn y Cwn, above Llanberis.

Mr. Griffith of Garn, whoſe judgment on botanical ſubjects is of great weight, informs me that he believes this plant to be nothing more than a variety of *Leontodon autumnale* of With. 680. (*Hedypnois autumnalis*, Smith, 826). He compared his ſpecimens taken from the bank of Llyn y Cwn, with thoſe of Dr. Withering, that had been ſent from abroad, and they exactly agreed. Mr. G. had, however, the precaution to take one of the roots; and the plant, on cultivation, became much changed. The ſtalk, which had hitherto been ſimple, became much branched, and the calyx loſt nearly all its woollineſs, whilſt the leaves remained unaltered.—Under theſe circumſtances he cannot ſuppoſe them diſtinct ſpecies.

HIERACIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine ſingle-flowered Hawk-weed.* Smith, 827.—P. July.

On

On the rocks near Llyn y Cwn; – on Glyder; – and on the Trigfylchau rocks, near Tull dû, above Llyn Idwel.

HIERACIUM MURORUM. *Wall Hawkweed.*—Smith, 830.—P. July.

On rocks in Caernarvonſhire, not uncommon; and on the walls of Caſtell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen.

HIERACIUM SYLVATICUM. *Wood Hawkweed.*—Smith, 831. H. murorum B. Hudſ. 345.—P. Auguſt.

Near the banks of Llyn y Cwn.

CICHORIUM INTYBUS. *Wild Succory.*—Smith, 843.—Eng. Bot. 539.—P. July, Auguſt.

In dry paſtures near Llandudno, and the Great Orme's Head.

SERRATULA TINCTORIA. *Common Saw-wort.*—Smith, 845.—Eng. Bot. 58.—P. July, Auguſt.

In moiſt meadows near Beddgelert, common.

SERRATULA ALPINA. *Alpine Saw-wort.*—Smith, 846.—Eng. Bot. 599.—P. July, Auguſt.

On the higheſt rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd, very near the ſummit of Snowdon, in plenty, but generally in inacceſſible ſituations.

CARDUUS TENUIFLORUS. *Slender-flowered Thiſtle.*—Smith, 849.—Eng. Bot. 412.—A. June, July.

On the dry bank ſides near Caernarvon caſtle.

CARDUUS MARIANUS. *Milk Thiſtle.*—Smith, 851.—A. Auguſt.

About Diſerth caſtle, near Rhyddlan; and Caergwrle caſtle near Mold, Flintſhire.

CARDUUS HETEROPHYLLUS. *Melancholy Thiſtle.*—Smith, 853.—Eng. Bot. 675.—*C. Helenoides.* With. 702.—Hudſ. 352.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the aſcent from Llanberis to Glyder.

SANTOLINA MARITIMA. *Sea Cotton-weed*—Smith, 860.—Eng. Bot. 141.—P. Auguſt, September.

On the ſandy ſea ſhore near Abermenai ferry, Angleſea. in plenty.

SYNGENESIA—POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.

ARTEMISIA MARITIMA. *Sea Wormwood.*—Smith, 864. P. Auguſt.

On the ſouth weſt coaſt of Angleſea.

GNAPHALIUM DIOICUM. *Mountain Cudweed.*—Smith, 869.—Eng. Bot. 267.—P. May July.

On the rocks in the upper part of the cleft of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwell.

GNAPHALIUM SYLVATICUM. *Highland Cudweed.*—Smith, 869.—P. Auguſt.

On Cader Idris?

GNAPHALIUM RECTUM. *Upright wood Cudweed.*—Smith, 870.—Eng. Bot. 124.—P. Auguſt.

On Windy Bank Hill, near Denbigh.

CONYZA SQUARROSA. *Plowman's Spikenard.*—Smith, 875. B. July, Auguſt.

Near the ruins of Baſingwerk abbey;—on Diſerth caſtle hill;—ſides of the road betwixt Caernarvon and Pont Seiont; and near the houſes at Moel y Don ferry, Angleſea.

ERIGE-

ERIGERON ACRE. *Blue Flea-bane.* - Smith, 877.—B. July —September.

On the ruins of Denbigh caſtle;—ſandy ground betwixt Rhuddgaer and Llanddwyn, Angleſea;—and on the Meadow in Ruthin caſtle.

SENECIO VISCOSUS. *Stinking Groundſel.*—Smith, 882.—Eng. Bot. 32.—A. July—October.

On the banks of Bala lake, Merionethſhire.

SENECIO SYLVATICUS. *Mountain Groundſel.*—Smith, 883.—Eng. Bot. 748.—A. July.

On bank ſides near Pont Aberglâſlyn.

SENECIO TENUIFOLIUS. *Hoary Ragwort.*—Smith, 884.——Eng. Bot. 574.—*S erucifolius.* Hudſ. 366.—P. July, Auguſt.

In the wood below Garn coppice, near Denbigh;—By the road ſide midway betwixt Llanerch and Dymeirchion, near St. Aſaph.

ASTER TRIPOLIUM. *Sea Star-wort.*—Smith, 888.—Eng. Bot. 87—P. Auguſt, September.

In a ſalt-water ditch near Rhyddlan, by the road ſide leading from thence to St. Aſaph;—on the marſhy coaſt near Dulas bay, Angleſea.

SOLIDAGO VIRGA-AUREA. *Common Golden-rod.*—Smith, 889.—P. July.

A Variety of this plant, the *S. Cambrica* of With. 7.8, and Hudſ. 367. and generally called *Welſh Golden rod*, is found in great plenty on all the mountains around the village of Llanberis.

INULA HELENIUM. *Elecampane.*—Smith, 891.—P. July, Auguſt.

In

In moiſt meadows and paſtures betwixt Denbigh and St. Aſaph.

INULA CRITHMOIDES. *Samphire-leaved Flea-bane.*—Smith, 893.—Eng. Bot. 68.—P. Auguſt.

Salt marſhes near Llanddwyn, Angleſea.

CINERARIA INTEGRIFLORA. *Mountain Flea-wort.*—Smith, 895.—Eng. Bot. 152.—*C. Alpina*, Hudſ.

On the cliffs near Holyhead.

ANTHEMIS NOBILIS. *Common Chamomile.*—Smith, 902. P. Auguſt, September.

In a field near Trefriw houſe, not far from Llanfaelog, Angleſea;—and on Harlech marſh, plentifully.

CLASS XX.

GYNANDRIA.—DIANDRIA.

ORCHIS BIFOLIA. *Butterfly Orchis.*—With. 21.—Eng. Bot. 22.—P. June.

In moiſt meadows in various parts of Carnarvonſhire;—and near Bala lake, Merionethſhire.

ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS. *Pyramidal Orchis.*—With. 23.—Eng. Bot. 110.—P. June, July.

In Gloddaeth wood, near Conwy.

ORCHIS CONOPSEA. *Sweet Orchis.*—With. 28.—Eng. Bot. 10.—P. June.

In a ſmall bog ſouth of Mr. Lloyd's new garden at Wŷg-fair, near St. Aſaph;—and in the meadows of Creiddin, below the rocks of Llandudno.

SATYRIUM VIRIDE. *Frog Satyrion or Orchis.*—With. 30.—Eng. Bot. 94.—P. July, Auguſt.

In

In meadows between the houſe of Frôn, and the upper wood, in the pariſh of Mold, Flintſhire.

SATYRIUM ALBIDUM. *White Satyrion.*—With. 31.—Eng. Bot. 505.—P. June, July.

In moiſt meadows near Lord Penrhyn's ſlate quarries, in Nant Frangon;—in Glyn meadow betwixt Cwm y Clo, and Dolbadarn caſtle, in plenty;—and near Llyn Cowlid, in the mountains north-weſt of Capel Curig.

OPHRYS OVATA. *Common Tway blade.*—With. 34.—P. May, June.

In the wood at Maes y Porth, near Newborough, Angleſea.

OPHRYS SPIRALIS. *Ladies Traces.*—With. 33.—Eng. Bot. 541.—P. July—September.

In old paſtures of Caernarvonſhire, and Angleſea.

SERAPIAS LATIFOLIA. *Common Helleborine.*—With. 40. Eng. Bot. 269.—P. July, Auguſt.

By the road ſide leading from Henllan to Llanſannan, Denbighſhire, about two miles from the former place.

SERAPIAS PALUSTRIS. *Marſh Helleborine.*—Eng. Bot. 270. *S. Longifolia.*—With. 41.—P. July, Auguſt.

In marſhy meadows in Caernarvonſhire, and Angleſea.

CLASS XXI.

MONŒCIA.—MONANDRIA.

ZANNICHELLIA PALUSTRIS. *Horned Pond-weed.*—With. 6. —A. July.

In many of the ditches and ſtagnant waters of Carnarvonſhire and Angleſea.

MONŒ-

MONŒCIA.—DIANDRIA.

LEMNA GIBBA. *Leaſt Duck's meat.*—With. 44.—A. July, Auguſt.

In ditches on the north-weſt ſide of Rhyd marſh, near Rhyddlan Flintſhire.

MONŒCIA.—TRIANDRIA.

SPARGANIUM NATANS. *Floating Burr-reed.*—With. 112. —Eng. Bot. 273.—*S. Simplex* β.—Hudſ. 401.—P. July.

In the pools of Llanberis;—and in Llyn Ogwen, betwixt Bangor and Capel Curig.

CAREX DIOICA. *Small Seg.*—With. 86.—Eng. Bot. 543. —P. June, July.

In a bog at the upper end of Llyn Idwel.

CAREX PULICARIS. *Flea Seg.*—With, 86.—P. June.

At the bottom of a field called Gerddi, oppoſite to Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighſhire.

CAREX ARENARIA. *Sea Seg.*—With. 90. f. 20.—P. June.

On the ſandy beach near Preſtatyn, Flintſhire;—and in Conwy marſh, Caernarvonſhire.

CAREX INTERMEDIA. *Soft Seg.*—With. 91.—*C. diſticha.* Hudſ.—P. May, June.

In moiſt meadows in the pariſh of Rhyddlan, betwixt Pwl y Gorſog and the ſea.

CAREX PENDULA. *Pendulous Seg.*—With. 96.—P. May, June.

Near the rivulet on the weſt ſide of Garreg Wen rocks, in the pariſh of Heullan, Denbighſhire.

CAREX

CAREX STRIGOSA. With. 96.—P. April, May.

In Garn Dingle, in a wet place near the bottom of the glade.

CAREX FLAVA. *Yellow Seg*, var. 2.—With. 99.—P. June, July.

On the borders of Llyn Idwel.

CAREX DISTANS. *Looſe Seg.*—With. 100.—P. May, June.

On Llanyfydd mountain, Denbighſhire;—and Buckley mountain, Flintſhire.

CAREX ATRATA. *Black Seg.*—With. 105.—P. June—Auguſt.

On the mountains about Llanberis, plentifully.

CAREX PILULIFERA. *Pill-bearing Seg.*—With. 105.—P. April—June.

On a dry bank oppoſite to the village of Llanberis, in the aſcent from thence towards Llyn y Cwn.

CAREX RIGIDA. *Hard Seg.*—With. 106.—P. April, May.

On Crib y Ddeſcil, near Llanberis.

CAREX AMPULLACEA. *Beaked Seg.*—With. 110.—*C. veſicaria.* Hudſ. 413.—P. May—July.

In the bogs near Llyn Idwel.

MONŒCIA.—TETRANDRIA.

LITTORELLA LACUSTRIS. *Plantain Shore-weed.*—With. 194.—Eng. Bot. 468.—P. June—Auguſt.

On the bank of the ſouth end of Bala lake.

MONŒ-

MONŒCIA—POLYANDRIA.

POTERIUM SANGUISORBA. *Upland Burnet.*—With. 493.—Eng. Bot. 860.—P. April, May.

On the road ſides near Beaumaris, Angleſea,—and on Diſerth caſtle hill, Flintſhire.

CLASS XXII.

DIŒCIA.—DIANDRIA.

SALIX HERBACEA. *Herbaceous Willow.*—With. 48.—S. July.

On the higheſt rocks of Snowdon.

DIŒCIA.—TRIANDRIA.

EMPETRUM NIGRUM. *Black-berried Heath.*—With. 176.—Eng. Bot. 526.—S. April, May.

On all the mountainous moors of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, in plenty.

DIŒCIA.—TETRANDRIA.

VISCUM ALBUM. *Miſletoe.*—With. 203.—S. May.

On apple-trees in various places betwixt Chirk and Llangollen;—in the village of Broughton, Flintſhire.

DIŒCIA.—OCTANDRIA.

RHODIOLA ROSEA. *Yellow Roſe-wort.*—With. 389.—Eng. Bot. 508.—P. June, July.

On the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—on Clogwyn y Garnedd;—and on Craig y Cae, Cader Idris.

DIŒCIA.

DIŒCIA.—MONADELPHIA.

JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS. *Common Juniper Tree.*—With. 599.—S. May.

On the rocks of the Great Ormes Head.

Variety. *Alpine dwarf Juniper.*—With. 599.

On the rocks near Lyn y Cwn, above Llanberis.

CLASS XXIII.

POLYGAMIA.—MONOECIA.

ATRIPLEX PORTULACOIDES. *Sea Purſlane.*—With. 274.—Eng. Bot. 261.—S. July, Auguſt.

On ſea-rocks on the ſouth-weſt coaſt of Angleſea.

ATRIPLEX LACINIATA. *Froſted Orache.*—With. 274.—Eng. Bot. 165.—A. July, Auguſt.

On the ſouth-weſt coaſt of Angleſea.

ATRIPLEX LITTORALIS. *Graſs Orache.*—With. 275.—Eng. Bot. 708.—A. Auguſt.

On the ſouth-weſt coaſt of Angleſea.

CLASS XXIV.

CRYPTOGAMIA.—MISCELLANEÆ.

LYCOPODIUM CLAVATUM. *Common Club-moſs.*—With. 756. Eng. Bot. 224.—P. July, Auguſt.

In dry ground on the mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, not uncommon.

LYCO-

LYCOPODIUM SELAGINOIDES. *Prickly Club-moſs.* – With. 757.– P. June—September.

On the higher parts of the mountains about Llanberis, common.

LYCOPODIUM INUNDATUM. *Marſh Club-ruſh.* — With. 758.—Eng. Bot. 233.—P. June—September.

On moiſt heaths, and turfy bogs, near Capel Curig, Caernarvonſhire.

LYCOPODIUM SELAGO. *Fir-leaved Club-moſs.*—With. 758. Eng. Bot. 233.—P. April—October.

In moiſt places on nearly all the mountains about Llanberis;—on Snowdon;—and on Cader Idris.

LYCOPODIUM ANNOTINUM. *Welſh Club moſs.*—With. 759. —P. June—September.

Mr. Griffith of Garn, near Denbigh, found this plant in great abundance about ten years ago, near Llyn y Cwn, growing along with *Juniperus communis:* but, although he has often ſought for it ſince, he has never been able to find it.

LYCOPODIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Club-moſs.*—With. 759.— Eng. Bot. 234.—P. July—October.

On all the mountains of Caernarvonſhire, common.

PILULARIA GLOBULIFERA. *Pill-wort.*—With. 759.—Eng. Bot. 521.—P. June—September.

In wet places about two miles from Mold, on the north ſide of the road leading from thence to Cheſter, near Watt's Dyke.

ISOETES LACUSTRIS. *Quill-wort.*—With. 760.—P. May—September.

In Ffynnon Frech, a ſmall pool in the mountains betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon, plentifully; and in Llyn y Cwn.

CRYPTOGAMIA.—FILICES.

OPHIOGLOSSUM VULGATUM. *Adder's Tongue.*—With. 761. Eng. Bot. 108.—P. May, June.

In moiſt places in Maes y Porth wood, near Newborough, Angleſea.

OSMUNDA LUNARIA. *Moonwort.*—With. 762.—Eng. Bot. 318.—P. May—July.

In old paſtures in various parts of Angleſea.

OSMUNDA REGALIS. *Flowering Fern.*—With. 763.—Eng. Bot. 209.—P. June—Auguſt.

In watery places about Pont Aberglâsllyn;—and on the ſides of ponds in Angleſea.

ACROSTICHUM SEPTENTRIONALE. *Forked Maiden Hair.*—With. 764.—P. July.

In fiſſures of the rocks near the ſummit of Carnedd Llewelyn.

PTERIS CRISPA. *Stone Fern.*—With. 764.—*Oſmunda criſpa.* Hudſ. 450.—P. Auguſt—September.

On the rocks of almoſt all the high mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire.

BLECHNUM SPICANT. *Rough Spleenwort.*—With. 765.—*Oſmunda ſpicant.* Hudſ. 450.—P. July—September.

On the heaths betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis.

ASPLENIUM SCOLOPENDRIUM. *Hart's Tongue.*—With. 766.—P. Auguſt, September.

In ſhady places about Conwy caſtle;—under the rocks, among the buſhes, by the ſide of the river, betwixt Caernarvon caſtle and Pont Seiont.

Variety. With the leaves jagged at the edge, and curled

Near a petrifying ſpring by the ſide of a rivulet, at the bottom of Garn Dingle, three miles from Denbigh.

ASPLENIUM CETERACH. *Common Spleenwort.*—With. 767.—P. May—October.

On moiſt rocks on the north-weſt coaſts of Caernarvonſhire and Angleſea.

ASPLENIUM TRICHOMANES. *Common Maiden Hair.*—With. 768.—Eng. Bot. 576.—P. May—October.

On old walls and rocks, common.

ASPLENIUM VIRIDE. *Green-ribbed Maiden Hair.*—With. 768.—P. June—September.

On the moiſt rocks in the cleft of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—on Clogwyn du'r Arddu;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd.

ASPLENIUM MARINUM. *Sea Spleenwort.*—With. 769.—Eng. Bot. 392.—P. June—September.

On the Llanddwyn rocks, Angleſea;—and on the rocks of Prieſtholme iſland.

ASPLENIUM RUTA MURARIA. *Wall Rue.*—With. 769.—Eng. Bot. 150.—P. June—September.

On old walls throughout North Wales.

ASPLENIUM ADIANTUM NIGRUM. *Black Maiden Hair.*—With. 770.—P. April—October.

On walls and ſhady places about Caernarvon and Bangor, very luxuriantly.

POLYPODIUM VULGARE.—Var. CAMBRICUM. *Welſh Polypody.*—With. 773.—P. June—October.

Near Gloddaeth, Caernarvonſhire.

POLY-

POLYPODIUM LONCHITIS. *Spleenwort Polypody.*—With. 773.—Eng. Bot. 797.—P. May—September.

In clefts of rocks on the higher parts of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

POLYPODIUM ILVENSE. With. 774.—P. July—September.

Among the higheſt rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

POLYPODIUM ARVONICUM.—With. 774.—*Acroſtichum ilvenſe.*—Hudſ. 451.—P. July—September.

The habitat of this uncommon plant is thus deſcribed in Ray's Synopſis:—"It grows on a moiſt black rock, almoſt at the top of Clogwyn y Garnedh, facing the north-weſt, directly above the lower lake."—I fought for it ſeveral times, but in vain. W. B.

POLYPODIUM PHEGOPTERIS. *Wood Polypody.*—With. 775. P. June—October.

In the clefts of moiſt rocks, near Tull Dû.

POLYPODIUM OREOPTERIS. *Heath Polypody*—With. 775. —*P. thelypteris.* Hudſ. 457.—P. July—October.

On the heaths betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis, common.

POLYPODIUM THELYPTERIS. *Marſh Polypody.*—With. 776.—P. July—October.

In a moiſt dell near the village of Llanberis.

POLYPODIUM ACULEATUM. *Prickly Polypody.*—With. 777. —P. June—October.

Amongſt the buſhes by the river ſide betwixt Caernarvon caſtle and Pont Seiont.

POLYPODIUM FILIX FÆMINA. *Female Polypody.*—With. 778.—P. June—September.

In ſhady hedges, not uncommon.

POLYPODIUM CRISTATUM. *Creſted Polypody.*—With. 778. P. June—September.

In ſhady places, and on old walls, not uncommon.

POLYPODIUM RHÆTICUM. *Stone Polypody.*—With. 780.—P. June—September.

On rocks near Ffynnon Velen, above Llanberis;—and near the ſummit of Glyder Bach.

CYATHEA FRAGILE. *Cup Fern.*—*Polypodium fragile.*—With. 779.—Hudſ. 459.—P. June—September.

In clefts of the rocks of the higheſt mountains of Caernarvonſhire, common.

CYATHEA INCISA. *Laciniated Cup Fern.*—Eng. Bot. 163. *P. trifidum.* With. 779.

On the rocks about Tull Dû.

HYMENOPHYLLUM TUNBRIDGENSE. *Tunbridge Goldilocks.*—Eng. Bot. 162.—*Trich. tunbridgenſe.* With. 781.—Hudſ. 461.—P. May—October.

In a ſhady dell in the vale of Llanberis.

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	24.	for *than* read *is*
103.	14.	put out *who*
109.	14.	after *form*, inſert *he*
116.	8.	for *gentleman* read *gentlemen*
159.	21.	after *intimate* inſert *that*
170.	20.	for *his* read *this*
214.	17.	for *lays* read *lay*
235.	13.	put out *again*
298.	13.	for *or* read *nor*
299.	8.	after *in* inſert *theſe*
330.	28.	for *or* read *nor*
338.	7.	for *ſtanding as it does* read *being as it is*
353.	1.	after *them* for , inſert :
378.	23.	put out *Emrys, or Ambroſius*
382.	10.	for *and* read *who*
391.	12.	for *tolerable* read *tolerably*
415.	26.	for *only* read *almoſt*
416.	5.	for *the* read *a*
445.	17.	inſert the) after *ſeen* inſtead of *caſtle.*

VOL. II.

45.	16.	after *another* inſert *caſcade*
57.	1.	for *Avange* read *Avange*
R11.	4.	after *have* inſert *had.*

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